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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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FOUNDED IN 1836.
TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909.
VOL. LXXIV, NO. 35.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER IV.

hen the pathfinders came into the tory which is now called the Em- State, they carried muskets and ds under one arm and Greek dic- ries under the other. They sur- d all day and scanned all night, nishing intermittently with prowl- redskins. They knew something t elementary geometry, too, and will find evidences of it every- e, even in the Dutch settlements. Dutchman always made the ty of geometry impossible. Thus, adays, one can not move forward backward fifty miles in any direc- without having the classic mem- jared into activity. Behold Ath- Rome, Ithaca, Troy; Homer Vir- Cicero; Pompey and Hannibal; s and poets and heroes! It was hose early days, a liberal educa- to be born in any one of these s. Let us take Troy, for instance. n the young mind learned to spell he young mind yearned to know t Troy signified. Then came er, with his heroic fairy-story of , demigods and mortals. Of one g you may be reasonably sure: n was kept religiously in the ground. You will find no city ed after her; nor Saphho, nor sia. The explorer and the rapher have never given woman recognition; it was then left to poets to sing her praises. Even mbus, fine old gentleman that he absolutely ignored Isabella as a raphical name.

he city of Herculaneum (so called onor of one Hercules) was very named. To become immortal it the same number of tasks to per- as had old Hercules. The Augean les were in the city hall; and had cules lived in Herculaneum, he r would have sat with the gods. city lay in a pleasant valley, em- ed by imposing wooded hills. e was plenty of water about, a , a river, a creek; none of these, ever, was navigable for commer- purposes. But this in nowise hin- d the city's progress. On the quil bosom of the Erie canal the graceful barges of commerce, ight and slowly through the very t of the town. Like its historic esake, the city lived under the al shadow of smoke, barring days; but its origin was not vol- c, only bituminous. True, year in year out the streets were torn up enting an aspect not unlike the beds of Vesuvius; but as this e always implies, not destruction, constructi-- murmurs were only l and few. It was a prosperous busy city. It grew, it grows, and grow. Long life to it! Every the city directory points with e to its growing bulk. A hundred usand people; and, as Max O'Rell —"All alive and kicking!" Her- neum held its neighbors in hearty tempt, like the youth who has lenly found his man's strength, parades round with a chip on his lder.

hree railroad lines ran through business section, bisecting the cipal thoroughfares. The passen- trains went along swiftly enough, often freights of almost intermin- length drawled through the ares. I say drawled advisedly. the whuff-whuff of the engine ns to me a kind of mechanical ech; and to this was often added sad lowing of cattle. From time ime some earnest but misdirected ng man would join the aldermanic , and immediately lift up his e in protest. It was outrageous, so forth; the railroads must be ght to their senses and so forth. sently a meeting would come and without his voice being heard, ther, and yet another. By and by would silently cast his vote for the ous businesses under hand, and ome. The old-timers would smile. y understood. They rode an an- ls themselves.

ll the same, Herculaneum was a utiful city in parts. Great leafy ples and elms arched the streets in residential quarters, and the ets themselves were broad and ight. There were several digni- buildings of ten and twelve ies, many handsome banks sev- clubs, and two or three passable numents. There were at that time enterprising newspapers, four kly partisan and one independent. sonalities entered freely into the orials, which often abounded in and scholarship. There were e theatres, and many churches of y denominations; religion and usement, to thrive, must have ety. There were great steel shops, chine shops, factories and brewer- And there were a few people who in touch with one another, and nted society.

erculaneum has its counterpart very state; each city is a compos- of all the others. A fashion in New k is immediately reproduced in ry other city on the continent. servatism, day by day, becomes e and more retiring, presently it exist only in Webster, side by side h the word prehistoric.

was Sunday in Herculaneum, a e Sunday, radiant with sunshine. broad green leaves of the maples vered, lacing the streets with am- and jade, and from a thousand rald gardens rose the subtle, fra- nt incense of flowers. How still beautiful this day seems to us have hurried hither and thither six long days, sometimes in anger, etimes in exultation, failure or cess! It breathes a quiet that is c. Upon this day there is truce ween us and the enemy.

n Herculaneum they still went to rch on a Sunday morning. Per- s it was merely habit, perhaps it simply formality, perhaps it was y to parade new clothes; anyhow, y went to church. At ten-thirty procession started; gentlemen in r tiles, ladies in the furbelows, dren stiffly starched. Some rode church, but the majority walked. re were many store windows to n before, as in a mirror. Vanity something to her credit, after all; s due to her that most of us e an effort to keep spruce and n.

omment passed like the fall of inoes. Some woman, ultra-fash- able, would start the chatter. She er saw anything like the gowns Jones wore; Mrs. Jones touched n the impossible feathers of Mrs. ith's hat, and Mrs. Smith, in turn, stioned the exquisite complexion Mrs. Green, who thought Mrs. ite's children the homeliest in the . (Can't you hear the dominoes g down?)

he men nodded here and there, fly. Saturday night in a provin- town holds many recollections.

he high church was a stately pile granite, with lofty spire and fine morial windows. Doves fluttered ut the eaves. Upon this particular day morning there seemed to be ething in the air that was not a ponent part of any of the ele- nts. It was simply a bit of news ch the church-goers had read in the papers that morning. To many a bud and belle it was a thunder-clap, a bolt from a cloudless heaven. They whispered about it, lifted their eyebrows, and shrugged their shoulders. But their mamas gave no sign. If the fox of disappointment ate into their vitals, they determined, Spartan-like, that none should know it. An actress! Men might marry actresses in England, but Herculaneum still clung to the belief that actresses were not eligible.

Some of the men had seen Katherine Charlotte act, and they sighed retrospectively and introspectively.

"I feel for Mrs. Bennington and her daughter. It must be a great blow to their pride." Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene sat down in her pew-seat and arranged her silk petticoats. Mrs. Wilmington-Fairchilds sat down beside her. "You know I never meddle with scandal."

Mrs. Fairchild nodded brightly.

"Never. I never repeat anything I hear. The Archibald affair was enacted right under my very nose, but did I circulate what I saw? I think not! That woman!—but there! I pray for her every night."

"Was it really true, then?" asked Mrs. Fairchilds, breathless. She knew something about the Archibald affair, but not enough.

"I saw it all with these eyes," flatly. "But, as I said, I keep my hands clean of scandal." Her hands were white and flabby. "I consider it not only wicked to start a scandal, but positively bad taste. The lightest word sometimes ruins a reputation."

"Mrs. Archibald"—began Mrs. Fairchilds.

"Not another word, my dear. I've said nothing at all; I haven't even told you what I saw. But an actress is different. Think of it, my dear! She will live among us and we shall have to meet her. Think of the actors who have kissed her in their make-believe love affairs! It is so horribly common. I have heard a good many things about her. She has romped in studios in male attire and smokes cigarets. I should not want any son of mine to be with her. I'm not saying a single word against her, mind you; not a single word. You know as well as I do what a wild felfel Warrington is. Well, she has been going around with him."

"But they took him up in London," said Mrs. Wilmington-Fairchilds.

"London! London society, indeed! It's the greatest jumble in the world; nobility hobnobs with jockeys, piano-players, writers and actors."

Mrs. Fairchild shook her head sadly. She had always believed London society quite the proper thing, and she had followed the serials of "The Duchess" with reverent awe. But Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene ought to know; she had traveled in Europe several seasons. Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was one of the prominent social leaders, and Mrs. Fairchilds had ambitions. The ready listener gets along very well in this old world of ours.

"I always knew that some time or other the plebeian Bennington blood would crop out," went on Mrs. Haldene. "But we must not criticize the dead," benignly.

"We shall have to receive her."

"After a fashion," replied Mrs. Haldene, opening her prayer-book. Her tone implied that things would not go very smoothly for the interloper. "All this comes from assimilating English ideas," she added.

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was one of those fortunate persons who always have their names in the society columns of the Sunday newspapers. Either she was among those present, or she gave a luncheon, or she assisted at a reception, or was going out of town, or coming back. Those who ran their husbands in debt to get into society always looked to see what Mrs. Haldene had been doing the past week. The society reporters, very often smug young women of aristocratic but impoverished families, called her up by telephone every day in the week. Mrs. Haldene pretended to demur, but the reporters found her an inexhaustible mine of tittle-tattle. Sometimes they omitted some news which she considered important; and, as the saying goes, the hair flew. She found many contestants for the leadership; but her rivals never lasted more than a month. She was president of hospital societies, orphan asylums, and the auxiliary Republican club, and spoke at a bimonthly club on the servant question. Everybody was a little afraid of her, with one exception.

The society columns of the Sunday newspapers have become permanently established. In every city and hamlet from New York to San Francisco you will find the society column. It is all tommyrot to the outsider; but the proprietor is generally a shrewd business man and makes vanity pay tribtue to his exchequer. The column, especially in early summer, begins something like this:

"June will be a busy month for brides, and King Cupid and his gala court will hold sway. The bridal processions will begin to move this week in homes and churches. On Wednesday, at high noon, the marriage of Miss Katherine Challoner, the well-known actress, and Mr. John Bennington, of this city, will be solemnized in New York. Only the immediate relatives will be present. Richard Warrington, our own celebrated townsman, will act as best man. The announcement comes as a great surprise to society, as Mr. Bennington was looked upon as a confirmed bachelor."

And again you will find something of this sort:

"April 22—Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene leaves next week for Washington, where she will be the guest of Senator Soandso's wife.

"April 29—Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene left yesterday for Washington.

"May 6—Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene, who is visiting in Washington, will return next week.

"May 13—Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene has returned home from a delightful visit in Washington."

Sometimes, when there was no escape from it, Mr. Franklyn-Haldene's name also appeared.

From mundane things to the spiritual!

"Yes, I feel for Mrs. Bennington," continued Mrs. Haldene. "We have to submit to our boys' running around with actresses; but to marry them!"

"And married life, I understand, seldom agrees with them. They invariably return to the stage. I wonder if this woman has ever been married before?"

"I shouldn't be surprised. For my part, I'm ver-- glad the ceremony will not be performed in the church. Hush!" with a warning glance over her shoulder.

There was a sudden craning of necks, an agitation among the hats and bonnets. Down the aisle came a handsome, dignified woman in widow's weeds, a woman who was easily fifty-six, but who looked as if she had just crossed the threshold of the forties. Her face was serene, the half-smile on her lips was gentle and sweet, her warm brown eyes viewed the world peacefully. Ah, how well she knew that today this temple of worship was but a den of jackals, ready to rend her if she so much as hesitated, so much as faltered in look or speech! Never should they feed themselves upon her sorrow. She went on, smiling here and there. The low hum, the pallid lights, the murmur from the organ, all seemed cruelly accented. Her pew was third from the chancel; she was but half-way through the gantlet of curious eyes.

Following her was a young girl of twenty. She was youth in all its beauty and charm and fragrance. Many a young masculine heart throbbed violently as she passed, and straightway determined to win fame and fortune, if for no other purpose than to cast them at her feet. This was Patty Bennington.

The two reached their pew without mishap, and immediately rested their heads reverently upon the rail in prayer. Presently the music ceased, the rector mounted the pulpit, and the day's service began. I doubt if many could tell you what the sermon was about that day. No other place offers to the speculative eye of the philosopher so many varied phases of humanity as the church. In the open, during the week-days, there is little pretense, one way or the other; but in church, on Sunday, everybody, or nearly everybody, seems to have donned a mask, a transparent mask, a smug mask, the mask of the known hypocrite. The man who is a brute to his wife goes meekly to his seat; the miser, who has six days pinched his tenants or evicted them, passes the collection plate, his face benevolent; the woman whose tongue is that of the liar and the gossip, who has done her best to smirch the reputation of her nearest neighbor, lifts her eyes heavenward and follows every word of a sermon she can not comprehend; and the man or woman who has stepped aside actually believes that his or her presence in church hoodwinks every one. Heigh-ho! and envy with her brooding yellow eyes, and hypocrisy with her eternal smirk, sit side by side in church.

Oh, there are some good and kindly people in this ragged world of ours, and they go to church with prayer in their hearts and goodness on their lips and forgiveness in their hands. They wear no masks; their hearts and minds go in and out of church unchanged. These are the salt of the earth, and do not often have their names in the Sunday papers, unless it is in the matter of their wills and codicils. Then only do the worldly know that charity had walked among them and they knew her not.

Of such was Miss Anna Warrington, spinster aunt of Richard. She occupied the other half of the Bennington pew. Until half a dozen years ago, when her boy had come into his own, she had known but little save poverty and disillusion; and the good she always dreamed of doing she was now doing in fact. Very quietly her withered old hand stole over the low partition and pressed Mrs. Bennington's hand. The clasp spoke mutely of courage and good will. She knew nothing of awe, kindly soul; the great and the small were all the same to her. She remembered without rancor the time when Mrs. Bennington scarcely noticed her; but sorrow had visited Mrs. Bennington and widened her vision and broadened her heart; and the two met each other on a common basis, the loss of dear ones.

The clock invariably hung in the rear of the church. The man who originally selected this position was evidently a cynic. Perhaps he wanted to impress the preacher with the fact that there must be a limitation to all things, even good sermons; or perhaps he wanted to test the patience and sincerity of the congregation. The sermon was rather tedious this Sunday; shiny, well-worn platitudes are always tedious. And many twisted in their seats to get a glimpse of the clock.

Whenever Patty looked around (for youth sits impatiently in church) always she met eyes, eyes, eyes. But she was a brave lass, and more than once she beat aside the curious gaze. How she hated them! She knew what they were whispering, whispering. Her brother was going to marry an actress. She was proud of her brother's choice. He was going to marry a woman who was as brilliant as she was handsome, who counted among her friends the great men and women of the time, who dwelt in a world where mediocrity is unknown and likewise unwelcome. Mediocrity's teeth are sharp only for those who fear them.

Patty was nervous on her mother's account, not her own. It had been a blow to the mother, who had always hoped to have her boy to herself as long as she lived. He had never worried her with his flirtations; there had been no youthful affairs. The mother of the boy who is always falling in love can meet the final blow half-way. Mrs. Bennington had made an idol of the boy, but at the same time she had made a man of him. From the time he could talk till he had entered man's estate, she had been constant at his side, now with wisdom and learning, now with laughter and wit, always and always with boundless and brooding love. The first lesson had been on the horror of cruelty; the second, on the power of truth; the third, on the good that comes from firmness. It is very easy to make an idol and a fool of a boy; but Mrs. Bennington always had the future in mind.

(To Be Continued.)

GARDENERS SHOULD PLANT PERENNIALS IN HOT WEATHER

The woman who has a garden should prepare to plant now for next season. For perennials are the most effective flowers and to have them blossom for the first year it is necessary to plant the seeds during the summer.

Foxglove, hollyhocks, stocks and sweet William, continuing through the list to be found in any catalogue, are within the reach of any amateur gardener. Moreover, if the work is done early in the morning before the sun is hot it will be a pleasure.

The best results for the following year will be secured by having a seed bed in which the start is made. As such a one is not ornamental it should be made somewhere out of sight and the soil for it must be well drained and reasonably rich.

There is no perennial that can not be planted during August, and the same is true of biennials. If this scheme of early planting is followed the objection of waiting long for blooms is eliminated. For planting, the earth should be raked and lightened that no lumps shall interfere with the shoots. Then the seeds must be sown thickly, in drills usually, covering to their own depth. When the earth is replaced it must be patted down hard, without being packed. Unless it is "firmed," as gardeners say, the seeds are in danger of blowing away, for they are small and light. A drill may be made by taking a small stick and running it along to make a trough.

Seeds put in at this season develop in a short period and so have a good start before cold weather. They must be watched from the beginning and watered in the usual way if the weather is dry. It should be superfluous to add that the seeds must not be watered when the sun is shining on them, nor the bed made where sun strikes all day. A little, though not much, protection is required.

From the time shoots appear the bed must be weeded and kept in a healthy condition. Beyond this nothing is done until cold weather sets in and then the small plants must be covered to prevent being winter killed. Nothing should be done until the first frost has touched them. Then a thick mulch of leaves and moss should be put over them and if the winter is a hard one it is well to give an added protection of a burlap or other cover.

A common error of amateur gardeners in connection with a winter covering is that of using straw. Such a protection is not serviceable, because it has no natural warmth. It absorbs rain and snow and in the sun the moisture goes through to the ground. Then in the next cold the roots are frozen.

A Japanese Women's Club and Three of Its Members

Mrs. Kaji Yajima

The Ladies' Educational Association's Building at Tokyo, Japan.

Miss Uta Hayashi

Mrs. Tae Ukai

JAPANESE WOMEN have their clubs. The most important of these is the Ladies' Educational Association of Tokyo. This influential body has a membership of 800 of the leading women of Tokyo, many of whom either have titles, or have won distinction because of educational or other important work.

One of the most respected members is the venerable Japanese educator, Mrs. Kaji Yajima, who visited the United States several years ago, although advanced in years. The Crown Princess of Japan is an honorary member of the association; Princess Mori is honorary president, and Mine Zaki, the brilliant wife of the mayor of Tokyo, is an active leader.

The club has a fine club house in an aristocratic quarter of Tokyo, where its meetings are held. American women are often invited to speak at its meetings. At a recent meeting the members heard somewhat radical addresses by American women. Mrs. Maude Wood Parke, of Boston, the well known eloquent exponent of woman suffrage, made a brilliant speech, as did Miss Flora E. Strout, the New World's W. C. T. A. missionary to Japan, whose subject was scientific temperance instruction. These addreses were preceded by a talk on literature by a Japanese gentleman, author and critic. The American speakers were presented with the club badge and given a very hearty invitation to speak again before the club, showing that their advanced ideas had met with hospitable reception by the Japanest women of the highest class.

The Japanese Ladies' Educational association publishes a magazine in which are printed all the speeches made at the club meetings—something which is done by few, if any, local women's clubs in the United States.—Philadelphia Record.

MARS NOW VERY NEAR; ONLY 38,000,000 MILES OFF

By Rev. Fred J. Hillig, St. John's College.

What's the name of that beautiful reddish star in the eastern sky? It is by far the most brilliant object in the heavens and looks very much like a toy balloon? That is Mars, our planitary neighbor, the star in which astronomers are so very much interested at the present time. It is very near to us, only 88½ million miles away, and coming nearer all the time until September 18, when it will be only 36¼ million miles distant, or about two-fifths of the sun's distance from the earth. However small this distance may appear to an astronomer, it is altogether beyond comparison with distances on earth. A train with a speed of 60 miles per hour, going day and night, would reach Mars, or rather the place where Mars will be on the 18th of September, after 70 years. A cannon ball would be there in 10 years.

But the astronomer's unit of distance is not the train-hour. It is the light-year, or the distance through which light travels in one year. Now the time in which light will pass from the earth to Mars in these days of their nearest approach is a little over three minutes. That means, if a sudden flash of light were to burst forth on the surface of Mars at this moment, we would see the phenomenon after a little more than three minutes. The same phenomenon occuring in the pole star would be visible here only after 44 years, because the pole star is 44 light-years away from us. The light of polaris, which this evening shines into your eye, left that star in the year 1865.

But let us return to our three-minute neighbor.

Mars, like the earth, belongs to the solar system. It is further away from the sun than the earth, but revolves around the great central body in the same direction, viz., from west to east, only not so fast, completing, as it does, its circular course in about two years. Hence the year of Mars is equal to two earth-years. It also rotates around its own axis, like the earth, and in the same time as the earth. The Martian day, therefore, is equal to our day of 24 hours. Mars, however, is considerably smaller than the earth, its diameter being only one-half of the earth's diameter, or 4,000 miles.

The light which we now receive from Mars is nothing but reflected sunlight. It is red because the greater portion of the surface of our neighbor consists of a material which—like a brick—reflects more of the red rays of the sun. At the present time Mars is approaching opposition, which will take place on the 24th of September. On that date Mars and the sun will be in "opposite" directions, as seen from the earth. In other words we are between sun and Mars. Mars will rise at sunset, and at midnight it will pass through the meridian, which line the sun crosses at noon. Hence it is that we see the illuminated hemisphere of Mars turned towards us, the sun shining at Mars in the direct of the earth and we might call it full Mars, for the same reason that we speak of the full moon. This fact, in connection with the present short distance between earth and Mars, is the cause of the great brilliancy of the evening star.

Oppositions of Mars are always of great concern to astronomers, but the present one is considerably nearer to us that at other oppositions, and we may be sure that every available telescope will be pressed into service during the coming month of September, to obtain more definite answers to questions like these:

What sort of atmosphere has our brother planet? Is there water on Mars? What is the nature of the polar caps? Of the canals? Of the green areas? Of the brick-colored regions? Is there life on Mars? Are there indications of the presence on Mars of intelligent beings? And if so, what about the problem of getting into communication with the Martians?

These and similar topics will be fully discussed in a public lecture in Mars to be given by the writer on the day of opposition, Friday, September 24, at Westminster hall. The lecture will be copiously illustrated with lantern slides.

INDIAN BLOOD TO AID

Chicago Dispatch to the New York Press.

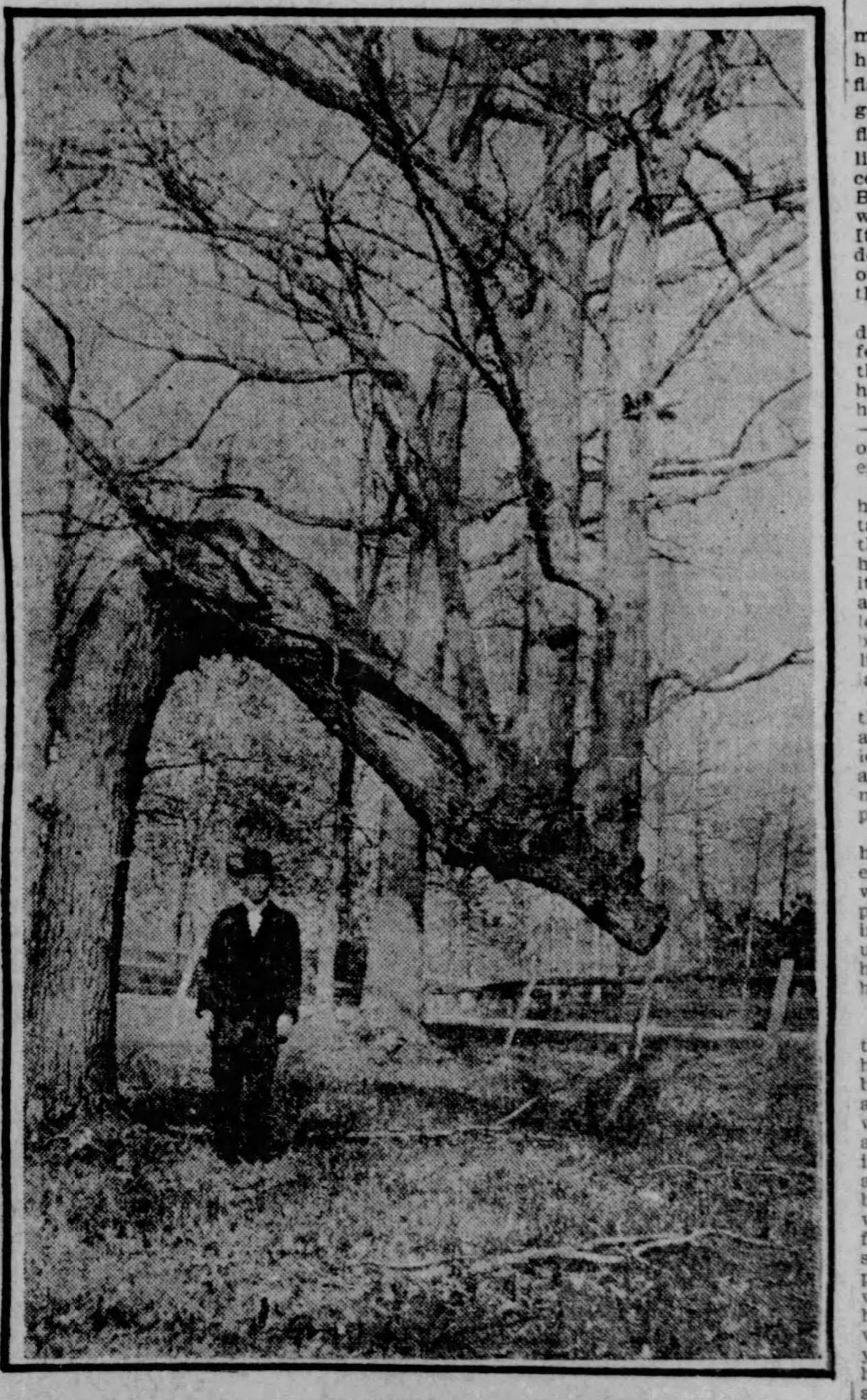
"I personally believe that a little of the blood of the American Indian mingled with that of our own race would reproduce a strain of manhood which would be hard to equal." Prof. William I. Thomas, of the department of sociology and anthropology of the University of Chicago, said this in a lecture Tuesday. The subject of his talk was race prejudice.

"As people travel and become better acquainted with conditions as they exist," he continued, "the prejudice against the races will gradually disappear, and the intermarrying will be common. The prejudice of the future then will not be bound up with the tint of the skin, but with the degree of intellectual development and occupation.

"As far back as history goes people have always resented the appearance of outsiders within the realms of their abode. Even the proverbs of the earliest savages show this clearly. When the white man invades the African borders he is looked upon with the same degree of tolerance a negro is in our own land. We are as shocking to them in their homes as they are to us in ours. In fact, we even frighten them, our pale white faces looking cadaverous to them and reminding them of death, disease, ghosts, anemia, white mice, and celery.

"To the negro his large, flat nose is a thing of beauty, while the American nose, long and lean as it is, reminds him of the ugly, awkward beak of an animal. Even the negro idea of the devil is that of a white person."

Once Guide Posts for Indians



FREAK TREES IN MAUMEE VALLEY.

Defiance, August 28.—In the vicinity of Defiance can be found many trees similar to the above. Many would think them freaks of nature, and such they are, but they are created by the hand of man.

According to the stories of some of the old timers these trees are much older than the present generation has any idea of and at once time served as Indian guide posts. It is said that in the early days, when the Maumee valley was one vast woods, the Indians bent these saplings to indicate certain paths. The trees, because of their deformity, grew slowly, and although they are many years old never attained the size of their brethren in the forests. Similar trees exist near Ft. Wayne.

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Suddenly, on the upper floor, Colonel John heard a door open and the clamor of a voice raised in anger. It was James' voice. "Tell him? Curse me if you shall!" Colonel John heard him say. The next moment the door was sharply closed, and he caught no more.

But he had heard enough to quicken his pulses. What was it she wished to tell him? Was she seeking to follow up the hint which she had given him on Bale's behalf? And was the surveillance to which he had been subjected for the last two days aimed at keeping them apart.

Colonel John suspected that this might be so; and his heart beat more quickly. At the evening meal he was early in the room on the chance that she might appear before the others. But she did not descend, and the meal proved unpleasant beyond the ordinary, James drinking more than was good for him and taking a tone brutal and churlish. For some reason, the Colonel reflected, the young woman was beginning to lose her fears. Why? What was he planning?

"Secure as I seem, I must look to myself," Colonel John thought. And he slept that night with the door bolted and a loaded pistol under his pillow. Next morning he took care to descend early, on the chance of seeing Flavia before the others appeared. She was not down; he waited, and she did not come. But when he had been in the room five minutes a serving girl slipped in at the back, showed him a scared face, held out a scrap of paper and, when he had taken it, fled in a panic without a word.

He hid the paper about him, and read it later. The message was in Flavia's hand; neither James nor the O'Beirnes were capable of penning a grammatical sentence. Colonel John's spirits rose as he read the note.

"Be at the old Tower an hour after sunset. You must not be followed."

"That is more easily said than done," he commented.

Nor did he see how it was to be done. He stood, cudgelling his brains to evolve a plan. But he found none that might not, by awakening James' suspicions, make matters worse. He had at last to let things take their course, in the hope that when the time came they would shape themselves favorably.

They did. For before noon he gathered that James wanted to go fishing. The O'Beirnes also wanted to go fishing, and for the general convenience it became him to go with them. He said neither no nor yes, but he dallied with the idea until it was time to start and they had made up their minds that he was coming. Then he declined.

James swore, the O'Beirnes scowled at him and grumbled. Presently the three went outside and held a conference. His hopes rose as he sat smiling to himself, for their next step was to call Darby. Evidently they gave him orders and left him in charge, for a few minutes later they were off, spending their anger on one another and on the barefoot gossoons who carried the tackle.

Later in the afternoon Colonel John took up his position on the horse block; there he affected to be busy plaiting horsehair lines. Every two or three minutes Darby showed himself at the door, once in a quarter of an hour the old man found occasion to cross the court to count the ducks or rout a trespassing beggar. Toward sunset he came less often, having to busy himself with the evening meal. The colonel smiled and waited, and presently the butler came again, found him still seated there and withdrew—this time with an air of finality. "He's satisfied," the colonel muttered, and the next moment he was gone also. The light was waning fast, night was falling in the valley. Before he had travelled a hundred yards he was lost to view.

When he had gone a quarter of a mile he halted and listened, with his ear near the ground, for the beat of pursuing footsteps. He heard none, nor any sounds but the low of a cow whose calf was being weaned, the "Whoo! hoo! hoo!" of owls beginning to mouse beside the lake and the creak of oars in a boat which darkness already hid. He straightened himself with a sigh of relief and hastened all speed in the direction of the waterfall.

Before he stood on the platform and made out the shape of the Tower looming dark and huge above him, he had come to the conclusion that the need which forced Flavia to such a place at such an hour must be great. The moon would not rise before eleven o'clock the last shimmer of the water had faded into unfathomable blackness beneath him; he had to tread softly and with care to avoid the brink.

He peered about him, hoping to see her figure emerge beside him. He did not and, disappointed, he coughed. Finally, in a subdued voice, he called her by name once and twice. Alas! only the wind, softly stirring the grass and whispering in the ivy, answered him. He was beginning to think that she had failed to come when, at no great distance before him, he fancied some one moved. He groped his way forward half a dozen paces, found a light break on his view and stood in astonishment.

The movement had carried him beyond the face of the Tower and so revealed the light, which issued from a doorway situated in the flank of the building. He paused, but second thoughts reassured him. He saw that in that position the light was not visible from the lake or the house; and he moved quickly to the open door, expecting to see Flavia. Three steps led down to the basement room of the Tower; great was his surprise when he saw below him in this remote, abandoned building—in this room three feet below the level of the soil—a table set handsomely with four lighted candles in tall sticks and furnished besides with a silver inkhorn, pens and paper. Beside the table stood a couple of chairs and a stool. Doubtless there was other furniture in the room, but in his astonishment he saw only these.

He uttered an exclamation and descended the steps. "Flavia!" he cried. "Flavia!" He did not see her, and he moved a pace toward that part of the room which the door hid from him.

Crash! The door fell to, dragged by an unseen hand. Colonel John Sprang toward it, but too late. He heard the grating of a rusty key turned in the lock; he heard through one of the loopholes the sound of an inhuman laugh, and he knew that he was a prisoner. In that moment the cold air of the vault struck a chill to his bones, but it struck not so cold nor so deathlike as the knowledge struck his heart that Flavia had duped him. Yes, before the crash of the closing door had ceased to echo in the stone vaulting he knew that, he felt that! She had tricked him. He let his chin sink on his breast. Oh, the pity of it!

CHAPTER XIX.

Peine Forte Et Dure.

For many minutes Colonel John sat motionless into the chair into which he had sunk, his eyes fixed on the flames of the candles. His unwinking gaze created about each tongue of flame strange effects of vapor, halo-like circles that widened and again contracted, colors that came and went. But he saw these things with his eyes without seeing them with his mind. It was not of them, it was not of the death-cold room about him, it was not of anything within sight he was thinking, but of Flavia!

Of Flavia who had deceived him, duped him, cajoled him. Who, by affecting a quarrel with her brother, had thrown him off his guard and won his confidence, only to betray it. Who, having lured him thither, had laughed—had laughed! As he sat and thought of her treachery he looked years older. It cut him to the heart.

At length, with a sigh drawn from his very soul, he roused himself and, taking a candle, he made the round of the chamber. The door by which he had entered was the only outlet, and it was of stout oak, clamped with iron and locked. For windows, a pair of loopholes, slits so narrow that on the brightest day the room must be twilit, pierced the wall toward the lake.

The walls were two feet thick and the groined roof was of stone, hard as the weathering of centuries had left it. But not so hard, not so cruel as her heart! Flavia! The word almost came from his lips in a cry of pain.

Yet, what was her purpose? He had been lured thither, but why? His eyes fell on the table; the answer would doubtless be found among the papers that lay on it. He sat down in the chair set before it and took up the first note sheet that came to hand—a note of a dozen lines in her handwriting.

"Sir," so it ran—

"You have betrayed us, and were that all I'd still be finding it in my heart to forgive you. But you have betrayed also our country, our King and our faith, and for this it's not with me it lies to pardon. Over and above, you have thought to hold us in a web that would make you safe at once in your life and your person, but you are meshed in your turn and will fare as you can, without water, food or fire, until you have signed and sealed the grant which lies beside this paper. We're not unmerciful, and one will visit you once in twenty-four hours, until he has it under his hand, when he will witness it. That done, you will go where you please, and heaven forgive you. I, who write this, am, though unjustly, the owner of that you grant, and you do no wrong.

"FLAVIA M'MURROUGH."

He read the letter with a mixture of emotions. Beside it lay a deed, engrossed on parchment, which purported to grant all that he held under the will of the late Sir Michael McMurrough to Constantine Hussey, Esquire, of Duppa. But annexed to the deed was a separate scroll, illegal but not unusual in Ireland at that day, stating that the true meaning was that the lands could be held by Constantine

BLADDER TROUBLES NEED PROMPT ATTENTION.

Perhaps you don't know how much work is required of your kidneys and bladder or of how much importance they are. Do you know that on these important organs hinges good health? Many an apparently strong, healthy man or woman has been stricken without notice by serious kidney and bladder disease only to realize too late what might have been prevented with proper care and attention.

Some of the early symptoms of weak kidneys and bladder are lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, dizziness, you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and waste away.

If you find you have some of the symptoms mentioned, you need then a remedy that will reach the seat of the disease and at the same time build up the system generally.

Such a remedy is Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. In thousands of cases it has accomplished just the work you need performed now.

Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Free by Mail

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Toledo Weekly Blade. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one dollar.

Hussey, for the use of The McMurrough, who, as a Roman Catholic, was not capable of taking them in his own name.

Fully, only too fully, enlightened by Flavia's letter, Colonel John barely glanced at the parchments, for, largely as these bulked on the table, the gist of all lay in the letter. He had fallen into a trap—a trap as cold, cruel, heartless as the bosom of her who had decoyed him hither. Without food or water! And already the chill of the earthen floor was eating into his bones, already the damp of a hundred years was creeping over him.

He sat gazing at the paper with dull eyes. For, after all, whose interests had he upheld? Whose cause had he supported against James McMurrough and his friends? For whose sake had he declared himself master at Morristown, with no intention, no thought as heaven was his witness, of deriving one jot or one tittle of advantage for himself? Flavia's! And she had planned this! She had consigned him to this, playing to its crafty end the farce that had blinded him!

His mind travelled back to the beginning of it all, to the day on which Sir Michael's letter, with a copy of his will, had reached his hands, at Stralsund on the Baltic, in his quarters beside the East Gate. The cast of his thoughts at the heading rose up before him. The recollections of his home, his boyhood, his father, which the old man's writing had evoked, and the firmness with which, touched by the dead man's confidence, he had resolved to protect the girl's interest, that the old man's confidence should be justified, the young girl's inheritance secured to her—this had been the purpose in his mind from first to last.

And this was his reward!

True, that purpose would not have embroiled him with her if it had not become entwined with another—with the resolve to pluck her and hers from the abyss into which they were bent on flinging themselves. It was that resolution which had made her his enemy to this point. But he could not regret that—he had seen war in all its cruel phases, and fierce rebellions, and more cruel repressions. Perish—though he perished himself in this cold prison—perish the thought! For even now some heat was kindled in him by the reflection that, whatever befell him, he had saved scores from misery, a countryside from devastation, women and children from the worst of fates. And though he never saw the sun again, he would, at least, pass beyond with full hands, and with the knowledge that for every life he, the soldier of fortune, had taken, he had saved ten.

At the end of two hours he roused himself. He was very cold, and that could only be mended by such exercise as the size of his prison permitted. He set himself to walk briskly up and down. When he had taken a few turns, however, he paused with his eyes on the table. The candles? They would serve him the longer if he burned but one at a time. He extinguished three. The deed? He might burn it and so put the temptation, which he was too wise to despise, out of reach. But he had noticed in one corner a few half charred fragments of wood, damp indeed, but such as might be kindled by coaxing. He would preserve the deed for the purpose of kindling the wood, and the fire, as his only luxury, he would postpone until he needed it more sorely. In the end, the table and the chairs—or all but one should eke out his fuel, and he would sleep. But not yet.

He had no desire to die, and with warmth he knew that he could put up for a long time with the lack of food. Every hour during which he had the strength and courage to bear up against privation increased his chances; it was impossible to say what might not happen with time. Uncle Ulick was due to return in a week—and Bale. Or his jailers might relent. Nay, they must relent for their own sakes, if he bore a stout heart and held out; for until the deed was signed they dared not let him perish.

That was a good thought. They could put him on the rack, but they dared not push the torment so far as to endanger his life. He must tighten his belt, he must eke out his fuel, he must bear equably the pangs of appetite; after all, in comparison with the perils and privations through which he had passed on the cruel plains of eastern Europe, and among a barbarous people, this was a small thing.

Or it would have been a small thing if that sadness at the heart which had held him motionless so long had not still bowed his head upon his breast. A small thing! a few hours, a few days even of hunger and cold and physical privation—no more! But when it was overpast, and he had suffered and was free, to what could he look forward? What prospect stretched beyond, save one gray, dull and sunless, a homeless middle age, an old age without solace? He was wounded in the house of his friend and felt not the pain only, but the sorrow. In a little while he would remember that, if he had not to take, he had still to give; if he had not to enjoy, he had still to do. Already shadowy plans rose before him.

His had been a mad fancy—a foolish fancy, a fancy of which—for how many years rolled between him and the girl, and how many things done, suffered—seen—he should have known the outcome. But it had mastered him slowly, not so much against his will as without his knowledge; until he had awakened one day to find himself possessed by a madness, the more powerful because he was no longer young. By and by, for a certainty, the man's sense of duty, the principles that had ruled him so long, would assert themselves. He would go back to the Baltic lands, the barren, snow bitten lands of his prime, a grayer, older, more sombre—but not an unhappy man.

Something of this he told himself as he paced up and down the gloomy chamber, while the flame of the candle crept steadily downward. It must be midnight; it must be 2; it must be 3 in the morning. The loopholes, when he stood between them and the candle, were growing gray; the birds were beginning to chirp. Presently the sun would rise, and through the narrow windows he would see its beams flashing on the distant water. But the windows looked northwest and many hours must pass before a ray would strike into his dungeon.

The candle was beginning to burn low and it seemed a pity to light another with the daylight peering in. But if he did not he would lack the means to light his fire. And he was eager to do without the fire as long as possible. He was cold now, but he would be colder by and by and his need of the fire would be greater.

From that the time wore wearily on to the breakfast hour. The sun was high now; the birds were singing sweetly in the rough brakes and brambles about the Tower; far away on the shining lake, of which only the farther end lay within his sight, three men were fishing from a boat. He watched them; now and again he caught the tiny splash as they flung the bait far out. So watching, with no thought or expectation of it, he fell asleep, and slept for five or six hours the sleep of which excitement had cheated him through the night. In warmth, morning and evening, night and day differed little in that sunken room. Still the air in it profited a little by the high sun; and he awoke, not only less weary, but warmer. But, alas! he awoke also hungry.

He stood up and stretched himself, and seeing that two-thirds of the second candle had burned away while he slept, he was thankful that he had lit it. He tried to put away the visions of hot bacon, cold round, and sweet brown bread that rose before him. He wondered how far the plot would be carried; and thus mind got the better of body, and he forgot his appetite in a thought more engrossing.

Would she come? Every 24 hours, her letter said, a person would visit him. Would she be the person? It was wonderful with what interest, nay, with what agitation, he dwelt on this. How would she look? How would she bear herself? How would she meet his eye? Would she shun his gaze, or would she face it without flinching, with a steady color and smiling lip? If the latter were the case, would it be the same when hours and days of fasting had hollowed his cheeks, and given to his eyes the glare which he had seen in many a wretched peasant's eyes in those distant lands? Would she still be able to view his sufferings without a qualm, and turn, firm in her cruel purpose, from the dumb pleading of his hunger?

"God forbid!" he cried. "Ah! God forbid!"

And he prayed that, rather than have that last proof of hardness of heart, he might not see her at all. Yet, so weak are men—to see her come, to see how she bore herself, was now the one hope that had power to lighten the time, and keep at bay the attacks of hunger! He had fasted 24 hours!

The thought possessed him to an extraordinary extent. Would she come? Or, having lured him into his enemies' power, would she leave him to be treated as they chose, while she lay warm and safe in the house which his interference had saved for her?

Oh! cruel!

Then the very barbarity of an action so unwomanly suggested that, viewed from her side, it must wear another shape. What was this girl gaining? Revenge, yes; yet, if they kept faith with him, and the deed signed, let him go free, she had not even revenge. For the rest, she lost by the deed. All that her grandfather had meant for her passed by it to her brother. To lend herself to stripping herself was not the part of a selfish woman. Even in her falseness there was something magnanimous.

He was still staring dreamily at the table, when a shadow falling on the table roused him. He lifted his eyes to the nearest loophole, through which the setting sun had been darting its rays a moment before. Morty O'Beirne, bending almost double—for outside the narrow slit was not more than two feet from the ground—was peering in.

"Ye'll not have changed your quarters, Colonel," he said, in a tone of raillery, which was assumed perhaps to hide a real feeling of shame. "Sure, you're there, Colonel, safe enough?"

"Yes, I am here," Colonel John answered austerely. He did not leave his seat at the table.

"And as much at home as a mole in a hill," Morty continued. "And, like that same blessed little fellow in black velvet that I take my hat off to, with lashings of time for thinking."

"So much," Colonel John answered, with the same severe look, "that I am loth to think ill of any. Are you alone, Mr. O'Beirne?"

"Faith, and who'd there be with me?" Morty answered in true Irish fashion.

"I cannot say. I ask only, are you alone?"

"Then I am, and that's the truth," Morty replied, peering inquisitively into the corners of the gloomy chamber. "More by token I wish you no worse than just to be doing as you're bid—and faith it's but what's right—and go your way. 'Tis a cold, damp, uncanny place you've chosen, Colonel," he continued, with a grin; "like nothing in the wide world so much as the same molehill. Well, glory be, it can't be said I'm one for talking; but, if you're asking my advice, you'll be wiser acting first than last, and full than empty!"

"I'm not of that opinion, sir," Colonel John replied, looking at him with the same stern eyes.

"Then I'm thinking you're not as hungry as I be. And not the least taste in life to stay my stomach for twenty-four hours."

"It has happened to me before," Colonel John answered.

"You're not for signing then?"

"I am not."

"Don't be saying that, Colonel," Morty rejoined. "It's not yet awhile, you're meaning!"

"Neither now nor ever, Colonel John answered. "I quote from yourself, sir. As well say it first as last, and full as empty."

"Sure and you'll be thinking better of it by and by, Colonel."

"No."

"Ah, you will," Morty retorted, in that tone which to a mind made up is worse than a blister. "Sure, ye'll not be so hard hearted, Colonel, as to refuse a lady! It's not Kerry-born you are, and say the word 'No' that easy!"

"Do not deceive yourself, sir," Colonel John answered severely and with a darker look. "I shall not give way either today or tomorrow."

"Nor the next day?"

"Nor the next day."

"Not if the lady asks you herself? Come, Colonel."

Colonel John rose sharply from his seat; such patience, as a famished man has, come to an end.

"Sir," he said, "if this is all you have to say to me I have your message, and I prefer to be alone."

Morty grinned at him a moment, then with an Irish shrug he gave way. "As you will," he said.

He withdrew himself suddenly, and the sunset light darted into the room through the narrow window, dimming the candle's rays. The Colonel heard him laugh as he strode away across the platform and down the hill. A moment and the sounds ceased. He was gone. The Colonel was alone.

Until this time tomorrow! Twenty-four hours. Yes, he must tighten his belt.

* * * * * *

Morty, poking his head this way and that, peering into the chamber as he had peered yesterday, wished he could see Colonel John's face. But Colonel John, bending resolutely over the handful of embers that glowed in an angle of the room, showed only his back. Even that Morty could not see plainly; for the last of the candles had burned out, and in the chamber, dark in comparison with the open air, the crouching figure was no more than a shapless mass obscuring the glow of the fire.

Morty shaded his eyes and peered more closely. He was not a sensitive person, and he was obeying orders. But he was not quite comfortable.

"And that's your last word?" he said slowly. "Come, Colonel dear, you'll say ye'll say something more to that."

"That's my last word today," Colonel John answered as slowly, and without turning his head.

"Honor bright? Won't ye think better of it before I go?"

"I will not."

Morty paused, to tell the truth, in extreme exasperation. He had no great liking for the part he was playing; but why couldn't the man be reasonable? "You're sure of it, Colonel," he said.

Colonel John did not answer.

"And I'm to tell her son?" Morty concluded.

Colonel John rose sharply, as if at last the other tried him too far. "Yes," he said, "tell her that! Or, lowering his voice and his hand, "do not tell her, as you please. That is my last word, sir. Let me be."

But it was not his last word. For as Morty turned to go, the Colonel heard him speak—in a lower and a different tone. At the same moment, or his eyes deceived him—a shadow that was not Morty O'Beirne's fell for one second on the splayed wall inside the window. It was gone as soon as seen, but Colonel John had seen it, and he sprang to the window.

"Flavia!" he cried. "Flavia!"

He paused to listen, his hand on the wall on either side of the opening. His face, which had been pinched and haggard a moment before, was now flushed by the sunlight. Then "Flavia!" he repeated, keen appeal in his voice. "Flavia!"

She did not answer. She was gone. And perhaps it was as well. He listened for a long time, but in vain; and he told himself again that it was as well. Why, after all, appeal to her? How could it avail him? Slowly he went back to his chair and sat down in the old attitude over the embers. But his lip quivered.

(To Be Continued.)

TUNNELS UNDER BANKS

This Means of Access Sometimes Used by Robbers.

Strand Magazine.

What banks fear is not so much a burglar gaining access to their premises by forcing doors, but by tunneling and other equally cunning and daring methods. A few years ago a cashier in one of the national banks of the United States, in New Mexico, was busy at work one evening in the office when his quick ear detected some curious sounds. They seemed to proceed from a subterranean region, and he was not long in concluding that robbers must be tunneling from an adjoining building to the vault in the bank.

Guards were immediately posted in and around the building. Soon they observed the masonry of the bank to be giving way. Meantime the robbers appeared to be hard at work and quite unaware that they were being watched. At 1 in the morning, a Mexican volunteered to descend into the bank cellar so as to discover the actual situation. Scarcely had he gone a few paces down the stairs than he met someone coming up. The Mexican fired without saying a word and shot the man dead. It was observed that he was one of the masons who had built the bank, and therefore well acquainted with its vulnerable parts. The report of firearms alarmed his accomplices, for they fled and escaped. The tunnel gave evidence of long and patient work on the part of the would-be thieves. It was 60 feet in length, constructed on scientific principles, contained provisions, water and a full outfit of mining tools, and must have been three months in operation. The robbery appeared to be planned for the time of the month when the bank received large remittances of currency and coin.

Length of Life Among Animals

la Vulgarisation Scientifique.

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty-five years and the donkey of like period; the dog does not exceed twenty-five years, the rabbit from eight to ten, the goose thirty, the duck, the hen and the turkey a dozen years.

Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives a hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of 130 years. Carp, on the other hand, appear to have usurped their reputation, which was based on ill understood facts from Chantilly and Fontainebleau. They rarely become centenarians. The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilograms, which was presented in 1904 to the London Zoological Gardens by Walter de Rothschild and which is said to have been born in 1750.

Oregon Woman Kills a Coyote.

Roseburg News.

From special Game Warden Hodson it is learned there is certainly one farmer's wife in this county who knows how to use a rifle. When on Sugar Pine mountain, with an eye out for violators of the game law, on the 1st inst., he heard a shot, and looking in the direction from which the report came he saw a woman shooting. Turning toward the point where she had the gun pointed, he saw a dead sheep and near it a dying coyote. The lady was the wife of Joseph West, and told the rest of the story.

Hearing the sheep running she saw the coyote pull down and kill one of their sheep. Grabbing her husband's rifle she got out of the house in time to see the coyote catch another, and then she opened fire on the brute. She hit it at the second discharge of the gun, killing it at once, and that was all there was to it.

A Famous Statue.

Paris Letter London Telegraph.

Charles Champoiseau, who has died at nearly 80 years of age, owed his fame to the finding of a single statue, but one of the two or three most beautiful in the world. It was he who, in 1863, discovered the "Victory of Samothrace," which rivals the "Venus di Milo" as the jewel of the Louvre sculpture galleries. M. Champoisseau was French consul in the Levant when he was sent to excavate in the Isle of Samothrace. The wonderful winged figure and the gallery prow on which she is poised were found in 120 fragments—not at once, but bit by bit. The excavations lasted several years and the pieces were brought in different lots to France. The reconstruction of the fragments was a long task, which was admirably done. The head, the arms, and a great part of the wings are missing, and there is no hope now of recovering them, but the movement of the incomplete figure is a marvel, and Champoiseau's find ranks with the greatest antiques extant.

A Theatrical Paradox.

Baltimore American.

"There is one contradictory thing actors seem to do."

"What is that?"

"The longer they are at one stand, the more they consider it a run."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

FRIENDSHIPS, A REWARD OF SERVICE

International Sunday School Lesson for September 5 Is "Paul's Third Missionary Journey—Farewells." Acts 20:2-38.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Heart ties are strongest. The "Old Home Week," which is coming so widely into vogue, gathers within its influence the busiest men of the time, who find it possible to lay aside multitudes of engrossing cares in order to renew the sentimental associations of the fundamental, personal, human relationships. There is no more appealing touch in the story of the travels of the great apostle Paul than the narrative of how, when ending his third missionary trip, he could not resist the opportunity to meet again with his friends at Ephesus and to bid them farewell. The episode is quite like what may be seen by a traveler upon almost any through train. For occasionally, at certain stations, friends and kindreds will come to greet travelers, if only for a few minutes. Like a glimpse of the old home through a train window, was Paul's touch with Ephesus as he interrupted his journey at Miletus.

Despite his cosmopolitanism and statesmanship and philosophy and vast administrative cares, this man Paul had time and aptitude for making friends. He was more than a leader and worker; he was a comrade and counsellor. A flood of light is thrown upon his character by the fact that when he started back to Jerusalem on this third missionary journey he was accompanied as far as Asia by seven friends. At Miletus the leaders of the Ephesus church came down to greet him. The occasion was not merely a formal recognition of the passing by of the foremost ecclesiastical official of the Christian community; it was Paul, the fatherly friend, who drew them.

The Personal Ties.

A boy would rather go to a circus than see a friend; his grandfather would rather meet with an old friend than see all the circuses that ever came to town. As we grow older the personal ties become more precious. Youth is interested in things; age is interested in people. In early life we do not perceive the supreme value of the associations that we form and of the friends that we make. This is a lesson that is taught only by time. A wise old man knows that a friend is the best fortune. All the wonders of the great cities through which he traveled meant less to Paul than the glimpse of a familiar face and the sound of a loved voice.

One of the by-products of service is fellowship. The person who goes into Christian work does not reckon with this factor at first, but as the years pass he finds that in the community of a common labor for a common Lord he has been drawn close to a company of kindred spirits who, he discovers, are his best friends. Thus he gradually perceives the profound truth that one of the greatest rewards of Christian service is Christian fellowship. Not only has he been a laborer together with God, but he has also learned the privilege and delight of being a laborer together with God's other fellow-workers.

Dean Bosworth, of Oberlin College, has said that there are four things which bind men most closely together: the first is a common hope, the second is a common work, the third is deliverance from a common peril, and the fourth is loyalty to a common friend. On this quadrilateral Christians find themselves united in a community of interest that constitutes the strongest bond in the world. The great combination of politics and of business and of self-exploitation all have in them the elements of disintegration; but the tie that binds Christians together grows stronger with the passage of years. In our own day there is discernible a tendency to stress the sacredness and value of the Christian fellowship. The various brotherhoods in the churches are asking themselves the question: Why should not our Chrristian fellowship mean more to us, in all practical ways, than the fellowship in any secret or fraternal organization, or than any of those accidental ties of propinquity, politics, or business? When the sense of her unity once possesses the Christian church, she will move with irresistible impact upon those social evils which thus far have presented an almost unshaken front to the world.

The Korean Escort.

The Oriental custom, which is narrated in this passage in Paul's life, of convoying a friend on his way, has persisted to this day. From Corinth and Thessalonica deputations of leading Christians journeyed part way with Paul. Then, after his meeting with the Ephesian elders at Miletus, they "brought him on his way unto the ship." One of the delights of Japanese social life is the custom of escorting to the train one who is about to take a journey, and of meeting him in force when he returns. Repeatedly have I seen large deputations of Japanese at the train to bid welcome or farewell to traveling friends. Two young women from America had gone to Japan to join the Southern Methodist Mission at Hiroshima, and they were greeted at the station by a company of no less than three hundred persons.

One morning I left the city of Pyeng Yang, in northern Korea, long before daylight to travel through the wintry darkness to the railway station, some three miles distant. It was a time when one would be tempted to sit as close to his own fireside as possible; yet simply because I had been introduced to them as a Christian man, nine of the officers of the Korean church took this long journey through the darkness and the cold, in order to bid me go on my way in peace. Only those who have experienced it can know how such signs of fellowship warm the cockles of a man's heart. It meant more to Paul than even the heartbreak in the narrative reveals, to have the little reunion with his Ephesian friends as he journeyed on to Jerusalem, and to the unknown fate before him.

Pointing to the Past.

Strong with the most unassailable strength is the man whose record will bear inspection. Innumerable men have been halted in their careers and balked in their ambitions by the rising up before them, as ghostly spectres, of an unfortunate past. When, in a recent American election, the question of available candidates for the Presidency was up, the name of a certain able statesman was frequently brought forward by the uninitiated, but the wiser politicians shook their heads and said, "No, his record is vulnerable." Happy is the man who can point to his past as his own vindication. Every man quitting a post, be it the Presidency, a pastorate, a clerkship, or a job of gardening, should be able to say, "There is my work. Inspect it. It is my best testimonial."

When Paul, after the passage of years, came to his final accounting with the Ephesian church officers, he could summon to witness for him the record that he had made in their midst. He had not been a trimmer or a toady. He had not been afraid of the face of man, nor had he shrunk from hardship and suffering. He had been innocent of self-seeking, and he had delivered his message without fear and without favor. What a record to crown one's work! Every teacher, as well as every preacher, should be able at any time of parting, as on the judgment day, to say to those who had been in his charge; "I shrank not from declaring unto you anything that was profitable."

Holding Life Cheaply.

As Paul counselled with these friends he let fall an expression which revealed his life platform: "I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus." That is in contrast with the baneful spirit of the modern day. We are prone to overestimate the value of life itself. Our comfort, our prosperity, our safety, are put as first considerations. For the sake of their business welfare men do not hesitate to stultify their manhood. Professor William James of Harvard, declares that the prevalent dread of poverty and hardship among our better classes, with its accompanying worship of wealth and luxury, is "the worst disease from which our civilization suffers." We sorely need an infusion of the heroic spirit which can say with Paul, "I hold not my life of any acount as dear unto myself."

The day's newspapers tell us how the Moorish tribes fling themselves in high disdain of danger against the solid phalanxes of Spanish troops. Deep in the breast of the normal man there thrills a response of admiration for the spirit of heroism, fatalistic though it be. There is something in the nature of man which tells him that it is noble to despise death and danger. Our comfortable, conventional, coddled life is likely to be cowardly. We shrink from pain; we hail the modern health movements with extravagant acclamations, as if health were the supreme object of existence. Let us not fail to learn from Paul, and all the other heroes of history, that man at his best may dare to die; and that often death is worthier of man than life. Well for us if we can say "I did my work, even though I died." For the delivery of one's message, and the performance of one's work is the supreme thing; one's own safety is an incidental consideration. This noble disdain of safety and comfort is in itself an emancipation from petty and ignoble subterfuges.

A High Calling.

When a man looks upon office in the church as an honor rather than as an opportunity, he is thereby shown to be unfitted for the post. Sometimes the prominent places in religion are given to men because they are wealthy or eminent in social or political life. This is a grave error. It would be well if every church gathering for the election of officers were to open with a careful consideration of Paul's instruction to the leaders of the Ephesian church. He pointed out the high calling of the church office. He is to stand as a Spirit-appointed representative of Christ. So far from exalting himself, his work is a spending of himself. Not his is it to have his own way, and to exert his own will, but rather, with ceaseless watchfulness and service, to spend himself in caring for even the weakest and most foolish of all the sheep in the fold.

Paul could point to his own record. He named some characteristics which should be never-absent marks of all who hold office in the church. He was not covetous of worldly wealth. He gave his labor to the church while supporting himself. He helped the weak. He held aloft the standard of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." May it not be said that one of the sources of strength and glory of the churches of today is in the noble host of men and women who bear office and, with unmeasured and gladly-given toil, guard the welfare of the cause of Christ, and serve mankind with sacrifice and in the spirit of the Master? Paul has left in his train a splendid company of men and women who are the partners of one another in the greatest work in the world, and partners with Christ himself.

RIVER ON A RIDGE

Bed of an Oklahoma Stream Higher That the Surrounding Country.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Save one other, the Yukon in Alaska, the North Canadian River in Oklahoma is the only stream in United States whose bed has a higher altitude than the country on either side of its course. Throughout almost its entire course in Oklahoma this stream flows in a groove on the crest of a ridge and has no important tributaries. Generally flood water in the country adjacent to the North Canadian would have to run uphill to find outlet into its channel.

The watershed of Oklahoma slopes from the high plains country of the extreme western part of the State eastward to the Arkansas River and in some portions of the State southward and southeasterly to Red River, which separates Oklahoma from Texas, the decline in altitude being from about 3,000 feet at the west to much less than 1,000 feet at the eastern edge of the State.

The North Canadian River, sometimes called the north fork of the main or South Canadian River, is formed by the junction of Wolf Creek and the Beaver near Fort Supply in Woodward county. It runs parallel to the Cimarron, the Salt Fork, the South Canadian and for a considerable distance the Deep Fork, the waters of all of which finally find their way to the Arkansas. Through the streams comparatively are close together, the North Canadian practically is 200 feet higher than the Cimarron and 180 feet higher than the South Canadian.

None of the tributaries of the North Canadian extends further back than five or six miles from its channel. In several instances, notably at Oklahoma City, it is only about two miles northward from the channel of the river to where the watershed of the Cimarron begins. At Shawnee, thirty miles east of Oklahoma City, two miles south of North Canadian, begins the watershed of the S. Canadian. In the Creek Nation in the neighborhood of Lenna the Deep Fork and the North Canadian are only about three miles apart, the former being a mud stream and the latter filled with dangerous quicksands.

Wildcat's Attack on a Woman.

Silver City Correspondence El Paso Times.

A remarkable story of an attack by a wild animal has reached this city from Pinos Altos, a mining camp north of here. While Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Campbell, an aged couple, were sitting in their home about noon a wildcat emerged from a nearby thicket, dashed through the open door, and attacked the woman.

Mrs. Campbell, who is nearly blind, was terribly clawed and scratched by the ferocious beast before it could be beaten off. It was finally driven under the bed, and when it emerged to renew the attack Mr. Campbell, who had hastily secured his rifle, put a bullet through its body.

Mrs. Campbell was so badly injured that it was found necessary to place her in the Ladies' hospital of this city, where she is receiving medical treatment.

It is very unusual for a wildcat to attack a person unless cornered, and the remarkable action of this one is hard to account for. The woman would undoubtedly have been killed but for the presence of her husband.

Czar Fond of Rowing.

Bystander.

The Czar, like the Prince of Wales, is scholarly, but sport is distasteful to him. He makes an exception, however, in the case of rowing. For the empress and his children he has the deepest affection, and he regards every hour passed away from them in the affairs of state as an unpleasant but necessary duty. His greatest enjoyment is to take them out in his boat and in his shirt sleeves to row them on the lake near the palace.

The empress is a woman of considerable intellectual attainments and of a very determined character. She rules her gentle husband without his feeling it, but everybody knows that she has to be reckoned with before he can be counted upon.

Clock Gives Warning of Death.

Elkhart Cor. Indianapolis News.

Fortunatus Miller received word of the death of his mother at Three Rivers this morning. He says he knew bad news was coming, for the old clock which has been in the family 137 years stopped Thursday night, though just wound.

He says it peformed a similar trick before the death of his grandfather, his grandmother, his father and each of the five brothers of his grandfather. The death of a cousin was presaged by the clock striking three times at the exact time of his death. Mr. Miller is the only member of the family who will keep the clock.

IT WORKS

The Laborer Eats Food that Would Wreck an Office Man.

Men who are actively engaged at hard work can sometimes eat food that would wreck a man who is more closely confined.

This is illustrated in the following story:

"I was for 12 years clerk in a store, working actively and drank coffee all the time, without much trouble, until after I entered the telegraph service.

"There I got very little exercise and drinking strong coffee, my nerves grew unsteady and my stomach got weak and I was soon a very sick man. I quit meat and tobacco and, in fact, I stopped eating everything which I thought might affect me except coffee, but still my condition grew worse and I was all but a wreck.

"I finally quit coffee and commenced to use Postum a few years ago and I am speaking the truth when I say, my condition commenced to improve immediately and today I am well and can eat anything I want without any bad ffects, all due to shifting from coffee to Postum.

"I told my wife today I believed I could digest a brick if I had a cup of Postum to go with it.

"We make it according to directions, boiling it full 20 minutes and use good rich cream and it is certainly delicious."

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a cow that is so stiff in her limbs that she can scarcely walk, although her appetite is good and she yields a plentiful supply of milk. Will some one tell me through the columns of the Farmstead what to do for her?—G., Lafayette, Tenn.

Will some one please tell me through these columns why the fruit of one of my apple trees rots as it ripens? The tree would be laden with good fruit if it did not rot; as it is, there is not a sound apple on the tree. This loss of fruit has been the same for a number of years.—B., Beach Lake, Pa.

I would like to know what becomes the matter with our lambs every July. They are feverish and want to drink large quantities of water, but eat little or nothing. Their noses run and they have a hard cough. The lambs were born in the winter and since spring have run in the woods and the fields. We gave them physics, and their bowels seemed very bad, and before they died the bowels became bloated. The period of sickness is usually from one to three weeks.—B., Pulaski, Ind.

Will some kind reader of these columns send recipes for canning of sweet potatoes and for the making of elderberry wine?—W., Jackson, O.

Will some reader of the Farmstead please tell me the exact method of budding plums on cherries? When I tried it I could not get them to grow. Do I leave too much wood in the bud, bind it too tight, or make it too short, so that the bud is too close to the crosscut? I followed directions given me as closely as possible. Plums never live to bear down here.—A., Clifford, Pa.

Will some reader tell me how to handle bees? Can they be driven from one hive to another?—M., Rupert, W. Va.

Will some one please give a recipe telling how to cook wonderberries so that they will not be so bitter?—J., Dover, Minn.

Please inform me the cheapest way of waterproofing cloth so that it will not rot, but instead be preserved in the elements.—D., Delaware, O.

Can some one tell me the best way of bleaching celery for winter use? I would like to know a good method of keeping it in the cellar or in the ground.—R., McArthur, O.

Will the person that gave a recipe for grape wine last fall please have it again in these columns?—S., Pawnee City, Neb.

Will some one who breeds Canadian geese inform me whether there are any special foods or manner of feeding necessary to cause them to breed in this section of the country? I have had some for a year and they have not shown any indications of laying.—L., Bula, W. Va.

HAIRLESS SPOTS ON HORSES

S., Pleasant Mills, N. J.: A mixture of gunpowder and lard is a good remedy for producing hair where the spots have been caused by scalding or burning.—F., Arlington, N. J.

WARTS ON HORSES

H., New Freeport, Pa.: You will find that pine tar applied daily is an excellent remedy for warts on horses.—B., McArthur, O.

H., New Freeport, Pa.: I removed a wart from my colt by placing a white linen thread tightly around it at the place where the wart should be cut off. Put on a new thread every morning and tie it as tight as you can. It will get quite sore, but continue until it is cut off.—M., Newmansville, Pa.

PLANTING BLACKBERRIES

C., Cambridge Springs, Pa.: To plant blackberries prepare your ground by plowing and harrowing. When the ground is well pulverized plow a furrow where you wish to plant the row. The roots or plants should be placed in this furrow four feet apart, but if you desire to plant many rows put five feet apart. When the berries are several years old you should take a large plow and plow deep enough to cut the running roots, which should then be pulled out. After the berries are picked cut the old canes out. Fine manure should be scattered along the rows between the plants each spring. Cultivate the berries the same as you do corn. The berries should be planted in long rows in the spring and do not make the mistake of placing them in little corners, where the bushes cannot be worked.—M., Newmansville, Pa.

HOME-MADE POSTUM

Mrs. M.: To make a good homemade postum, mix two quarts of wheat bran, one pint of cornmeal, and one and one-half cup of common cooking molasses together and the stir thoroughly so that the molasses is well mixed with the bran. Put this mixture in a dripping pan and brown just the same as you brown green coffee.—S., Morenci, Mich.

SALTING CUCUMBERS

S., Evansport, O.: In salting cucumbers cut them from the vine so that the stem remains on them, and do not cut the cucumbers or they will rot. Wash them in a brine of two pails of water and two quarts of salt. A barrel should be half filled with cucumbers and then shaken down after the bottom of the barrel has been covered with coarse salt. A heavy layer of salt is then put on the cucumbers, and the rest of the barrel is filled. A top layer of salt covers this. Boards weighted down with a heavy stone are placed on top and the cucumbers are kept covered until the second or third day. The cover is then removed and the brine is dipped off down to the cucumbers. The barrel is filled with more cucumbers and another layer of salt. It is then covered and the process is continued until the barrel is full of cucumbers. Pork barrels are very good to put them in and it will take about six bushels of cucumbers and three pecks of salt to fill one. If one wishes to keep the cucumbers green put in one layer of horse radish leaves with each layer. They will keep indefinitely, even if they smell badly when being packed.—C., Ripton, Vt.

TO JUDGE FRUIT

The two prime tests are weight and fragrance. Ripe fruit has a fresh, ripe odor, which is easily recognized when attention is brought to bear on it. Berries, for example, lose their sweet aroma on growing stale, and any that are found to be without it should be regarded with suspicion. Ripe peaches, oranges, lemons, pears, cantaloupes, etc., are also subtly fragrant.

Weight is another excellent test. This applies to the various kinds of melons, to grape fruit and oranges. If light, beware of them. They are either unripe and pithy or dry and juiceless.

Melons should be heavy and not spongy. The latter means that they are stale or over-ripe. A watermelon will also have a tiny withered leaf or a brown stem at the stem end—an unripe one will be green there.

Cucumbers (which so many shoppers fail in buying) are never at their best—seldom edible, in fact—if the rind yields like a sponge to the pressure of the fingers.

In selecting muskmelons the sweetest ones have a roughish rind. The smooth streaks which divide the skin into sections should be yellowish, not too green, to get the right degree of ripeness. Green streaks are a sign of under-ripe cantaloupes.

CHESTNUT BARK DISEASE

About five years ago chestnut trees were observed to be dying in the city of New York. The cause, then unknown, has since been found to be a fungous disease of the bark. This disease is very fatal to the trees, and it has since spread so as to completely infest the areas lying near New York city in the states of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. It has also been found in scattered areas in the eastern states from Rhode Island to Virginia. Where it becomes thoroughly established it destroys all the chestnut and chinquapin, but no other species. In Forest park, Brooklyn, over 16,000 trees have been killed. One competent authority estimates the loss from this disease in and around New York to be over $5,000,000.

This disease has been studied by scientists of the United States department of agriculture, and the department has issued a report on it (bulletin 141, bureau of plant industry).

It is believed that this disease was brought to this country from Japan, although this has not been positively demonstrated. Its spread has resulted mainly from the sale and shipment of nursery stock. Young chestnut trees are sent out from many eastern nurseries, in which the disease has recently been found. The department recommends, as a preventive, the careful inspection of nursery stock. It also advises, as a means of checking the spread of the disease, that all affected trees be cut down and utilized, care being taken to burn all the brush.

STOCK RAISING

Undulating lands with mild temperatures of climate supply ideal conditions for cattle raising. Missouri's rugged hills, fertile valleys and prairie lands, studded with shady groves, furnish these conditions. The cost of raising and fattening cattle here and transporting them to the markets of the east and west is necessarily less than in states not possessing these advantages.

Dairying is steadily on the increase and shipments of milk, cream, butter and cheese are growing to large proportions to the profitable markets at St. Louis, Kansas City and Memphis. There are thousands of acres of timbered lands yet to be cleared and devoted to this industry.

The swine industry is also attaining large proportions in the state, which now ranks third, with Iowa first and Illinois second. The number of hogs in Missouri during the past year was not less than 3,000,000. It is said that ten bushels of corn will make 100 pounds of pork, during the fattening process, and a hog that can be raised and fattened for from $5 to $7, will sell for from $10 to $14. Hogs can be marketed at an age six to nine months, while cattle should be two years old and over. The profits from this industry are quicker and in the end make a good showing.

SWEET CREAM BUTTER

It has recently been found that butter can be made from sweet cream without starters. Such butter has a milder flavor than most people like and are accustomed to, yet the butter has better keeping qualities than the product made from sour cream. It is not practical to make this kind of butter to be sold for immediate consumption, yet about a dozen creameries in the country are making it for special trade where long keeping is an object. This butter made from sweet cream without starters will keep in cold storage for more than a year in perfect condition, while butter made from sour cream, even held at very low temperature, will develop objectionable flavors within a few months. A tub of sweet cream butter has been in storage for 14 months without the development of fishy flavor.

BLACKROT OF GRAPES

In the eastern half of the United States black-rot has proven a serious drawback to grape culture. Humidity is favorable to this disease. More than 20 years ago spraying was introduced as a means of combating this and other fungous diseases of vines and fruit trees, and Bordeaux mixture has been the standard fungicide from the first.

As, during recent years, a good deal of discouragement among commercial grape growers has resulted from the spread of black-rot and their failure to control it satisfactorily, the United States department of agriculture about three years ago began a series of experiments to demonstrate the best methods of combating this disease. These experiments have been conducted in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Michigan, and have extended over three seasons. The department has just published a report on these experiments (bulletin 155, bureau of plant industry).

Several different fungicides were tried, but none was found to be as satisfactory as Bordeaux mixture. It was demonstrated, however, that a 4-3-50 mixture (four pounds of bluestone, three pounds of lime and 50 gallons of water) gives fully as good results as stronger mixtures. It was found to be unwise to use more lime than is absolutely necessary, as, when used to excess, it tends to hinder the action of the copper sulphate. It was also found that five sprayings will usually produce as good results as a greater number.

Among other mixtures tried, that known as the "neutral copper acetate" solution promises to be very satisfactory for the application because of its non-staining effect.

On the whole, the experiments have been quite successful. In 1907, where unsprayed grapes were a total loss, spraying reduced the loss to 28 per cent. The next season, when the rot was almost as bad on unsprayed vineyards, on the same sprayed plats the loss was reduced to less than 1 per cent. The good effect appears to be cumulative. The greatly increased spraying activity of growers, especially in Michigan, shows that these demonstrations have produced a good effect.

POULTRY HOUSE DISINFECTANT

A recent bulletin from the department of agriculture gives some practical facts on disinfecting the poultry house.

There can be no doubt that one absolutely necessary supply about every well conducted poultry plant must be some sort of disinfecting solution. Furthermore, such a disinfectant ought to fulfill satisfactorily several requirements. In the first place, it must be inexpensive. Further, it must be powerful and certain in its action even in dilute solutions. Finally, it must be of such a character as not to injure the birds if it, by accident or design, comes in contact with them. There are a great many commercial disinfectants on the market. Some of the most succesful and widely used of these have either a phenol (carbolic acid) or a cresol base. Many of these preparations are excellent and their excellence is attended by their very wide popularity among poultrymen. There is one objection, however, to all of them; that is, that they are relatively expensive. The farmer or poultryman who uses them pays a good round price for the manufacture of something, which he could manufacture himself, the only cost in that event being the cost for the raw materials.

Cresol is an excellent substance for poultry house disinfection. It is one of the most powerful germicides and disinfectants known. In addition to the germicidal value of a cresol solution it has a very considerable value as a poultry insecticide. It has even been used with satisfactory results to rid hens of lice by direct spraying of the birds. A very small aplication in spray has been found to rid a bird of lice without harmful effect to the bird itself. Applied as a spray, it is very effective in ridding the houses, etc., of lice.

Cresol may be stirred up directly with water and used as a spray. Since it is only slightly soluble in water it is better to make use of the "compound solution of cresol" (liquor cresolic compositus) of the United States pharmacopeia.

Three or four tablespoonfuls of the cresol soap to each gallon of water will make a satisfactory solution. This solution may be applied through any kind of spray pump or with a brush. Being a clear watery fluid, it can be used in any spray pump without difficulty. For disinfecting brooders or incubators which there is reason to believe have been particularly liable to infection with the germs of white diarrhea or other diseases the cresol may be used in double the strength given above and applied with a scrub brush in addition to the spray.

NESTING MATERIAL

Lice, both directly and indirectly, are said to be the cause of killing more poultry than all other known things. When present in poultry houses or on the fowls, they do much damage in winter, and if not kept under control in summer they will either almost exterminate the flock or so reduce them in vitality and numbers that there is no profit in them.

The hen's nest is one of the most prolific of all breeding places for lice, especially the small kinds, which suck the life from laying hens and cause untold numbers of sitting hens to either leave their nests or die a slow, painful death at their post. The common hen's nest is full of cracks, affording abundant breeding room for the pests, but the nesting material is a veritable hotbed for their multiplication and hiding. If there are any lice in the henhouse they are almost sure to find their way into the nest, and if the nesting material is allowed to remain for several weeks in summer without renewal, it will become fairly alive and crawling with the noxious insects. From a single infected nest the insects will soon spread to all the nests on the place by the hens in going from one nest to another.

During the warm summer weather the material from all the nests should be removed and burned at least weekly. Every few weeks the nest boxes should be painted inside and out with kerosene, forcing the liquid well into the cracks, or they should be thoroughly treated with scalding water. Whitewashing with a mixture containing a good proportion of carbolic acid is also good. If the lice have all been killed, the cracks all entirely filled, and the pests destroyed in t house, frequently removing and renew the nesting material will be a great in keeping them down and in giving hens a chance to do their best.

MAKING BUTTER AT HOM

The question of the advisability making butter at home depends several conditions. If there is ina quate home help or if the farme wife does not understand how to ma good butter it is best to send the m or cream to a creamery and have t butter made there. Also, if the farm cannot secure a good market for the butter he can make it is better let the creamery make and sell it him.

However, if the farmer or his w understands well how to make g butter and can make it or direct making of it, there are several adv tages in making butter at home.

In sending butter to the creamery often happens that the patrons are satisfied with the returns. It is o natural for the dairyman to wish t his products return large divide and frequently he is disappointed w the monthly statement and check rive. Sometimes the fault lies with t creamery and sometimes with dairyman. But if the dairyman ma his own butter there will be no dan of his having trouble from that sour

When butter is made at home th is no labor or expense of hauling cream. It is true that the butter m be marketed, but it does not requ as frequent trips as for marketing t cream, hence a saving in the cost marketing the product. When cream sold by test, allowance is made pure butter fat only. In butter t is 16 per cent water, and enough is added to make the water and together one-fifth of the finished b ter. Hence there is a pound of w and salt in every five pounds of ter, or a gain of one pound of but in every five, which counts in selli and which goes to the creamery not to the dairyman when the cre is sent to the creamery. In ot words, in making butter at home farmer makes from 20 cents to 25 ce clear profit in making five pounds butter from the water and salt conte of the butter. Added to these, in m ing butter at home the buttermilk saved, which is no small item of p fit in these times of high priced fe

HENS LAYING OUT

At this season of the year, says Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean, when grass, weeds and other vegetation tall, many of the hens steal their n away and lay in secret and obs places. When the hen steals her nest may come off with a brood of chicks raise them with profit, but in many c eggs laid in secret nests are entirely They may rot, be stolen by wild anim or become so stale by the time they found that they are not fit to use or of doubtful use.

There are several ways of prevent hens from stealing their nests away laying in secret places. The best w all things considered, is to have the p so clean and free from weeds, all ot tall growth and rubbish that no hen find a secret place to make a nest. effect this the grounds must be mo either with lawn mower or mowing chine, several times during the sum or the area must be pastured with sh or some animals that will keep growth very low. Sheep are the best a mals for this purpose, as they may pastured in the orchard with perf safety and no fear of trees being inju as in the case with cows and horses.

Another good plan is to have a med large hen tight poultry yard in co tion with the henhouse, and to keep laying hens in it till about 3 o'clock the afternoon of each day. By the m dle of the afternoon most of the h will lay that are going to lay, and they may be turned out to forage on open range. This will allow them se hours' time for a range of exercise for hunting feed. The eggs will all laid in the henhouse, the eggs can be gath ed fresh every day, and you will kn of a certainty where they are.

Those who are furnishing eggs for cial sale or are working up a spe trade cannot afford to risk ment on the freshness of an egg found a new nest, and it is not right or to sell spoiled eggs. The best plan is gather them early daily and immedia place them in a dry and cool place, they will not be apt to spoil. They sh at no time be kept in the kitchen kitchen pantry, where the air is al warm.

Tributes of Affection for Paris D

London Chronicle.

Foreign visitors to the cemetery Pere Lachaise often wonder at the tr utes of affection deposited on graves. Many French people re to believe that their dead cannot e the good things they used to like w alive.

Mothers bring fruit and sweets leave them on the tombstones of the children. The graves of older peo are frequently spread with wine, and tobacco, and there is (or was year) one affectionate father leaves a potato salad on his tombstone every Sunday. Paris street prowlers are, of course, aware of this practice, and, despite t vigilance of the cemetery guardi manage to pilfer many a meal fr the graves.

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VERNMENT WHITEWASH

se give a recipe for the making of nment whitewash. —G. C., Bagley.

k one-half bushel of unslacked lime boiling water, keeping it covered g the process. Strain it and add a of salt, dissolved in warm water; pounds of ground rice put in boiling and boiled to a thin paste; one-half of powdered Spanish whiting and nd of clear glue dissolved in warm mix these well together and let ixture stand for several days. Keep ash thus prepared in a kettle or ble furnace, and when used, put it hot as possible, with painters' or wash brushes. Coloring may be put made of any shade. Spanish brown d in will make red pink, more or deep, according to the quantity. pulverized common clay well mix- th Spanish brown, will make a red- stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in s yellow wash, but chrome goes r and makes a color generally es- d prettier. The darkness of the s is determined by the quantity of oloring used. Green must not be with lime.

WHEAT MARKET

is the wheat market controlled?— O., Bellaire, Mich.

question of the control of the market is always open to discus- There are wheat corners, which govern prices, and cause fluctua- and back of these is "supply and nd," the real controlling power of mmodities.

IR WILLIAM BERKELEY

l you please give a sketch of Sir m Berkeley, the governor of the y of Virginia?—P. O. P., Salem, Va.

William Berkeley, the American ial governor, was born about 1610, died July 13, 1677. His father and er were colonial proprietors. Young eley graduated from Oxford in 1629, raveled on the continent for a year, as then appointed a commisioner of da in 1632, and won a high reputa- there. In 1641 he was made gover- f Virginia, arriving the following and for a time was very popular the people there. He experimented e cultivation of many products. He d the Royalist party by expelling New England Puritans in 1643, and e parties by capturing the Indian Opechancanough in 1644, after a of Indian massacres. When the ution broke out in England, Berk- took the side of the Royalists, and of them took refuge in Virginia Cromwell entered upon his protec- . In 1651 Cromwell sent a fleet over ing Berkeley back for punishment, he latter succeeded in making terms was allowed to retire to his planta- though deprived of his office. When estoration began to seem probable, olonists selected Berkeley as their nor in order to gain the favor of ew monarch. When Charles II. came e throne he confirmed Berkeley in ffice. During his second term Berk- evil side showed itself. He tyran- over the Quakers and Puritans, de the use of the printing press and ed heavy taxes on the people. The ists were so driven to desperation in 1667 they were ready to revolt. monopoly of Berkeley's was the In- trade. No one was allowed to trade the Indians without a license, so eley licensed a small number of men de in furs with them, which secret- cluded liquors, firearms and other s, and exacted a third of the profits. as believed to be this gain which Berkeley from allowing the colon- o defend themselves against the In- in 1675-76 when they were laying e to many plantations and torturing illing the whites. Nathaniel Bacon chastised the Indians in spite of was proscribed for it, forced into rebellion, drove Berkeley into re- and burned his capital, and died e moment of his victory. Berkeley's was as full of senile fury as it had of senile avarice; he slaughtered and left, hanging a score of vic- with such vindictive haste and ruf- insult that the assembly remon- d and the royal commissioners, who in January to investigate the con- of the colony, made a report that he king to remove him, with the ent, "The old fool has put to death people in that naked country than the murder of my father." He sail- pril 27, 1676, his departure celebrated bonfires and salutes of cannon; and ted to justify himself to the king eturn. But Charles kept postponing terview, and in a few weeks Berk- died of chagin, it was believed.

KIT CARSON

n you give a biographical sketch it Carson?—N. C., Tustin, Mich.

istopher Carson, the hunter and r, was born December 24, 1809, died May 23, 1868. His parents in Kentucky when he was born while yet an infant he went with to Missouri. At the age of fif- he was apprenticed to a saddler, wo years later joined an overland g expedition to Santa Fe, and be- trapper, roaming over the plains een the Rocky Mountains and the c ocean. He became an expert ll mountaineering, hunting and ing, even surpassing the Indians rtility of resource and keenness servation. All of his food was ied by his rifle for fifteen years. 31 he was engaged by two Indian rs to supply their fort with pro- s and furs. He did this for eight . Eleven years later, after the of his Indian wife, he took his hter to St. Louis to have her edu- . While there he met John C. ont who engaged him as a guide e expedition to the Rocky moun- . After this expedition Carson ned to New Mexico, married a sh lady, and resumed hunting and ing for his former employers. He also connected with the second dition under Fremont, and was him during the military opera- which resulted in the conquest alifornia in 1846-47. During the year he was sent eastward to ington, and while there was nom- d by President Polk as lieutenant e United States rifles, but the e rejected him. In 1853 he again d in New Mexico, and on account e scarcity of sheep in California llected a flock of 6,500, and drove over the mountains to that state, t of great hazard, and then sold at high prices. After he had re- d to his home in New Mexico he made United tSates Indian agent that district, and in that office s knowledge of the Indian char- his fidelity to his engagements, he respect in which he was held he tribes, he succeeded in nego- g several important treaties. In ivil war he was loyal to the gov- ent of the United States, and ren- great services to it in the coun- ear his state. He was brevetted dier general for these services, t the close of the contest resumed uties as the Indian agent. In 1868, with a party of Indians, he visited Washington, and made a tour of the northern and Indian states.

LUCY W. W. HAYES

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Lucy Webb Hayes?—G. H., McComb, O.

Lucy Ware Webb Hayes, the wife of President Hayes, was born August 28, 1831, and died June 25, 1889. She was the daughter of Doctor James Webb. Lucy Webb was educated at the Wesleyan Female college in Cincinnati, and first met her future husband while at Delaware Sulphur Springs, during a vacation. She was married to Mr. Hayes December 20, 1852. She was with him during the civil war as much as possible, caring for him when wounded, and doing all in her power for the sick and wounded soldiers. At the White House she entertained frequently and was present at all the public functions. She would not permit wine to be served at the White House table, even on state occasions, which called forth considerable comment, but she was upheld by advocates of temperance and total abstinence, who presented her with numerous testimonials. Mrs. Hayes was amiable, sincere, a devout Christian, a generous friend, and a devoted wife and mother.

ALBERT THORWALDSEN

Please give a short sketch of the life of Albert Thorwaldsen.—G. O. L., Salem, Ill.

Albert Thorwaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor, was born at sea, between Iceland and Denmark, November 19, 1770, and died at Copenhagen, March 24, 1844. He was the son of an Icelander. At the age of 11 he entered the free school of art of the Academy of Copenhagen; at 17 he gained the silver medal of the academy; at 20, the small gold medal; and in 1793 the grand prize, which entitled him to an annual stipend for studying abroad. He went to Rome to study. Here his career was hampered by his diffidence and the effects of ill-health. His first works were splendid efforts to reproduce the idealism of ancient art, and his Mars, Mercury, Ganymede, Venus, The Graces, Cupid and Psyche, Hector and Priam, are among the best modern imitations of the antique. As Thorwaldsen gained in confidence and executive power, he rose above the mere imitation of Greek sculpture and devoted himself to original work. In 1819 he returned to Copenhagen on a visit, and in 1820 returned to Rome, where he began that series of religious works which made him one of the regenerators of the art of sculpture. His largest single work is the famed "Lion of Lucerne," carved in the face of a cliff near Lucerne, Switzerland, commemorating the Swiss guards, who fell in defending the Tuileries, August 10, 1792. He returned to Copenhagen in 1838, where he remained until 1844, when he died suddenly of disease of the heart.

THE LIBERTY BELL

When and where was the Liberty bell cracked?—A. F. B., Franktown, Va.

The Liberty bell was imported from England in 1752. A stroke of the clapper cracked it and the bell was recast in Philadelphia under the direction of Isaac Norton, to whom we are indebted for the following inscription, which surrounds the bell near the top, from Leviticus xxv., 10: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." On July 4, 1776, it first announced the declaration then made. In 1777, during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, the bell was removed to Lancaster. In 1781 it was placed in the brick tower of the Pennsylvania state house. For more than 50 years the bell participated in the celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. It was only rung on rare occasions. Its last ringing, when it was unfortunately cracked, was while tolling for the death of Chief Justice Marshall. An effort was made to restore its tone by sawing the crack wider, but it was unsuccessful.

J. A. SEISS

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Joseph A. Seiss?—S. S. F., Nekoosa, Wis.

Joseph Augustus Seiss, the clergyman, was born March 18, 1823. His father was a farmer but the son had no taste for life on the farm. He was studious, and though his father preferred him to become a farmer, he refused. When Seiss was sixteen years of age he was confirmed in the Moravian church according to custom. He manifested a desire to become a minister of the gospel. Though he received no encouragement from his father or the congregation he was determined in making a future for himself, so he finally was able to enter Pennsylvania college. He spent two years with the ordinary studies, and then entered privately upon a course of theological study. He was so successful in his studies that in 1842 he was licensed to preach, and two years later was ordained to the Lutheran ministry. For fourteen years he held various pastorates in Virginia and Maryland, then he went to Philadelphia in 1858. In 1874 he established the church of the Holy Communion in the western section of the city, and was made its pastor. As an orator Seiss is ranked as one of the most eloquent in the country. His style is clear, ornate, attractive and forcible. He began as an author at the age of twenty-two, and his publications have reached more than 100 volumes. A great many of his works have been republished in England, and may have been translated into foreign tongues. In addition to being a lawyer he also was an editor of several church papers.

LAGER BEER

Will you please describe the process of the manufacture of lager beer?—R. S. W., Chana, Ill.

Beer is obtained by brewing, which consists in obtaining a sugar-like extract from barley or other grain, adding to this hops for flavoring and preserving, and then allowing it to ferment. Barley furnishes the best beer. The processes are four: malting, preparing the wort, fermenting and clarifying. In malting, the barley, unground, is steeped in cold water from 50 to 65 hours, by which time the grain has absorbed so much water as increases its bulk about 20 per cent. The water is then drawn off, and the barley is spread about 18 inches deep upon a floor, usually of cement, where it is kept at about 55 degrees temperature. After lying 12 hours, it is turned over. During this time, the grain begins to germinate, and the starch in it is turned to sugar. By the end of the fourth day the barley is well sprouted and the mass has a temperature of about 80 degrees. Now it is turned over two or three times a day, and spread more and more. The growth is now arrested by placing it in a malt kiln, with an iron floor full of fine holes. Hot air from a furnace below rises through the floor and through the grain. The heat is increased as the process goes on, until at the end of two days the temperature is 130 degrees to 140 degrees. The malt is then crushed between iron rollers, and put into the mash tub, a large wooden vessel holding 200 to 300 barrels. Water is then run in at 160 degrees to 165 degrees, in the proportion of five parts by weight to one of malt. Revolving paddles keep the mixture agitated. Here the remaining portion of the starch in the grain is turned into sugar. The water, or wort, is then drawn off into a boiler, the proper allowance of hops being added. Here the wort is boiled several hours. The wort is then drawn off and strained, and pumped into the coolers, which are great shallow pans, six or eight inches deep and 50 or more feet square. It is then run into the fermenting vat, and yeast is added to set up fermentation. When this process has been carried to a certain point, the beer is put into kegs or casks and laid in cold cellars. The process of fermentation continues until it reaches the proper point, when the beer is marketed. Lager is from the German word lagen, to lie, and refers to its lying in the cellar during fermentation.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. L. D., Martinsburg, W. Va.: We cannot tell you the salaries of the state officers of West Virginia.

G. W., Beulah, Ill.: Write to the interior department at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

R. M. H., Pisgah Forest, N. C.: The state of Missouri is considered as a southern state.

W. I. L., Center Point, Iowa: Easter came on April 7, in the year 1833.

W. M., Somerfield, Pa.: We have no statistics to figure out what you want.

J. W. H., Big Otter, W. Va.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

A. P. M., Wooster, Ohio: See an attorney for the information you want.

F. C. B., Clarkston, Mich.: We cannot give you the names of the colonial governors.

T. S. R., Saltville, Va.: We cannot give a sketch of the colored state senator by the name of Green from Cleveland.

GRANDFATHER

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

GRANDFATHER was a quiet, gentle, old man, too self-effacing for his own welfare. He was always afraid of intruding, or of spoiling the pleasure of the "young folks" by his presence, so he stayed a good deal in his own room, though he left the door open in order to hear the voices in the rooms down stairs and the sounds of the household machinery in motion.

Grandfather depended a good deal upon voices and home sounds for company. He was lonely and sometimes felt as if the world had gone away and left him stranded. His wife had been dead for two years or more, but he could not get over missing her love and companionship. After she was gone he went to live with his eldest son and his family. His son's home was a cheery place and filled with the brightness which youth engenders. The Browns were a busy, energetic sort of a family, in which there were two sons and two daughters, all of whom were grown and at the stage of life when the future blossoms with promise and the present is a happy occasion. They were much interested in their own affairs and the affairs of one another, and their interests were heartily shared by their father and mother. They were a congenial and united family, and, having experienced little care or sadness they made of their home a cheerful, friendly house, where there were many visitors and where something was kept "going on" the greater part of the time.

No one meant or wanted to neglect grandfather, but he demanded so little attention that in the busy life of the household, with its work and its pleasure, it happened he was left much to himself, and sometimes it seemed to him as if he were forgotten. He never had been eager to make money; enough to enable him to live simply and comfortably was all he had wanted. When he retired from business he thought it was with a competency sufficient to insure this to the end of his days, but an investment which he had considered safe proved to be a failure, and, in his sunset years, he was placed in the position of a dependent. His son gave him spending money now and then and supplied all of his needs in addition, so grandfather really did not require anything more, though he often wished he had an income of his own so that he might do "nice things" for his grandchildren. This was the way grandfather expressed his wish in his thoughts; he would like to do "nice things for the children." He did not allow his dependency to make him unhappy, however, but, perhaps, it made him more reserved than he should have been when his heart was hungry for signs and expressions of affection.

It was understood in the Brown family that grandfather should not be called upon to do any work; in fact, he was to be prevented from it. "Just loaf and enjoy yourself, father," his son told him. "Let me do the hustling. There are enough of us to keep things going without your taking part in it."

This, of course, was kindly meant, but it gave grandfather a laid-on-the-shelf feeling which he, by no means liked, since he did not consider himself a man whose working days were over.

Because of his yielding disposition he conformed with his son's directions, but he would far rather have had some work that would have made him feel he was still useful. He found it rather hard to face each day, with empty hands and to go to bed at night with his energies unexhausted. When his wife was alive and he was in his own home there were many things for him to do to help keep the house and yard in order, but at his son's, his assistance did not seem to be necessary.

Grandfather tried his best to obey orders and "enjoy himself," but killing time grew to be so monotonous that he nerved himself to break his bondage. It was in the spring of the year the idea came to him, and he made haste to talk it over with his son before he should lose his courage.

"Going to do anything with the piece of land back of your place this season?" he asked, assuming a carelessness he did not feel, in order to conceal the motive in his question. His plan was in its infancy, but already it was dear to him and he shrank from disappointment.

"Why, no," his son answered. "I intend to put up a house there some day, but not just at present. Is there anything you want to do with it?"

"It's a fine place for a garden," grandfather suggested, with an appealing look in his eyes.

"I suppose so," his son returned indifferently, "but who'll attend to it? A garden means hard labor, you know."

"Now, that's just what I want to talk to you about," explained grandfather, almost trembling with eagerness. "I'd like to make that garden. It'll give me something to do. I'm tired of not having anything to do," he declared with an assertiveness that was unusual.

"Go ahead, go ahead, make all the gardens you want to," his son told him heartily. "You're welcome to the use of the land. You might have had it long ago if you'd said the word."

And so it came about that the vacant lot back of his son's home, under grandfather's tillage, was transformed into a garden where vegetables grew and thrived and ripened, and stately sunflowers stood in line against the fence. In one corner of the garden grandfather planted finer flowers, and among them he planted tube roses, not only because they were his favorites, but because he designed them for a special purpose when they were in blossom.

The "special purpose" was the wedding which was to be in the Brown family, and grandfather was growing the flowers for the bride's bouquet. He did not tell of his intention; this was a secret that made him happy to cherish, and happy again, because he was going to do a "nice thing" for one of the children. It did not enter his mind there could be any possible objection to tube roses for a bride's bouquet. To him, they were the fairest and sweetest of flowers and he thought them appropriate to any festival occasion. With his garden, and the prospect of a wedding, the summer was one of the most delightful grandfather had known for a long time. Hazel, the youngest of his son's family, was the one who was going to be married, and Hazel was, perhaps, nearer to his heart than any of the others. One reason for this, was because she reminded him of his wife, as she had looked in her girlhood, with her brown eyes and brown hair, and the quick, alert way she had of moving, and then, Hazel, seeing how much grandfather liked her company came often to his room and sat cozily on the edge of his bed and talked to him of home happenings and of one whom she referred to, very shyly, as "the dear boy." Occasionally "the dear boy" came with Hazel to visit grandfather and the three together planned the wedding and planned delightful things for the future, and in their company grandfather thrived like his garden and forgot that he had ever felt lonely or unhappy.

Everyone knows the excitement there is in a house where there is to be a wedding and, as the appointed day drew near, there was so much to be done at the last minute that grandfather's offer of his services was gladly accepted. The small commissions which fell to his lot gave him a pleasant sense of importance and he stepped jauntily, feeling himself to be quite a personage. Though he was much occupied, the tube roses were not neglected and he visited them several times a day, using all the gardening devices he knew to bring their bloom to perfection.

"My soul," he breathed happily, inhaling the heavy fragrance of the flowers, "my soul, but they're pretties. Won't Hazel be surprised when she gets her bride bouquet."

When the day set for the wedding dawned, grandfather was up before the sun, and out in the yard, looking weatherwise at the sky. "It's going to be a pretty day," he decided. "It's going to be a real pretty day."

He did not cut the roses until after Hazel had gone to her room to put on her wedding gown. He wanted her to have them in all their freshness and he wanted her "bride bouquet" to be a complete surprise. When the moment arrived which grandfather had looked forward to with so much happy expectation he made quite a ceremony of the flower-cutting, using a new knife which he had bought and held in reserve for the great occasion. He touched the roses as if he loved them and never lost patience under the difficulties attending his efforts to arrange them in a graceful cluster. He finally succeeded to his own satisfaction, at least, by binding the stems tightly together with a long length of twine which he covered with broad, white ribbon, tied into a stiff bow of remarkable pattern.

When his labor of love was finished, he thought he had never seen anything more beautiful, and he stole back into the quiet house, holding the flowers in front of him, at arm's length, being fearful lest he should crush them. At the foot of the stairs he met his son's wife, carrying a large box, whose markings plainly showed it came from a florist.

"Hazel's wedding bouquet," she explained, in answer to grandfather's look of inquiry. "White lilacs, aren't they lovely?" she asked, lifting the lid, to put aside the paper wrappings, so that he might see the delicate flowers.

Grandfather drew his breath in a quick sigh of disappointment. He had not taken such a contingency as this into consideration, since he had not heard mention of a bridal bouquet. He glanced at the lilacs and nodded his head in appreciation of their beauty, but, without speaking. He was turning away dejectedly when Hazel's mother caught sight of the tube roses which he now held with a careless hand.

"Why, grandfather!" she cried, thoughtlessly, "what are you going to do with those funeral flowers?"

Then, seeing the hurt look on his face, and, at the same moment, taking in the meaning of the white ribbon, she added quickly: "What perfect blossoms they are. Did they grow in your garden?"

Grandfather brightened when he heard this praise. Perhaps, after all, his offering would not be rejected.

"Yes," he answered, leaning forward, to speak confidentially. "I raised 'em a-purpose for Hazel's bride bouquet, but, of course, the lilacs are so much handsomer——" His voice trailed away into silence and he looked at his son's wife with wistful eyes.

She understood and held out her hand for the tube roses. "Let me have them," she said. "I'll take them to Hazel. "I'm sure she will like them. a bride can't have too many flowers, you know."

Grandfather let them go from his hold reluctantly. Giving them to Hazel himself was to have been almost the best part of the surprise. Nothing was coming out as he had planned, and, for the moment, life seemed a woeful thing. He stood forlornly in the hall, thinking he did not care very much what happened. He heard Hazel's mother open and close the door of her daughter's room. Almost immediately the door opened again and he heard Hazel's light, quick footfall crossing the hall. She called to him from the head of the stairs. "Grandfather, you Grandfather Brown, come up and be thanked right away. To think of my having two bouquets for my wedding and both of them so perfectly lovely. Well!" she exclaimed, is if words failed to express her delight.

Like a flash the face of the world changed for grandfather and he went springing up the stairs with a buoyancy akin to youth. "My soul," he said in his thoughts, "my soul, she's going to carry my bride bouquet."

FISH FROM THE CLOUDS

Picked Up on an English Hillside —Instances From India.

Campbeltown Courier.

On Friday last a number of townspeople taking a walk on the slopes of Knockscalbert hill were surprised to see on the grass near Summerhill a large number of very small fishes, varying in length from one and a half to two inches. The fish apeared to be the young of the herring, and their presence on the hill in considerable numbers created much speculation.

In August, 1904, a shower of herring fry was experienced at the head of Longrow, but there was no doubt as to whence the miniature fish had come, for they fell from above on the hats and clothing of several men, and at the time a small black cloud of remarkable density was directly overhead.

The phenomenon of fish falling from the clouds is, says our contemporary, of more common occurrence than is generally supposed. It is undoubtedly due to some small fry of fishes having been lifted from the water and carried over dry land by what is popularly known as a waterspout.

Many cases are reported from abroad, and they are common in India. Last year Caithness reported a shower of small fishes, which were identified as herring fry, and there was also a similar occurrence in Rossshire.

Frogs, insects and other living creatures have also been known to be thus transported through the air.

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MOTHER BEES, NOT QUEENS

A Bee Master Says the Queen Is the One Real Subject.

New York Sun.

"There are no queens, properly so called, in bee life," said the bee master of Pleasantville, N. J. "There are hundreds of hives in my garden, and there isn't a queen in any of them.

"If you keep a fairly close watch on the progress of any particular hive, it is very easy to see how the old false ideas got into general use. At first glance a bee colony looks very much like a kingdom, and the single large bee that all the others pay court to and attend so carefully seems very much like a queen.

"The mother bee seems, on the face of it, a miracle of intelligence and foresight. While as far as you know all other creatures in the world bring forth their young of both sexes haphazard, this can lay male or female eggs apparently at will. You watch her going from comb to comb and the eggs she drops in the small cells hatch out females and those she puts in the larger cells are always males or drones.

"More than that, she seems always to know the exact condition of the hive and to be able to limit her egg laying according to its need or otherwise of population for either you see her filling only a few cells each day in a little patch of comb that can be covered with the palm of your hand or she goes to work on a gigantic scale and in twenty-four hours produces eggs that weigh more than twice as much as her whole body.

"Then," he goes on in Van Norden's Magazine, "to cap it all, as the honey season draws on to its height, you are forced to think that the queen has conceived and is carrying through a scheme for the good of her subjects that would do credit to the wisest ruler ever born in human purple.

"Every day of summer sunshine has brought thousands of young bees into life. The hive is getting overcrowded. Sooner or later one of two things must happen—either the increase of population must be checked or a great party must be formed to leave the old home and go out to establish another.

"Then it is that the mother bee seems to prove beyond a doubt her wisdom and queenliness. She decides for the emigration, but as a leader must be found for the party and none is at hand she forms the resolve to lead it herself.

"A new ruler for the old realm must be provided to take her place when she has gone forever, and now you see a party of bees set to work on something that fairly beggars your curiosity.

"At first it looks exactly like an acorn cup in wax hanging from the under edge of the comb. Perhaps the next time you look the cup has grown to twice its original size and now you see it is half full of a glistening white jelly.

"The next time, maybe, you open the hive the acorn has been added to the cup, the queen cell is sealed over and finished, and about a week later there comes out a full grown queen bee twice the size of the ordinary worker and quite different in shape and often different in color.

"If the mother bee really brought all this about queen would not be a good enough name for her, but the truth is throughout all the wonder workings of the hive the queen is little more than an instrument, a kind of an automation, merely doing what the workers compel her to do.

"There are the real queens in the hive and the mother bee is the one and only subject. The birth of a 'queen' is simply a question of where the eggs are laid.

"Thousands and thousands of worker eggs are laid in a hive during the season, and each of those could be made into a queen if the workers chose: but the worker egg is laid in a small cell and the larva is bred on a bare minimum of food at the least possible cost of time, trouble and space to the hive, while when a new queen is wanted a cell as big as your finger tip is built and the larva is stuffed like a prize pig through all its five days of active life until, with unlimited food and time and room to grow in, it comes out at last a perfect mother bee."

Counterfeit Money in Italy.

Rome Dispatch to London Globe.

Italy is suffering from a plague of bad money in the form of vast quantities of false notes, which are in general circulation. Even the banks have in many cases been badly deceived, owing to the excellent counterfeit which the swindlers, whoever they may be, have succeeded in turning out.

The affair is not without its amusing side. All the officials of the court of appeals and at certain other of the government institutions have received their salaries in bad money. Now, the magistrates are paid directly by the Bank of Italy, and it would seem, therefore, that this institution must have taken over the stock of false bills without having discovered the fact.

The police are busily investigating the facts, and it is hoped that it will be found possible to trace the authors of the swindle.

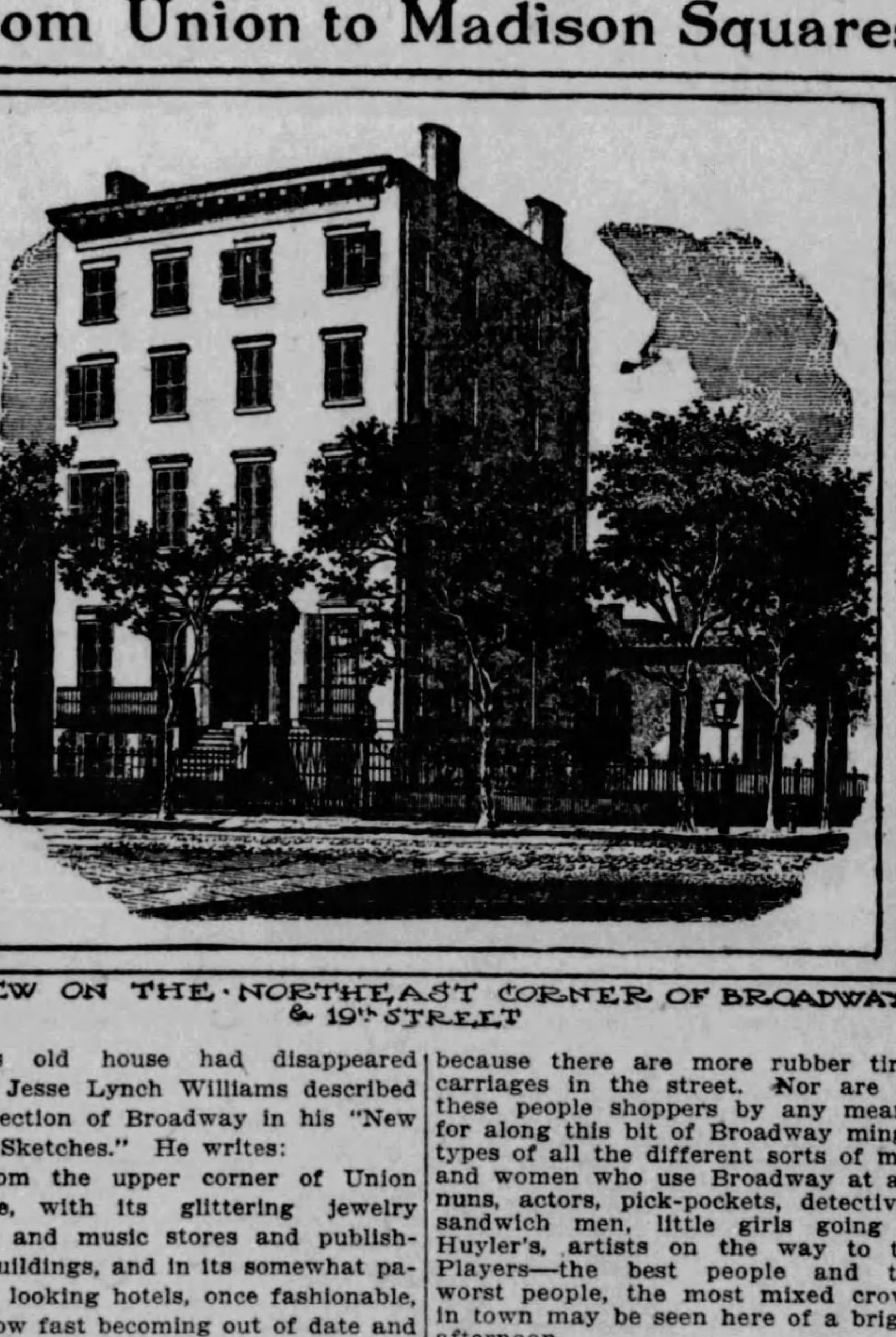
Bird in Rooter's Mouth.

Atlanta Dispatch to New York World.

While rooting at a baseball game between Atlanta and Birmingham Tuesday, at Ponce de Leon, and laughing at a friend of his who was having trouble in fighting off a sparrow which had flown into the grand stand, Billy Wells, the biggest rooter in Atlanta, threw back his head and opened his mouth, and the sparrow, evidently seeing a good opening, flew into his mouth.

Mr. Wells closed his jaws on the sparrow, but opened them quickly, and when the bird was released it flew away twittering, leaving Mr. Wells coughing.

From Union to Madison Squares



VIEW ON THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF BROADWAY & 19th STREET

This old house had disappeared when Jesse Lynch Williams described this section of Broadway in his "New York Sketches." He writes:

"From the upper corner of Union square, with its glittering jewelry shops and music stores and publishers' buildings, and in its somewhat pathetic looking hotels, once fashionable, but now fast becoming out of date and landmarky (though they seem good enough to those who sit and wait on park benches all day), the open spaciousness of Madison square comes into view, the next green oasis for the uptown traveller. This will help him up the intervening blocks if he is not interested in the stretch of stores, though these are a different sort of shop, and they seem to say, with their large, impressive windows, their footmen, their buttons at the door, 'We are very superior and fashionable.' The shoppers, too, are not so rapacious along here, because they have more time; and the clatter is not so great, because there are more rubber tired carriages in the street. Nor are all these people shoppers by any means, for along this bit of Broadway mingle types of all the different sorts of men and women who use Broadway at all: nuns, actors, pick-pockets, detectives, sandwich men, little girls going to Huyler's, artists on the way to the Players—the best people and the worst people, the most mixed crowd in town may be seen here of a bright afternoon.

"When they get up to Madison square the crowd divides and, as some would have us think, all the 'nice' people go to the right, up Fifth avenue, while all the rest go to the left, up the Broadway Rialto and the typical part of the Tenderloin.

"But when Madison square is reached you have come to one of the places of New York. It is the picture so many confirmed New Yorkers see when homesick. Madison square with the sparkle of a clear, bracing October morning, the creamy Garden tower over the trees, standing out clear-cut against the sky, Diana on top glistening in the sun, and a soft, purple light under the branches in the park."

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Our Piano Catalog shows all styles of the Bechman pianos, from $175 up.

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Solid Oak Upholstered Rocker. Richly carved, golden oak finish. Fabricord Leather. 75c first payment, 50 cents monthly payments. Total price, $5.85. M-7511

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E-3824—Victor Empire Hot Blast. 10-inch firepot. Burns all fuel. 75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, $4.95.

E-3794—Marvel Empire Base Burner, with 12-inch firepot. Self feeding. $3.75 first payment, $1.75 monthly payments. Total price, $24.95.

E-2490—Mutual Empire Steel Range, with 6 8-inch covers. Blue steel body, asbestos lined; 14-inch oven; high closet; porcelain lined reservoir. $3 first payment, $1.50 monthly payments; total price, $21.95.

GIRLS TRYING PRACTICAL FARMING ON LARGE SCALE

That practical farming on a large scale is a field of activity offering inducements to young women, is the belief of a group of Chicago factory girls, who have bought 160 acres of irrigated land in Idaho, where they propose to raise flowers, fruit and other products of the soil for the market, says the New York Evening Post. There are six in the party, and they have all been employed as seamstresses and designers of gowns in the large dressmaking establishments of Chicago.

A year ago they banded together and formed the Idaho guild. It was their object to invest all their spare earnings in government lands out west, and now that the last instalment has been paid, they are ready to quit the factory and become farmers. Glenna E. Lynch, president of the Dressmakers' Art club, of Chicago, is the prime mover of the enterprise, and she will start for Idaho next Monday to look over the land that she and her associates have bought. The project has aroused great interest among Chicago women, and, should the experiment prove successful, it is thought that it will mark the beginning of a new movement seeking to substitute healthy outdoor life in the country for the grind and drudgery of the factory.

In addition to Miss Lynch, the five pioneers are the Misses Adelaide Jackson, Marie Miller, Laura Hunt, Helen Miller and Maud Lynch. They are young women whose lives for the most part have been spent in the factory. Having got the idea of taking up farming, and having organized the Idaho guild, they set to work laying aside whatever money they could spare each month, and with this they gradually acquired a large tract of land in the southern portion of Idaho, near the town of Wendell.

Their property was part of the Twin Falls irrigation project. One hundred and sixty acres in all were purchased from time to time, and it is said that the soil is particularly well adapted to fruit raising. Whether or not the young women will decide to turn their attention to fruit alone depends largely on the report to be submitted by Miss Lynch after she has inspected the country. It is the purpose of the guild to experiment with vegetables, flowers and other farm products, for which there is a market in the large cities.

Friends and associates of Miss Lynch in Chicago gave her a farewell dinner recently. The speakers predicted that the example of the Idaho guild would be followed by many other factory girls of the city.

"Fruit raising is only one of the hundreds of opportunities open to young women with initiative and brains," said Miss Lynch, in outlining her plans. "We have invested our money in irrigated fruit lands as a business proposition, and we mean to make a success of it, too.

"Oh, I have been told about the miles and miles of sage brush, with no sign of life except jackrabbits, but I am not afraid of the prospect—nor the jackrabbits, either. We came to the conclusion a year ago that the irrigated farms of the west offered a field of work for women, and our beliefs have not been shaken. I expect to find out whether it is really practical for women to go west and personally take charge of operations, and, if I find it is—as I am confident I shall—most of us are ready to move out."

Mrs. T. Vincent Morse, president of the Artcraft institute, who presided at the farewell dinner, told her hearers that she had made a tour of the Idaho region, and felt sure that the farming project would prosper.

"I am trying to get a number of girls interested in fruit farming," said she. "It offers such a good field for them to get away from the crowded city. I am satisfied that the Idaho project will turn out to be a success, and I don't know any better investment for young girls to make."

Dogs in Germany.

Farm and Home.

The dachshund is the favorite dog in Germany, and a very useful and pleasant companion he seems to be. The English bulldog is a good second in popularity, and the nearer he is to our standard points the better he is liked. The fox terrier varies a good deal in size and marking and is evidently not so well known in Germany as he deserves to be.

The ladies there are as fond of their little Poms and their King Charleses as are their English sisters of their pet dogs at home.

Some few dogs in the streets are harnessed to four-wheeled trucks. Usually a man and a dog pull. The work seemed too heavy and exhausting for the dogs, which are generally mongrels of the mastiff type. They look in fair condition and are not ill treated.

Duel With a Tiger.

Singapore Free Press.

Three Jakuns (aborigines) and a Malay chanced to be together in the jungle in Jahore when they came across a tiger. They were only armed with parangs, and the Malay, wisely deciding in favor of discretion, took to his heels. Not so the Jakuns, however, for they at once determined to give battle, not utilizing their numerical superiority, but in the most sportsmanlike manner arranging for the combat in a series of duels, if necessary.

As might have been expected, the series was necessary, and the end was not long in coming. The first man who entered the fray missed his blow and was at once struck down, and the same fate befell his two comrades, all three being killed.

Finder of Great Nugget in Poverty.

London Evening Standard.

The discoverer of the famous Welcome nugget has died in the Ballarat Benevolent asylum, aged 74. He returned to Ballarat three years ago poor and in ill health and had to seek shelter in the asylum.

The Welcome nugget, one of the largest pieces of natural gold in the world, was taken from Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in 1858. It was found at a depth of 180 feet. It weighed 2,217 ounces 16 pennyweight, and was sold for £10,500.

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OLD, middle-aged or young men who are not so strong and sturdy as they would like to be will find our new mechanical device a wonderful help that can be always relied upon. No treatment required. No drugs or harmful stimulants. A marvelous invention that is easily and quickly applied and produces immediate results. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write today for particulars.
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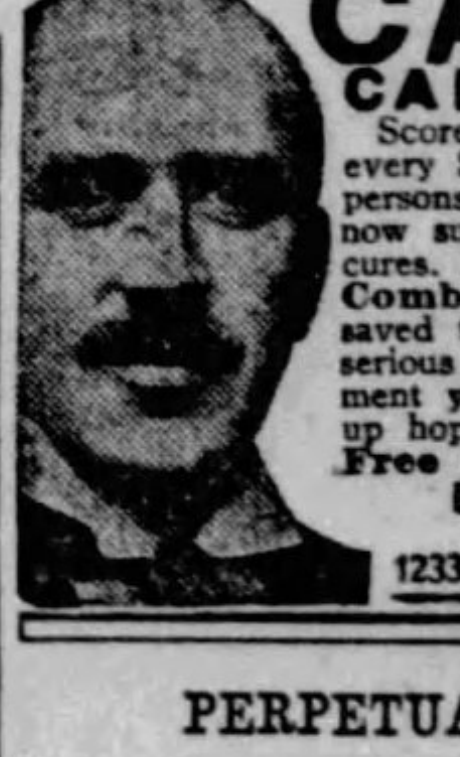

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PERPETUAL MOTION

Connecticut Man Has Engine He Says Will Run Forever.

Derby (Conn.) Dispatch to N. Y. World.

"Has he discovered the secret of perpetual motion?" asked the perplexed persons who see the "dry power" engine invented by Joseph Sutkaitis, of Naugatuck, which, he asserts, will revolutionize the present methods of supplying power for the running of machinery. No fuel, the inventor says, is used to keep the driving rods in motion, nor has it any gas or electrical connection. The wheels turn and the driving rods perform their work with little noise, and the building is not jarred in the slightest degree by the action of the machinery.

Everyone who has inspected the machine has concurred in the opinion that whether the perpetual motion problem has or has not been solved, the engine is certainly a remarkable invention. Sutkaitis has been at work on it for five years. He has applied for a patent and has had the machine inspected by patent attorneys. He refuses to say what runs the engine, nor will he explain the interior parts, for therein lies the secret, and he is guarding it carefully until the patent shall be granted. All he will say is that the engine runs without fuel of any kind and without water power or electricity, and that it will run on and on until the machinery wears out. In a test recently the engine ran steadily for seven days. He says it is simply a "dry power" engine and that the power will never give out.

The engine on a larger scale, he adds, will run any manufacturing establishment. It must remain stationary, however, and cannot be used in locomotives, steamboats or anything movable.

The model is 7 feet long and 2 feet high, and there are two separate engines, one at each end, with the driving wheel between tin boxes, in which the engines are enclosed. To start the engine, the inventor does something to one of the little gears and immediately the wheels begin to turn. He goes through the same operation at the other side of the machine, and the engine is running smoothly and continues to revolve until the inventor stops it by touching the same gears.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO……..Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE…………..Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 240,000

Breaking airship records is becoming quite a sport.

Hope springs eternal in the Arctic explorer's breast.

It takes a millionaire to attract any attention by getting sick.

President Taft wants every nose to count in the next census.

Prosperity doesn't always travel on the shady side of the street.

The odorless onion may have been discovered, but it isn't here yet.

"All Hats Off to the Farmer," says a headline. And open your purse, too.

It is rarely, if ever, that a wealthy man is any sicker than he is reported.

"Walter Wellman is still undaunted," it is said. And so is the North Pole.

All a man has to do at a picnic is to carry three or four heavily laden baskets.

Aeroplaning in the vicinity of the North Pole has been indefinitely suspended.

Bulletin: President Taft has reduced his waist measurement seven inches.

Somebody declares that politics is a disease. And in most cases it is incurable.

Probably Uncle Joe Cannon would rather swear now and then than be President.

Who would have expected the Cubans to learn the gentle art of grafting so soon?

President Diaz's re-elections are about as certain as William Jennings Bryan's defeats.

A peach that will keep for two weeks has been discovered. It must be a Ben Davis peach.

Ex-Vice President Fairbanks has arrived in China, where the people will have to look up to him.

The simplified spelling movement, according to last reports, hadn't broken any speed ordinances.

The President is fortunate. All cranks are kept away from him. The rest of us can't help ourselves.

Present prosperity has received the unqualified endorsement of John W. Gates. Maybe he has a bet on it.

It's too bad that we can't talk to Martians. It would be great to be able to tell them where to get off.

Lady Cardigan is of the opinion that a girl should not get married until she is old enough to know better.

We haven't heard anybody express sympathy for the Pennsylvania man who died while playing an accordeon.

When Mr. Roosevelt shoots a wild animal it is always a fine specimen of its kind. He never bothers with the runts.

Senator Aldrich has gone to Italy, but it is not probable that he will be allowed to have his own way over there.

It is against the law to swear in certain Kansas towns. Think of having to walk out into the country to swear!

It is reported that Mr. Andrew Carnegie is beginning to economize. Probably he imagines he is an ultimate consumer.

Somebody has figured that there are fifty million suns in sight. But what's the use? One is enough during August.

It probably cost Mr. Harriman considerable money to have those European physician tell him that he was not feeling well.

The Washington Post has been talking about the penalties of greatness. It made no reference, however, to Senator Dick.

"Mrs. Besant says her first birth was in Peru, just 12,000 years ago." Peru must have made considerable progress since that time.

There is one thing in which Walter Wellman has other Arctic explorers beaten. He doesn't get lost every time he starts for the Pole.

The newspaper which complains that people of the United States are being cheated by short weights doesn't have reference to our President.

A Texas minister says the Lord sent the recent heat wave to avenge the meanness of the men. And the good man had to take his share of it.

On his forthcoming trip, President Taft will attend 40 or 50 banquets. Not a good way to reduce weight.

Arkansas is suing 65 insurance companies for a million dollars apiece. Arkansas believes in easy arithmetic. Sixty-five times one million is sixty-five millions.

Should Jane Addams be nominated for president, tradition would call for the selection of a wealthy woman to occupy second place on the ticket. Who would she be?

Mrs. Decker expects that feminine fashions will be reformed when women get the right to vote. They will have to be if the voters expect to keep their hats on straight.

THE INCOME TAX AND PUBLIC INTEREST.

The action of the state senate of Georgia in postponing consideration of the proposed income tax amendment to the constitution, has been given many interpretations. Part of the press has assumed that opposition to the income taxhas been sufficient to table it so far as Georgia is concerned. Another section of the press believes southern Democrats are thus registering their disgust with the Republican party for stealing their thunder. As the members of the Georgia senate explain it, neither explanation is correct. The senators wished to gain the public views upon the measure.

There is no doubt that the advocates of the income tax far outnumber the opponents, just as those with incomes under $5,000 a year are in the vast majority. But the friendliness to the tax is not very active or declamatory. There is need of awakening the public interest far enough to influence the state legislatures, among them the general assembly of Ohio.

A meeting is to be held in Albany by a number of persons who have pledged their time and energy to work for the ratification of the amendment in New York. William Jennings Bryan has written, suggesting that the organization adopt the name of the Income Tax League of the state of New York and that it be kept rigidly non-partisan. The idea is worthy of adoption in every state. An Income Tax League in Ohio might overcome the opposition which will undoubtedly appear in Columbus next January, possibly engineered by the vicious bosses whose personal interest and that of their moneyed employers is to them above all state or federal requirement.

Alabama has given its ratification. The legislature of Georgia is still to act. The several legislatures will meet in the following order:

November, 1909—Tennessee, Texas.
December, 1909—Virginia.
January, 1910—Connecticut, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island
October, 1910—Vermont.
January, 1911—Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Carolina, South Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.
April, 1911—Florida.
January, 1912—Mississippi.
May, 1912—Louisiana.

WORK FOR THE INSURGENTS

The program of the insurgent senators includes further reductions in the customs charges of the tariff law. The insurgents will work for modifications in the schedules from time to time without asking for complete revision. In this they will probably find the country at large supporting them if they fail to impress congress with their demands.

Yet further revision of the tariff will soon fail to appear of such immense importance to the progressive Republicans. There is other work for these men who are standing out for independence of thought and for reform which shall be real reform. Other questions and problems mount upon the horizon which throw the tariff discussion into shadow. The insurgents in both the house and senate will be needed for the support of the Taft program to change the Hepburn law in order to break up the coal-carrying and coal market control. The interstate commerce commission has powers for investigating abuses, but insufficient powers to enforce the rulings. The president believes the commission can be made a court with a court's authority to compel obedience. This will be bitterly fought by the Aldrich and Cannon followers. The Democrats are not to be depended upon to support a measure which will make capital for the party in majority. The insurgents, with their influence with public opinion and having the sympathy of the greater part of the press can aid Mr. Taft. Virtually they can become his heralds and generals. The nation has expressed itself content with the new tariff law for the present. There are other ditches to dig.

AMERICANS IN THE ARCTIC.

The Wellman airship expedition to the North Pole having failed almost before it began, the assault upon the great ice wall is left, so far as Americans are concerned, to the energies and endurance of Lieutenant Peary and Dr. F. A. Cooke.

The attempt of the latter explorer is almost as spectacular as that of the Wellman undertaking. Dr. Cooke was landed in Etah, West Greenland, two years ago. Only one message has come from him and this bore the news that he was about to set out upon the polar ice with but a single companion. His fate more concerns his friends than his possible success, for which they harbor little faith.

Lieutenant Peary, having had a longer and more practical experience, is attacking the problem with such trained forces and worthy equipment as he could muster. He planned to push as far north last summer as possible, winter and then dash for the pole with the coming of warmer weather this year. He is supplied with sufficient food and fuel to last him until the fall of 1910, so that in case of failure this season he can make another trial next summer.

The schooner Jeanie has recently sailed from Newfoundland for Etah. She is expected home again by October and will bring news of both expeditions, possibly bearing Dr. Cooke and his party.

A DARKER SIDE.

Ease of travel and communication, one of the notable achievements of the last century, has not been an unmixed blessing. It has spread the good of civilization and its evil alike. With material things which have added to the comforts of life have come things harmful.

Fourteen years ago an insect appeared among the cotton fields of southernmost Texas where experiments were being made with plants from Mexico. From that section the boll weevil has widened its habitat to every cotton growing district of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma and has invaded Mississippi. The insect which has caused damage mounting far into the millions, has not been spread by its own natural agencies, but through the traffic of man.

The San Jose scale, which in the absence of the native enemies has flourished in America, was imported from Australia. A student of entomology is held responsible for the gypsy moth plague of New England. The blight which has killed no less than 16,000 chestnut trees in New York city alone, is believed to have been brought from Japan. The affliction of English sparrows is charged to a homesick Britisher. Measles was unknown to the South Seas until sailormen took it there. The disease has since depopulated entire islands. Hawaii can name and curse the whaling vessel which emptied her water barrels while anchored in an island harbor and thereby introduced the larvae of the mosquito. The sleeping sickness was a mild disease in West Africa where, through the generations, the negroes had developed immunity. With the opening of the trade routes the bacillus was taken across the continent and now, in East Africa, kills its thousands annually. A disease traced to Italian immigrants is increasing the percentage of insane in the south.

Truly, unpleasant records against commerce and the traveler.

TO THE SUBSCRIBER WHOSE TERM EXPIRES IN OCTOBER.

The time of many of our subscribers will expire next month. We have every confidence that all of them will renew their subscriptions after receiving the special offer we shall mail them about October 1. We are interested in having each renewing subscriber bring with him a friend or two at the time of renewal. For that purpose we make terms that we regard as especially attractive.

Our October proposition must be accepted next month. Otherwise the paper will stop and the address of the patron will be lost to us. In that case mailing a special offer will not be possible. "Do it now" should be the motto of October subscribers who want the Toledo Weekly Blade for another year.

RECORDS BUT NO ADVANCEMENT

Flying records have been made and flying records broken so often this summer that even the aeronaut must experience confusion and uncertainty in talking of distances and time. The mills of history have been working full time in aeronautics. They want a chronicler, if not a singer and poet.

Though aeroplanes have multiplied and with them the numbers of men willing to risk their necks in driving the machines, there has actually been no remarkable advancement in invention. The gain has been that of daring. With experience the aeronauts are taking more and bolder chances. The Wrights have driven their aeroplane longer and carried a passenger a greater distance than anyone else. Bleriot has flown across the English channel, and Latham has dived into the channel. Glenn H. Curtiss has shown adroitness in avoiding collisions and demonstrated the adaptability of man to conditions revolutionary to his nature. This has been the gain. The newer machines are new only so far as they combine the successful features of the older machines.

One great obstacle stands in the way of aeronautics. No effective and dependable motor has been built or devised. An automobile motor has been run continuously for 10,000 hours. No aeroplane engine has been driven for three hours. Want of rigidity, weight and ability to run in all positions are defects in the motive power of the aeroplane. Until these are overcome flying machine invention will virtually be at a standstill.

HARRIMAN AND THE MARKET.

It is a fixed belief in Wall Street that prices of stock are regulated more by big leaders or by manipulators than they are by the demands of investors and the intrinsic worth. The Northern Pacific smash of 1904 was brought about by a fight between two mighty financial groups. The panic of 1907 has been called the "rich man's panic," on the theory that certain powerful interests started it as a strategic fire against the Roosevelt policies.

It is this faith in personal influence which accounts for the extraordinary effect that rumors about E. H. Harriman have had on the market. The news that the financier was starting home caused an uplift in prices. They went down promptly upon the receipt of stories that Harriman was coming home a very sick man and may be compelled to retire from business. The street, taking it for granted that Harriman, having been out of the market so long would promptly start a bull movement upon reaching home, became more active and cheerful. The rumors of illness blasted these hopes and the advances were immediately lost.

The Harriman railroad structure is exceedingly intricate and no one else perhaps, knows all the ins and outs of its finances and credits as Harriman does. Many think the structure top-heavy and with Harriman out of the game fear the whole massive and complex structure will come tumbling down into unrelated bits of chaos. These men, as much as those who merely look for the profits in any bull movement, would buy and sell as the rumors advised them.

GRAFT IN MONTREAL.

The English credit the Americans with a specialty in municipal sin. It will be the more interesting on that account to learn their comments upon the discovery of political and official graft in Montreal.

It is odd that these revelations have not been made before. Rumors of the evils existing in the administration of Montreal have been crossing the line for years. As long as the Lexow investigations in New York, when Tammany was held up to universal scorn, a politician smarting under London criticism, remarked that a British colonial city could teach New York all the finer shades of thievery.

The government of Montreal is tightly held by the French residents, who constitute 75 per cent of the population. They are extremely clannish and scarcely recognize the existence of the English speaking citizens. The city, though a great and prosperous one, has many surprises for the visitor. One is astonished to behold large and magnificent buildings fronting on streets innocent of any other paving except rutted and dusty crushed stone. Sherbrooke avenue, the Collingwood avenue of Montreal, has not—or at least had not up to a year or so ago—a single foot of paving. Still, the investigators have found that large contracts were let for paving and at an excessive price, the city losing $130,000 in instances known.

Official crookedness may have come to seem more prevalent in America because there has been no hesitancy on the part of the press to speak of it boldly. Montreal has escaped censure so long probably because the local newspapers, following the English custom, would not make charges upon the strength of its own discoveries.

THE ORE SHIPMENTS.

After the discouraging predictions made by the lake men in April, it is somewhat hard to realize how swiftly shipping has recovered from the depression suffered last year. Iron ore men are now estimating that 40,000,000 tons of ore will be brought down from the upper lakes this season. The season record was made in 1907, when 41,288,755 tons were shipped.

Last month 6,693,025 tons of ore were handled on the lakes, which broke all the records for July. This was made in spite of railroad and dock washouts caused by a cloudburst which struck the Superior region in the middle of the month, bringing about delays and a temporary congestion of shipping. August should be able to make a 7,000,000 ton report.

Eliminating for a moment the factors of tonnage of ore on dock at lower lake ports May 1 last, 5,370,000 tons, and the probable ore in hands of furnace owners at the same date, variously estimated from 7,700,000 to 8,500,000 tons, it would appear that 24,700,000 tons will be brought down by lake between August 1 and the close of navigation, usually December. For from May 1 to August 1 this year 15,300,000 tons have been shipped out of Lake Superior mining regions, an increase of 112 per cent over the same period last year.

The prosperity which has come to lake shipping against the expectations of vessel owners has caused the placing of orders thus early for the construction of six big freighters this winter. Ninety per cent of the boats are said to be in commission this season. Next year will probably see several more new boats besides the six already ordered, and every steamer as busy as any owner might wish it to be.

TO THE COUNTRY.

The rebellion against the city, which has been marked in the last 10 years, is taking on an appearance of organization. The discontent with town life is bringing people of identical views together. The movement bids fair to cease to have merely local characteristics and to be national in extent and aim.

Bolton Hall, who was instrumental in the formation of the Little Land League in New York, has recently made a tour of Europe to study "back to the land" agitation abroad. He found it more than a propaganda. Real achievements were being recorded.

The families of workingmen in Berlin, for example, were aided by the city authorities to move to the country in the summer time. More than 50,000 children have been assigned plots of land adjacent to Berlin this year, where they could play, cultivate gardens and live throughout the hot months where cool and pure air is assured. Gottingen has bought 10,000 acres which it rents at a very small rate to the families of wage earners.

Mr. Hall also studied the system of intensive cultivation in vogue near Paris, having in mind instruction for those who wish to flee the American cities and make a living out of small plots.

It takes one born and reared in the city to retain his satisfaction with the narrow life of the streets. The population of American cities is largely made up of people from the country and the small towns. This accounts for the eagerness to move suburbanward and the interest in the landward movements.

RESTING.

Beverly is the summer capital—it begins to appear—not by reason of a pleasing phrase, a politeness to a President panting for relief from the humid and brain-broiling climate of Washington. It is a vacation for Mr. Taft only so far as he escapes that stewpan on the Potomac.

It may be that the Massachusetts shore is too pleasant a dwelling place to make an ideal retreat. Were the breezes less cool, the air less charged with ozone, the good eating of Beverly less famous, perhaps statesmen with ideas, plans and reforms might be able to wait until fall before unloading in the presidential quarters. The politicians with schemes, the office-seekers with endorsements, the diplomatists with messages of respect and politeness, the friends with appetites, they might all in either case admit that the President is entitled to a rest.

Anyway, those who believe Mr. Taft is paid for working every minute in the year should take comfort in the news from down east. There is not so much golf as in the first days at the summer capital. The wires carry dispatches of things serious and earnest, of importuning visitors and oceans of mail. Tourists invade the village and excursionists sail as near to the uncertain shore as they dare.

Like the Irishman, Mr. Taft may decide that the next time he goes away he will stay at home.

CANNON AND HIS FUR-FLYING.

"Uncle Joseph" Cannon's armor has been penetrated. The rhetorical arrows fired by Representative Fowler have, at last, touched a spot sensible to criticism. The speaker promises to reply.

> When congress convenes I intend to call a friend of mine to the chair and take the floor and speak as long as I am allowed. I tell you the fur is going to fly. Some people who profess to be Republicans will get the severest castigation that you ever heard. I intend to call a spade a spade. Some of these men who talk of legislation being stifled will have their records shown up at my hands.

The defense will be one worth hearing. Fur will fly, as the speaker says. Possibly there will be some present who will discover no joy in the reading of their records, especially when presented with the salt and pepper of a not indifferent master of invective.

The speaker, however, hinting that he will read his opponents out of the Republican party, will be undertaking a task that can't be performed by "castigation," "fur-flying," or calling "a spade a spade." It is not within the power of Joseph Cannon to read anyone out of the party. On the contrary, seeing how far in the interests of reaction Cannon has gone, how few of the true Republican ideals remain to him, it would be far easier to unchurch the speaker than any Republican with nerve enough to stand against him.

VALUE OF AMERICAN FARM PRODUCTS

It is estimated that the population of this country has gained about 17 per cent since the last census was taken. In that time the value of farm products has increased nearly eighty per cent. Since the census of 1890 the gain in population has been about forty per cent. The value of farm products in those nineteen years has more than trebled.

Even the farmers themselves do not appear to realize what the rise in the prices means to them and to the wealth of the country. The total value of the products of the farms in 1900 was $4,717,000,000, having nearly doubled in the course of ten years. Last year the values increased to $7,800,000,000, and the department of agriculture offers the figures $300,000,000 as the values of this year's crops.

Here are represented gains for 1906 of $380,000,000 over 1905, in 1907 of $600,000,000 over 1906, in 1908 of $378,000,000 over 1907, for this year an indicated gain of $500,000,000. All our farm products in the last five years have an aggregate value of $37,000,000,000.

These gains are not all due to the opening up of new territory, the planting of a greater acreage by the individual farmer and the rise of prices. The farmer is profiting by the teachings and discoveries of the agricultural stations and the labors of the agricultural specialists. There is more diversity in farm products, less of work by mere rule of thumb, an approach to that ideal of the intelligent farmer, scientific tillage of the soil.

THE ANNUAL BONFIRE BEGINS.

Dispatches from the upper peninsula of Michigan announce the beginning of the forest fires, which every year reduce the merchantable timber of the United States by $30,000,000.

The lumbermen, on an average, cut over 100,000 acres of land every year. In the year 1880, the census estimated that the burned-over sections of the country amounted to 10,000,000 acres. When the division of forestry was started an attempt was made to get at the facts more definitely. This brought forth the calculation that, in the year 1891, 12,000,000 acres of valuable timber had been destroyed. From the statistics gathered every year since, the experts now place the annual destruction at 10,000,000 acres. The lumberman has done his best—or his worst—and yet has not been able to make a showing of more than one per cent in comparison with fire.

The lumber mill folk have a right to feel aggrieved at the ferocity of the attacks made upon them for their ruthlessness when so little attention is given to the saving of the forests from fire. Only recently have methods been seriously adopted for fighting the flames, and these are the most primitive. Warnings to campers and hunters are posted upon trees, where they may meet the eyes of those for whom they are intended or they may not. Railroads have experimented in a trifling way with schemes for preventing sparks from locomotives communicating to the forest through which they run. In the reserves big avenues have been cut which will halt the fire once started and become beyond control.

If the $30,000,000 annual loss is to be stopped before the forests are all gone, the work to be done is to prevent the fire starting. The lumberman can be depended upon to protect his own mill property and land, or land leases, but no one, until the moment for fleeing the district comes, bothers about the forests of state or absentee owner.

THE BALLINGER MUDDLE.

It is no small housecleaning job that the President is facing. The controversy between the chief forester and the secretary of the interior has become a mere side issue beside a larger and more important affair which threatens to involve the department of the interior in a serious scandal.

The quarrels over the decisions in the Alaskan coal claims case are complicated by the tangle of indefinite laws and the rulings of former secretaries which have been taken as precedents. The Glavis report is said to contain recommendations conflicting with the opinions of Secretary Ballinger and nothing has been gained toward squaring the department with the general public by taking Glavis out of the case.

It is unfortunate that the department of the interior should fall under the cloud of suspicion which existed before Ethan Allen Hitchcock became secretary. The Hitchcock regime was marked by cleanness of administration, the punishment of fraud and the protection of government land and interests. James J. Garfield made a worthy successor to Mr. Hitchcock. It is altogether improbable that Mr. Taft will permit any one of his departments to be conducted in a manner which lays it open to constant criticism.

ESCAPING FROM A SUBMARINE.

When Lieutenant Kenneth Whiting allowed himself to be shot from the torpedo boat tube of a submarine boat, he performed a hazardous and exceedingly sensational feat, but—it appears—one that was unnecessary so far as avoiding the dangers of suffocation and drowning in a submarine is concerned. The inventors of the American boats have considered plans for escape and several are embodied in the mechanism of every vessel.

In reaching the surface by way of the torpedo tube, the machinery must be operated by someone inside the boat. Thus, if this were the only means of escape, one man would be left behind. As an emergency scheme, the port holes are made of a size to permit any man of ordinary weight and height to pass through them. In case of accident, the men group themselves about the port holes, which extend into the large rooms, and the rooms are separated by bulkheads. The crew waits until the air pressure halts the inflowing water. An officer of the manufacturing company describes the further action to be taken:

> As soon as the pressure is equalized one of the men standing around the port takes his life preserver in his hand, looks his comrades in the eyes and taking hold of the edge of the port slides under the water and up inside the port. A touch upon the trap door makes it fly open and the sailor plunges upward through the trap while the door closes behind him. The air pressure is equal to the water pressure, so no air escapes and no water enters.
>
> As soon as the first man has gone the second man follows exactly in his steps. He ducks under water and comes up in the port. The door flies open and he plunges up to the surface. Man after man shoots up to the surface until no one remains in the submarine. If all else fails this method is safe.

CONCERNING EGGS.

The department of agriculture estimates that the average production of eggs for the last 10 years has been about one and three-quarters billion dozen a year. Taking the average price of 1899 as 11.5 cents per dozen, and that of 1908 as 18.3 cents, the increase in the value of the total egg production has been $125,000,000, or nearly 65 per cent.

"There is money in eggs," has been the cry of men with poultry to sell, of agricultural experiment stations and agricultural journals for more than a quarter of a century. Unhappily, it has not always worked out that way. There was money for the farmer who paid little attention to his poultry and invested little in chickens if the season was propitious and disease and prepator animals failed to appear in the hen house. There was money for the breeders of fancy chickens who were able to convince purchasers that their chickens were great producers. Also, there was money for the patient soul who gained by experience and did not let his discouragement cause him to abandon the ranch. But of the thousands—many of them city folk—who put their all into chicken farming, who brought to the work more enthusiasm than knowledge, the enterprise was more often a dismal failure than not.

The reports of the department of agriculture mean, we hope, prosperity for those who are making chicken raising and egg production a specialty rather than merely an increase in pin-money for the housewife whose husband cultivates chickens as a sort of perfunctory by-labor. However, Secretary Wilson gives us no enlightenment in this matter. One can only be an optimist and trust that the subscribers to the poultry periodicals, the buyers of incubators, outfits and special foods, are at last coming into their own.

AMERICAN NERVES.

Professor Munsterberg has blasted another of our popular beliefs. Americans are nervous, he says, only in imagination. That life of rush and toil and anxiety which we assure ourselves is breaking down constitutions and shattering nervous systems is all nonsense. There is no such thing. It is not human beings who are rushing, but the forces of steam and electricity and gasoline that are doing it. Mechanical appliances are toiling. The anxiety is a pose.

The professor, you will note, is not wanting in the quality of frankness.

It is plain that Americans are confusing work performed with toil. Because, a factory, having wonderful labor and time saving devices, the aid of telegraph and telephone, the railroad and the auto-truck at the door, produces more material than could be produced in the same time a few years ago, the proprietor gets into believing he is himself working at the limit of speed and capacity. Reading of the simple life, hearing the talk of "breakdowns" and of the mad scramble for money, he gets to believing himself afflicted with "nerves." Perhaps he is, but just as probably he has caught the contagion of conventional thought.

Still, Professor Munsterberg cannot be praised for his keenness of observation and the clearness of his deductions. For the fashion is now to be nervous, as it was a few seasons since to have appendicitis, and of longer ago to be troubled with hopeless melancholy. When work bores a person or makes him tired, it is pleasant to think one the victim of rush and toil and anxiety world wide.

THE CENSUS.

A business man in the east who had retired after amassing a fortune, decided he would employ his first leisure in looking for a brother whom he had not beheld or heard of in forty years. He traced him to Nevada and finally came across him on the edge of the desert, quartered in a tumbledown cabin, bearded and unkempt and yoked to a wife who looked like the offspring of a cyclone and a weathered flagstaff. Her features suggested chaos. Her eyes were like two bullet holes in a barrel.

The Nevada brother proceeded to brag about his helpmate.

"It was nip and toss," he said, "whether I'd take her or her sister."

"I never saw the sister," said the man from the east, "and don't know anything about her, but I know this, I'd a dern sight rather have married her."

The new census is to be taken next year. It has been divorced, or at least tentatively separated, from politics. New methods, new machinery, nearly everything new and reformed, is promised for it. This can be taken with a liberal application of salt. But when you think of the last enumeration, its slowness in reporting, its rank errors and statistics of which no little was utterly ridiculous, your preference for the new census, unseen, untested, is fixed and unalterable.

The Invader Foiled.

There was agony in Britain,
All the land with fear was smitten
At the tidings fraught with meaning, come from Germany that night.
In the Strand and Piccadilly
People shivered, clammy, chilly,
As they read of Count Zeppelin and his wondrous airship flight.

In the commons men were moaning,
In the house of lords a groaning
Showed the feeling of the land about that journey through the air.
Every donkey coster owner
Cursed, the while he beat his "doner:"
"If them bloomink Dutch come hover, there will be the dooce to p'y!"

"What are ships?" the press was weeping,
"What's an army, when there's creeping
Overhead high in the heavens a destroying, flying fleet?
We are lost! The awful German
Will destroy our race like vermin;
Soon our isle will be resounding to the tramp of German feet.

Then advanced a person quiet.
"Cease," said he, "this rush and riot,
Let the Germans roam the heavens! Let them navigate the air!
You your sorrow should diminish
If you've stopped to read the finish—
How the airship met destruction on a tree, a common pear.

"That's our safety, O my brothers!
Where one pear tree grows plant others!
Let us plant a little pear tree on each square inch of our isle.
And when Germany comes flying
O'er the channel, on us spying,
We can hide behind our pear trees and serenely, safely smile!"

—New York World.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Zakris Topelius, "the most popular poet Finland has ever known," was a lover of his native land above all else. Once, says Paul Waineman in A Summer Tour in Finland, he wrote as follows to a little Finnish boy who was at the time residing in England for his schooling:

"You are in a great and rich country, but never forget that you are only an exile.

"If Queen Victoria herself should write and offer you a post in her kingdom, remember that you must answer, 'I cannot, because I have a cottage waiting for me when I am grown up. It has a roof higher than the loftiest hall in Windsor Castle. That roof is the blue sky of my own land.'"

Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Dexter, from somewhere "downstate," was enjoying her first ride in a crowded street car in Chicago. It happened that a health officer, in the performance of his regular duties, was taking a sample of the air in the car. Mrs. Dexter saw his manipulations, but could not understand them; so she turned to a policeman who was sitting next to her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me what that man is doing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the officer. "He's bottling the atmosphere."

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter. "What won't they do next! Do they can the air and sell it nowadays!"

The Argonaut.

A traveler in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle trail near the New Mexico line when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins, of Devils River.

"Were you ever a colonel in the confederate army?" the traveler asked.

"No, sah."

"On the union side, then?"

"No, sah; nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah; I do not."

"Ah, I see; you command one of the state militia regiments."

"No, sah; I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"By marriage? How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

Saturday Evening Post.

A friend of long standing, who had heard rumors of coming financial disaster, went to a leading New York financier, early last summer, and asked about the situation.

"What is it that you want to know?" queried the banker.

"Why, I hear stories on every side of depression that is sure to come and I have some investments in mind. I want to know what you think about putting out money for investment."

"Do you ever read the Bible?" inquired the financier.

"Sometimes."

"Well, do you remember about the man who went and buried his treasure in the ground?"

"I do."

"Let me tell you, then, that he wasn't such a fool as he has been taken to be."

Col. John I. Martin, sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic national convention, lives in St. Louis, where he built himself a fine house. He thought it well to have a library and went down to a book store, where he ordered some books, according to an apochryphal story.

"What kind of books?" asked the clerk.

"Why, books," replied the colonel. "Books, you know, reading books."

The books came and were installed in the library. Soon after, the colonel's friend, Hugh O'Neill, came up to look over the place.

"Here, Hugh," said the colonel, "is my library. Here is where I love to get with a book and a pipe and forget the outside world."

O'Neill is somewhat of a book sharp. He took down a book, looked at it and put it back; and repeated the process several times.

Then he asked: "John, where did you get these books?"

"Oh," replied Martin, "I picked them up here and there. Whenever I found one I liked, I bought it. It has been the work of many years."

"But, John," commented O'Neill, "isn't it strange that you should have bought six hundred copies of McGuffey's Fifth Reader?"

Youth's Companion.

Small boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear.

"Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep, lifting up his voice in loud wails.

"The b-baby fell d-downstairs!" blubbered Tommy.

"Oh, that's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!"

"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"

Everybody's.

From a crowd of rah-rah college boys celebrating a crew victory a policeman had managed to extract two prisoners.

"What is the charge against these young men?" asked the magistrate before whom they were arraigned.

"Disturbin' the peace, yer honor," said the policeman. "They were givin' their college yells in the street an' making trouble generally."

"What is your name?" the judge asked one of the prisoners.

"Ro-ro-robert Ro-ro-rollins," stuttered the youth.

"I asked for your name, sir—not the evidence."

Saturday Evening Post.

When President Taft was at Augusta, Ga., before his inauguration, he drove out one day to the plantation of a friend.

The old mammy who did the cooking paid no attention to the distinguished guest. She took one look at him and went back to her kitchen.

"Liza," said the planter, after Mr. Taft had left, "what did you think of that gentleman?"

"I didn't think nothin' 'bout him," said Liza, "'cept he looked like he would be reg'lar to his meals."

Senator LaFollette while criticising a trust: "Its dignity under abuse and attack is somehow funny. It reminds me of a little Sioux City girl. One morning she hung about the kitchen continually, bothering the busy cook to the limit.

"The cook lost patience finally.

"'Clear out o' here, ye sassy little brat!' she shouted, thumping the table with a rolling pin.

"The little girl gave the cook a haughty look.

"'I never allow anyone but my mother to speak to me like that,' she said."

Varieties

German school children number 750,000.

Mexico now has a transcontinen railroad.

America and China enjoy a monop of alligators

The Rock of Gibraltar rises 1,408 f from the sea.

Calico derives its name from Calic a town in India.

The bamboo tree does not blo until its thirtieth year.

The piano was invented early in t eighteenth century.

Magic lanterns were invented in t seventeenth century.

Hydrogen gas for ballooning is o tained by an electric process.

Brazil had to import over $48,000,0 worth of foodstuffs in 1908.

A New Yorker earning $15 a week sued for $100 a week alimony.

Breslau is to have its forty-sev international exhibition next May.

Twenty million false teeth are sent England from this country every y

There are more than 30,000 ves in the world of 100 tons or more.

The fur trade of the world makes of more than one million catskins eve year.

Last year more than 32,000 child were taught to swim at the Lond public schools.

It is estimated that last year half million of the population of the Punj succumbed to malaria

An English chemist says that half million dollars may be made by any o who creates a new perfume.

The walls of the lock of the Pana canal at Gatun will be reinforced w 7,000 tons of rails.

Electric power is used on 3,296 mil of street railways in Great Britain 148 miles operated by other means.

According to official estimates, value of the diamonds yet in ground in German South Africa is $1 000,000.

The late M. Chauchard paid the su of $160,000, $200,000 and $220,000, spectively, for three of Millet's pai ings.

For the Congo a smelting plant treat 1,000 tons of copper ore daily been ordered from the United States

A young Kansan writes to a sidet editor to know upon which side of t girl the man should sit when "bu riding."

Leading Japanese provision m chants have agreed to dispose of 7,0 bags of Brazilian coffee during the ne three years.

The Japanese government will ne year send commercial agents to Eur and America for the development Japanese trade.

During 1908 the 308 furnaces in So Wales, England, had an average iron production of 30,000, against 27,0 in 1907 and 15,000 in 1882.

A new microphone, the invention two Swedish engineers, is reported have greatly increased the range long-distance telephones.

Cleopatra's Needle, the famous ob lisk on the Thames embankment, Lo don, is one solid piece of stone, 70 f high and 186 tons in weight.

Japan in 1908 made 260,000,0 pounds of paper and imported 48,00 000 pounds, a consumption of 308,000,0 pounds, or 6.3 pounds per capita of t population.

An electric motor is used in S Francisco to haul sand for grading p poses. With a drag and cable the sa is scraped from the hills to fill the ho lows.

Germany has only 8,275 millionai (in marks); that is, owners of $240,0 or over. Of these "millionaires," Pru sia has 5,837, Bavaria 631, Wurtembe 243, Baden 151.

The Field museum in Chicago no has what is said to be the larg meteorite ever found in the west. weighs about two tons, and was fou at Tonopah, Nev.

Rent, clothes, service, wines, beer, t bacco, all are cheaper in English th in American towns, and prices of mea vegetables, bread, butter, poultry, eg much the same.

The Prussian parliament has decr that henceforth a tax of $2,400 is to levied in case of the bestowal of t ducal rank. A new prince pays $1,5 a count $900, a baron $600

The largest tobacco manufacturi center in the world is St. Louis. I annual sales aggregate $45,000,0 which is equal to 18 per cent of t total tobacco output of the Unit States.

Social clubs to take the place of hi school fraternities, which the Chica board of education is determined abolish, are planned by the preside and superintendent of the board.

Owing to the competition of elect lines and motor buses, the suburb traffic of the Great Eastern railway, London, has fallen off at the enormo rate of 25,000,000 passengers a year.

During the recent epidemic of typho fever in Madrid the discovery was ma that it was customary at some of t hospitals to give to the poor the re nants of the dishes eaten by the p tients.

The Chinese city of Foochow, whi is about the size of St. Louis, gets its milk through half a dozen "walki dairies," that is, men who bring co to be milked in front of custome houses.

The oldest house in England stan near St. Alban's abbey, in Hertfordshi about twenty miles from London. Th house is said to be more than one tho sand years old, and is still fit for hab tation.

The Brooklyn Standard Union sa that "those people from the ru regions who jeer at Manhattan's hor cars may take note that the Baltimo city council is preparing to pave street with cobblestones."

What is supposed to be the tall flagpole in the world is now in Batte park, New York. It is 165 feet hig in two sections and the lower part w once the steel mast of the cup defen er Constitution.

Two stern-wheel steamboats, made Pittsburg, have been placed in serv on the Magdalena river, Colombia. Th are 170 feet long, draw four feet water and are equipped with electr lights and modern conveniences.

Electric engines will haul the shi through the Panama canal when t big ditch is completed. This will pr vent serious accidents and collisio The electric engines will run on sp cially constructed tracks on the ban

The director of the Bank of Engla has a salary of only $10 000 a year. the 1,300 employes, about one hundr are women. The first cashier g nearly twice as much as the direct and the total payroll amounts to ov $1,000,000.

Profesor Pazaurek, originator of t museum of bad taste in Wurtembur believes every art museum should ha attached to it, as a matter of cour a collection of horrible examples wi the object of raising the standard public taste.

Denmark exports to Great Brit over $48,600,000 worth of butter yearl Dairying in Denmark is mainly co-o erative. In 1907 the 1,085 associatio had 138,170 members, bound as a ru to the enterprise for ten years. T creameries in 1908 numbered 1,345.

British use of American shoe maki machinery and the making of half si and various widths has lessened t sale of American shoes in England, rather, kept down the expected i crease. The American shoe stores Birmingham and London are do well, however.

Immediately after eating the Chin rinses his mouth out with hot wat and the hands and face are wiped wi a hot, wet napkin. Everybody in Chi can cook well, and inexpensively, t although the proper cooks in the fa ily are the women. Steam bread preferred to baked.

Nearly 5 000 frozen carcasses of p sent all the way from Hankow, China, for consumption in England, a now in process of passing the insp tion of the port of London sanita authority at Deptford. The pigs a only a part of a consignment includi beef, poultry, deer, game and eggs.

Tremendous was the drain on t horseflesh of the world caused by t Boer war. In that war England se 339,329 horses and 103,000 mules South Africa, four times as many a mals as the Germans took to Fra in August, 1870. Tamerlane led 98,0 horses over the Hindoo Kosh to t conquest of Delhi.

The common notion that a tent specially hygienic is incorrect. A te is far less hygienic than a wood shack, because the air is more conf and there are no windows to op The best shelter for invalids campi in a dry region, like the Arizona de ert, is made of four posts support wire netting into which branches some tree have been woven, leavi just enough light to read by.

The Best Roofing Manufactured!

Requires no painting. Economical and easy to put on; no previous experience necessary. Absolutely guaranteed; brand new, clean stock. *Bright as a dollar.* Sheets are *full* size. Comes in Corrugated, "V" Crimped, Standing Seam or Plain Flat Sheets. Heavily galvanized on both sides with the most approved galvanizing material; preparation will adhere forever. "Galvanized" means that the iron has been coated with liquid Zinc, which makes it absolutely rust and weather-proof; *not affected by heat or cold.* Makes buildings warmer in Winter and cooler in Summer. Drains perfectly and does not soak. Does not taint rain water. *Fire and lightning-proof.* Makes your insurance cheaper. Sold direct from our own roofing factory—the largest in the world. Chicago House Wrecking Co sells more roofing material than any other concern. We sell thousands of squares of "Galvanized Rust-Proof Iron" every week. Used in all climates. For every kind of building.

PAINTED STEEL ROOFING AT $1.25 PER HUNDRED SQUARE FEET!

Also in stock, a full line of painted Steel and Iron Roofing, Siding and Ceiling, all styles at prices from $1.25 sq. foot up. Fill in the coupon below. We will send you samples free of charge together with a vast amount of roofing information.

Roofing Supplies of Every Kind!

Send for our 500 page Catalog No. 297.

It is full of information for the shrewd, careful and economical buyer. Lists thousands upon thousands of rare bargains. Price offers which command orders. *Millions of dollars* worth of merchandise, bought at Sheriffs', Receivers' and other forced sales, are plainly described in this book. SEND FOR IT.

Chicago House Wrecking Co.
35th & Iron Sts., Chicago.

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Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago.
Kind of Building ....
Size of Roof ....
If you want Siding or Ceiling give diagram and full dimensions....
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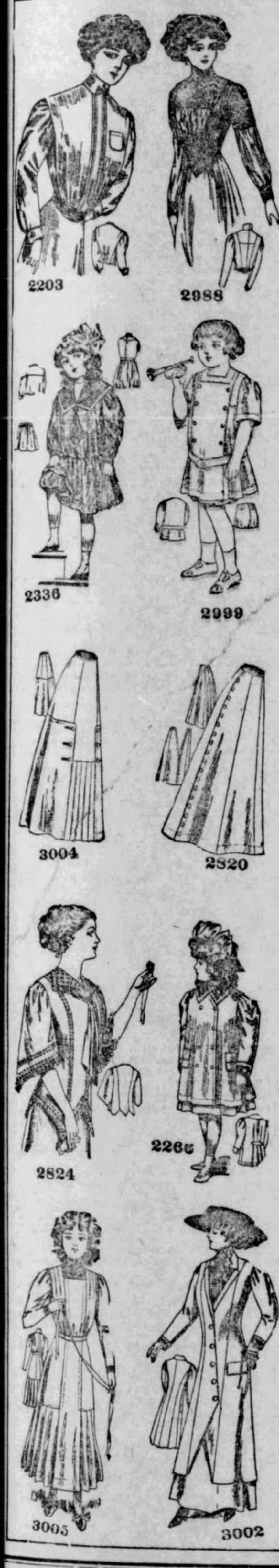
When do you expect to order................................
Name ....
P. O.......................R. F. D..........State ....



TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2203—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. Adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2988—Ladies' Waist, with body lining and fancy or one-piece plain sleeves. A very charming model for a plain or braided waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2336—Girls' Sailor Suit, and Bloomers, consisting of a blouse slipped on over the head, bloomers joined to an underwaist having a shield facing, and a separate gathered skirt. Heavy linen, khaki, duck, serge or flannel are adaptable to this suit. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2999—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with Dutch neck and long or short sleeves, and knickerbockers. An excellent little model for linen serge or flannel. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3004—Ladies' Skirt with five-gored yoke upper part and flounce lower part. The model here illustrated was developed in black voile. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2820—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons at each side. Specially designed for laundering. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2824—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Dressing Sack, with three-quarter length sleeves. Pale blue china silk was used for this pretty model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2266—Girls' Coat, in seven-eighths length. Bright red flannel was used for this dainty model, the collar and cuffs being of black satin. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3005—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, with an attached five-gored skirt. Olive green voile was used in the development of this dress, which may be worn for best wear. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3002—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat in 48-inch length. An excellent model for broadcloth, cheviot or in fact any of the season's coatings. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

1930—Ladies' Shirt Waist with or without back yoke facing. The model here illustrated was developed in heavy white linen. 8 sizes—32 to 44.

2996—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A pretty model for any of the sheer white materials. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2345—Girls' Dress, with Princess panel V neck and three-quarter length sleeves. Pale pink linen embroidered with white mercerized cotton makes this a jaunty little model. 4 sizes 6 to 12 years.

3001—Childs' One-Piece Dress, closing at center-back. This pretty model was developed in white dimity though it is adaptable to any sheer material. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2396—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. This is an excellent model for every-day wear, developed in any of the season's suitings. 8 sizes—22 to 38.

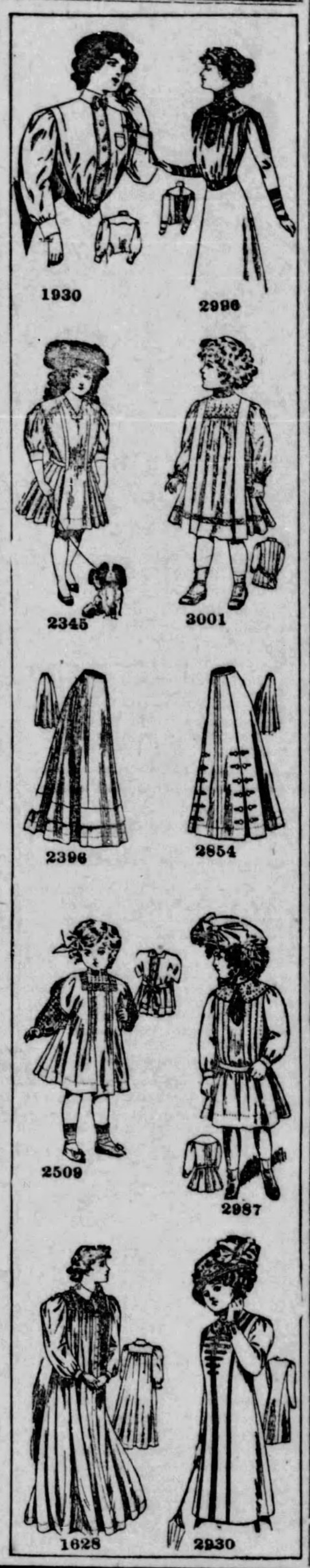
2854—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt. Natural colored pongee, linen serge or voile make up well in this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2509—Girls' and Childs' Apron. Develops well in lawn, nainsook, batiste or cambric. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2987—Girls' and Childs' Dress. An excellent model for school wear, developed in heavy linen, challis or cashmere. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

1628—Ladies' Square Yoke Night Gown. Nainsook, jaconet, cambric or flannel may be used for this gown. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2930—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in 44-inch length. A good model for pongee, serge, flannel or broadcloth. 7 sizes—32 to 44.



GAVE THE ORDER TO FIRE FIRST SHOT IN CIVIL WAR

New York, August 28.—General Jeremiah Gilman, U. S. A., retired, who was credited with having ordered the first rifle shot fired in the Civil War, is dead at the Oriental hotel, Manhattan Beach, after an illness of two months. He was 79 years old.

General Gilman was graduated from West Point in 1856. On the outbreak of the Civil War Lieutenant Gilman, with Lieutenant Slemmer and 70 soldiers belonging to Co. G, of the First United States artillery, held Fort Pickens, which was located on an island and commanded the entrance to the harbor of Pensacola, Fla.

It is asserted that the first rifle shot in the war was fired when seven Confederate soldiers tried to pass the pickets at night and failed.

Later Fort Sumter fell, but Fort Pickens held out, although it was stormed by 5,000 Confederates, until reinforcements arrived by the fleet from New York. The Union admiral and navy yard at Pensacola surrendered to General Bragg, but it was of no use to the Confederate army, because Fort Pickens commanded the entrance to the harbor and was the only fortification south of Mason and Dixon's line that did not surrender.

President Lincoln appointed Gilman chief of the United States artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, with which he took part in most of the leading battles of the war.

At the battle of Pittsburg Landing he was wounded in the leg and breveted major and afterward colonel.

When the war was over, Colonel Gilman was appointed assistant commissary general at Washington and served for many years, until he was retired, under the age limit, November 11, 1895.

FIVE IN AUTO ARE KILLED

Train Tosses Machine a Quarter of a Mile.

St. Louis, August 30.—Five persons, four of them closely related, were killed yesterday when an automobile in which they were riding was struck by a Rock Island passenger train west of Vigus station, St. Louis county. All were residents of St. Louis.

The dead are Theodore F. Witte, Theodore F. Witte, Jr., aged 3 years; Mrs. Carl Klinge, Miss Halcyon Campbell and Frederick O. Witte.

The locomotive struck the automobile squarely. Theodore Witte and his brother were tossed 40 feet away. The boy's body dropped from the front of the train an eighth of a mile down the track, and the women, caught in the tonneau, were crushed almost beyond recognition in the wreckage, which was carried a quarter of a mile beyond the scene of the accident and was still on the engine pilot when the train stopped.

WILL DRIVE OXEN TO FAIR

Fairfield, Ia., August 28.—William H. Coop, Bill Coop, as he is known to the old settlers of Jefferson county, is going to be the proudest man at the next Iowa state fair. He is going to go to the fair in a wagon, driving all the way his fine yoke of 6-year-old oxen. Ten of the leading old settlers of Jefferson county are going with Mr. Coop and will camp out on the fair grounds. Some of them have promised to take their wives and if they can arrange to put up a log cabin they will grind corn and give away hoe cakes after the old times of the hospitable frontiersman.

Acute Pains

"I suffered much pain in my right arm—rheumatism—took two of the Anti-Pain Pills and the pain was gone. Gave a lady friend, suffering from pleurisy, two and they relieved the pain in her breast."

I. A. GFELL, Cincinnati, Ind.

Because of their sedative influence upon the nerve branches

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

relieve acute pains of any nature. They are equally effective in neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, or the pain due to spinal trouble. Ladies who have periods of suffering find that they not only relieve their distress but their attacks become less severe, and after a time often disappear altogether.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

WON'T REOPEN GRAVE

Army Officers Block Plans of Mrs. Sutton.

Washington, August 26.—The quartermaster's department of the army thinks that too great publicity had been given the plan to exhume the body of James N. Sutton, and it was for that reason that the order permitting this to be done was either rescinded or held in abeyance.

Such was the explanation given her over the telephone, says Mrs. Sutton, mother of the officer of marines, whose body rests in unconsecrated ground in Arlington National cemetery. The mother desired its exhumation in order that the holy rites of the Catholic church might be performed, the ground consecrated and the body returned to its resting place. Incidentally it was purposed to hold a medical examination of the body to ascertain if the gunshot wounds and the condition of an arm bore out the findings of the recent court of inquiry, that, after hearing evidence offered at Annapolis, concluded that the lieutenant had either killed himself with suicidal intent or had done so while endeavoring to kill another.

All arrangements had been made by Mrs. Sutton and her daughter to proceed to the cemetery yesterday afternoon, it is now said. A Catholic priest, empowered by direction of Cardinal Gibbons to consecrate the ground, was to have been of the party, as were a civilian physician and a surgeon of the medical branch of the army.

It is not believed that the refusal to permit the disinterment at this time means that the mother's cherished purpose is never to be gained. Officials of rank, even the secretary of war himself, may take up the case and extend the desired permission.

SUDDEN CHILL HITS WEST

Norfolk, Neb., August 30.—The perature dropped 58 degrees within 48 hours here, a falling from 98 Friday to 40 yesterday. The cold wave of yesterday is said to have brought light frost on the lowlands, though not a damaging one.

FREE

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer restores original color in mild, healthful manner in from 7 to 14 days. Entirely different from anything else. Its effect is permanent. Does not wash off nor look unnatural. Has no sediment, so it's neither sticky nor greasy—it's as pure and clear as water. Don't experiment—use what thousands of others have found safe and satisfactory. Sample and comb absolutely free. Be sure to mention original color of your hair. MARY T. GOLDMAN, 137 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. 3

FARMER KILLS THIEVES

Two Drop Dead in Their Tracks When He Fires Gun.

Newark, Aug. 26—John Weakley and Wm. Trace, residents of this city, were shot and instantly killed early this morning by C. R. Hartshorn. while while they were robbing the latter's chicken coop.

Awakened by the barking of the family watchdog shortly after midnight, Hartshorn, a wealthy farmer residing two miles west of the city, grabbed his shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and seeing a man coming from his chicken coop, fired just as the fellow was crawling over the fence. The man dropped, and Hartshorn, running to him, found that he had expired.

Hartshorn notified the police of this city, and, upon searching the premises they found the dead body of another man several hundred feet away. Both men were killed by the same shot. They were identified as John Weakley 25, and William Trace, 39, residents of this city, the former being well connected.

The heavy charges of buckshot had torn gaping wounds in the faces, necks and breasts of the men, severing arteries and piercing their hearts.

Hartshorn's neighbors had been the victim of chicken thieves, and he had a double-barreled shotgun in his bedroom ready for use in case his hennery was visited.

This morning, after the shooting, Hartshorn drove to this city and gave himself up to the sheriff, but was immediately released on his own recognizance.

The bodies of the two men were brought to their homes here, and the coroner will hold an inquest tomorrow.

NEW GUNS WORK WELL

Spanish Troops Kill 1,000 Moor Tribesmen.

Lisbon, August 27.—Special dispatches received here from Melina, Morocco, say the fighting is general on the Moroccan coast. The new Spanish artillery has wrought terrible havoc among the Moors, who have lost 1,000 men in the last three days. The Spanish casualties amount to 350. A Spanish column has destroyed three villages near Restinga.

A Moorish deserter who has come into the Spanish lines declares that Spanish prisoners, after being horribly tortured and mutilated, are decapitated and their bodies flung in a hole on Mount Guruga. This hole is a mass of decomposing bodies. Estimates place the number of Spanish prisoners at 1,000.

The water being doled out to the Spanish troops is insufficient. The officers buy mineral waters, but this the men cannot afford to do, and, driven by their overwhelming thirst, they have drank from stagnant pools. Many cases of poisoning have resulted. Already 53 men have died from this cause and 170 have been sent to the hospital.

TO COST TEN CENTS

Higher Price Planned for Registered Mail.

Washington, August 26.—An increase of two cents is to be made in the near future in the fee for the registration of letters and mail packages. Announcement of the proposed change was made yesterday by Postmaster General Hitchcock.

The decision of Mr. Hitchcock to increase the registry fee followed an extended inquiry into the registry system by a special committee appointed by the postmaster general. Mr. Hitchcock and the members of the committee had a long conference yesterday. It was decided to call in a score of registry officials of ripe experience and ability from various parts of the country for a more general meeting with the postmaster general next Monday.

It is understood to be Mr. Hitchcock's purpose to take up the registry system first in considering all branches of the postal service for reorganization wherever greater efficiency and less expenditure may be effected. It is thought that the service may be placed on a more businesslike basis without working undue hardship or imposing unreasonable burdens on the public.

In his talk with a number of the delegates who attended the recent annual convention of the national association of first-class postmasters at Toledo, Mr. Hitchcock learned they were almost unanimously of the opinion that an increase in the registry fee from eight to ten cents would not be opposed when it was understood that the government was losing several million dollars through the present system of operation.

By law the postmaster general is authorized to make the registry fee as high as 20 cents. In 1874 it was reduced from 15 cents to 8 cents, but increased to 10 cents in 1875. It was reduced from 10 to 8 cents in 1883.

The registry service is the most expensive of any rendered by the department owing to the precautions taken to insure correct delivery and absolute safety in the transmission.

BENZOATE IS O. K.'D

Pure Food Convention Says It's Harmless.

Denver, Col., August 27.—President Roosevelt's famous Remsen referee board of consulting scientific experts was indorsed by the convention of the Association of State and National Food and Dairy departments today. After a fight, in which the term "medical garbage" was used, the association approved of benzoate of soda as a food preservative.

The debate began following addresses by Dr. Ira Remsen, of Baltimore; Dr. Russell H. Chittenden, of New Haven, Conn.; Dr. John H. Long, of Evanston, Ill., and Dr. Christian H. Herter, of New York, who, as members of the referee board, told how their experiments had been made upon "eighteen healthy young men" at Chicago, New York and New Haven, which brought them to the conclusion that the chemical, when administered in small quantities in the daily diet was harmless.

Dr. Charles A. L. Reed, of Cincinnati, took a stand in opposition.

The recomendation to the government that "benzoate of soda might properly be used," he said, "puts the government in the position of licensing adulterated stuff fit only for the sewer. The experiments carried on by [illegible] I have reason to know, were left, in a large measure, to subordinates."

LATHAM MAKES GREAT RECORD

Rheims, August 26.—In his second attempt this afternoon, Hubert Latham, the French aviator, broke the world's record for time and distance. He covered 43.47 miles in an hour, one minute, 51 2-5 seconds, which is a record for speed.

He came down after he had covered about 153 kilometres, or 95.1 miles. The record for distance is 83.07 miles made by Paulham yesterday.

PAULHAM SAILS HIGH

Makes Long Flight 500 Feet Aloft.

Rheims, August 25.—Betheny aviation field.—A marvelous prolonged high flight of 30 kilometers (18½ miles) in a 20 knot breeze, by Paulham, and the establishment of a new world's record for 10 kilometers, at the rate of 74,318 meters (46 miles) an hour by Bleriot, was the feature of the aerial race meeting today.

Owing to the high wind there probably would have been no flights except for the visit this afternoon of President Fallieres and his cabinet. The president was accompanied, also, by distinguished officers of the French and British armies. His presence stimulated the sky pilots, and a dozen machines were brought out on the field, but a majority of them were unable to battle against the wind.

Young Bunau-Varilla, however, with his machine plunging like a ship in a stormy sea, managed to navigate the turbulent air currents for one round. Then Paulham, who already had won a reputation for courage and endurance, began his thrilling flight. He made the first two rounds at an altitude of 250 feet, but ascending in front of the tribunes as he entered the third circuit, he reached a height of between 400 and 500 feet. The spectators gazed aloft in admiration, mingled with horror, and as they watched the biplane struck what seemed a dangerous angle. The machine swayed in the wind, but each time righted itself.

Bleriot's record making lap was accomplished with his 80-horsepower machine at a low level. He made the circuit of 6 1-5 miles in 8 minutes 4 2-5 seconds. The best previous record was made yesterday by Glenn H. Curtiss, the American aviator, 8 miles in 35 2-5 seconds.

Latham put two machines out of commission in an attempt to start. Finally, just at dusk, he got away and made a superb flight of three rounds at an average of 100 feet.

This was Latham's second try for the prix de la vitesse, and to the actual time of 30 minutes 2 seconds, 1-20th must be added as penalization.

The management of the Wright machines declined to take any chances, explaining that they had nothing at stake, as these machines ar at prsent classified as first, second and third in the prix de la vitesse.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, 820 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says that if any of our readers afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will send their address to him, he will gladly and without charge, direct them to the splendid remedy he so successfully used at home in his own case.

RUNAWAY STOPPED BY PHONE

Valuable Trotter Saved From Injury by Wire.

Spokane, Wash., August 26.—Telephones were utilized to good advantage in stopping a runaway on a country road near Waistburg, in Walla Walla county, Washington, southwest of Spokane, and probably saved Bonny M., a standard trotter, with a mark of 2:16, from injury by barb wire fences.

While the driver was exercising it on the city park track the horse broke and started to set a new record along the road, heading for the Shell ranch, three miles distant. Instead of following the animal the driver went to the park telephone and advised the owner and other ranchers along the route to watch for a runaway. Several of them responded, and the horse was brought to a standstill before serious damage resulted. The animal is valued at $3,000.

WORSHIP BEFORE BALL GAME

Plan Said to Be Favored by League Magnates.

Chicago, August 26.—A sermon would be a fitting opening to each major league baseball game played on Sunday, according to Bruce Barton, son of the Rev. W. E. Barton, pastor of the First Congregational church, Oak Park. He declared last night that although he did not favor Sunday baseball, he thought the plan feasible.

Barton said he had mentioned the matter to some of the prominent ministers of Chicago and also has set the facts before persons connected with the management of major league teams and that in all instances his suggestion had been approved. Barton says that the latter has been approved by both President Charles W. Murphy, of the Chicago National League, and Charles Ebbetts, of Brooklyn.

ANOTHER JOINS DRY LIST

Union County in Indiana Votes Out Saloons.

Indianapolis, August 25.—Union county was added to the "dry" list yesterday, as the result of an option election. In Madison county, 47 saloons were closed last night in obedience to the "dry" judgment in the option election. Anderson, the county seat, will have a few saloons until November 8.

FROM THE BENCH

A Judge Commends Pure Food.

A Judge of a Colorado Court said: "Nearly one year ago I began the use of Grape-Nuts as a food. Constant confinement indoors and the monotonous grind of office duties had so weakened and impaired my mental powers that I felt the imperative need of something which neither doctors nor food specialists seemed able to supply.

"A week's use of Grape-Nuts, twice each day, convinced me that some unusual and marvelous virtue was contained therein. My mental vigor returned with astonishing rapidity; brain weariness, from which I had constantly suffered, quickly disappeared, clearness of thought and intellectual health and activity which I had never previously known were, to me, the plain results of a few months' use of this food.

"Unhesitatingly I commend Grape-Nuts as the most remarkable food preparation which science has ever produced, so far as my knowledge and experience extends."

The judge is right. Grape-Nuts food is a certain and remarkable brain builder and can be relied upon. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

COAL LAND CASES

Charges Against Four High Government Officials Are Presented.

Washington, August 26.—Richard A. Ballinger, secretary of the interior; Frank Pierce, assistant secretary; Fred Dennett, commissioner of the general land office, and Henry M Schwartz, chief of the field service, are the four officials whose actions in the Alaska coal land cases are severely criticised in the report submitted to President Taft at Beverly by L. B. Glavis, chief of the field division in the service of the interior department.

Notwithstanding the efforts made to keep the Glavis report a secret, information obtained yesterday indicates that the contents of the document are known to officials in Washington.

The fact that Glavis conferred both with officials of the interior department and with those of the forest service during an official visit to Washington in June and that he has not returned to Washington since his interview with the President at Beverly, indicate that he has been in close communication with the men in the government service who sympathize with the efforts to thwart the interior department's program of rushing the Alaskan cases to a hasty decision.

Demanded Complete Details.

The nature of the criticism or charges preferred by Glavis was communicated officially to the interior department yesterday by President Taft. The President's message contained a demand for full information concerning every step that has been taken by the department in the administration of the Cunningham claim cases.

Commissioner Dennett, of the land office, was engaged yesterday in preparing a reply to the President's demand. Neither he nor any other of the officials who have become involved in the controversy between Secretary Ballinger and Chief Forester Pinchot would give the slightest indication as to the gravity of Glavis' charges.

Whether the blow will fall upon the interior department or upon the forest division can be foretold only by those who have accurate knowledge of the nature of Glavis' criticisms and the character of evidence he may have to support his claims.

Glavis' personal appeal to the President for interference in the prosecution of the government's side of the Alaska cases has removed the field of active hostilities to a zone entirely within the interior department. His appeal for a postponement of the hearings in the Cunningham cases, until more evidence can be gathered to protect the government's interests is actually in line with the efforts which have been made by the forest service for several months.

Pinchot Helps Glavis.

As Glavis is a subordinate official of the general land office, and thus in the service of the interior department, the open fighting now seems to be limited to the confines of this department. There is no doubt that Glavis will have all the support that Forester Pinchot and his assistants can give, but they will not appear in the controversy until the case reaches a stage where their testimony will be demanded.

The visit of Glavis to President Taft marks the third official protest he has made against the interior department's plan of hastening the Cunningham claims to a decision. In June and again in July he urged the officials of the land office not to press the matter. Commissioner Dennett paid no attention to the complaints, but Glavis was not charged with insubordination. This action led to the report that the land office did not care to antagonize Glavis. Later Glavis was removed from the supervision of the Cunningham cases and they were put in the charge of Special Agent Sheridan. He is now acting for the government and is proceeding with the collection of evidence against Cunningham claimants.

DEFENSE IS DELAYED

Not Enough Money for Pacific Coast.

Washington, August 26.—Congressional economy threatens to play havoc with the early development of a proposition which has received the cordial endorsement of the general staff of the army. This is for the purchase of lands and the fortification of San Pedro harbor, California, which has been under consideration for several years, and which, so far as its location is concerned, is regarded as a good base for an enemy to operate against the Pacific coast.

As a preliminary to the erection of any fortifications, the army will have to procure a big tract of land. An appropriation of $250,000 was made by the last congress for this purpose, but values have advanced tremendously since it was evident that the army wanted the land, and now officers of the engineers' corps say no purchase will be made this year, as the law explicitly provides that no part of the expenditure authorized shall be for a portion of the tract for which it was set aside. This being the case, the acquisition of any land at San Pedro will have to go over until congress makes additional appropriations or the citizens of that city voluntarily reduce their prices, which there is no expectation they will do. Failure to secure the land is a disappointment to the army.

The proposition of the general staff was laid before congress last winter when the anti-Japanese situation in California was causing the administration concern, but it was made plain that the question of the defense of San Pedro had been taken up by the military authorities long before that period, and just in the same manner as that of any other port on the Pacific or Atlantic coast would be taken up. After a thorough discussion of the whole situation, the general staff advanced the argument that such defense was a requirement for the welfare of the nation.

MASSACRE AND PILLAGE

Note Tells of Increasing Violence in Arabia.

Rome, August 25.—A semi-official note says the Mahdist movement, at Yemen, southwestern Arabia, has taken on an acute revolutionary character, the revolutionists indulging in massacre and pillage.

Turkish troops are now marching to Podeida, a seaport on the Red sea. It is stated that the governor has telegraphed to Constantinople urgently requesting reinforcements. Pending their arrival he will ask for assistance of the British and Italian warships in the Red sea.

At the request of the under secretary of the foreign office, the Italian minister of marine has dispatched the gunboat Volturno from Aden to protect Italian interests.

BAD MILK STARTS A PLAGUE

Forty-three Cases of Scarlet Fever in Westminster, London.

London, August 28.—Forty-three cases of scarlet fever, attributable to impure milk, have been quarantined in Westminster. The milk was part of a quantity collected by a West of England wholesale firm from 31 farms and distributed to retailers in London.

When the source of infection was discovered the whole of the milk supply from the farms was prohibited by the medical officer from being sold until a clean bill of health could be given.

Take-Down Repeating Shotguns

The notion that one must pay from fifty dollars upwards in order to get a good shotgun has been pretty effectively dispelled since the advent of the Winchester Repeating Shotgun. These guns are sold within reach of almost everybody's purse. They are safe, strong, reliable and handy. When it comes to shooting qualities no gun made beats them. They are made in 12 and 16 gauge. Step into a gun store and examine one.

FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

HARRIMAN'S SHOES

Wall Street Hears Rumor That Sick Magnate Will Retire.

New York, August 26.—Judge Robert S. Lovett, general counsel for the Harriman lines, is being mentioned in financial circles as the probable successor of E. H. Harriman. If the master genius of the railroad world announces his retirement permanently from the active management of his railroads, as rumor says he shortly will, Judge Lovett is looked upon as the logical man to take up the reins of management.

Color was given to the prediction today when it was learned that Judge Lovett had started for Arden. In view of the fact that Mr. Harriman is refusing to undertake any work whatever, it is thought that Judge Lovett's business was of such paramount importance that it broke down even the rules laid by physicians for Mr. Harriman's rest. This, say the prophets, could mean nothing but the coming retirement of Mr. Harriman and the naming of his successor.

His Principal Aid.

Judge Lovett's connection with Mr. Harriman has been intimate for a number of years. He might almost be considered the right-hand man of the railroad magnate, who has advanced the lawyer since the latter first came under his eye. Judge Lovett is a native of San Jacinto, Tex., where he was born 49 years ago. After entering the legal field of railroadom in 1884, he became general counsel for the Southern Pacific in Texas. When Mr. Harriman took over this road he picked Judge Lovett as a man of ability, and has since advanced him rapidly.

Two thousand feet above the sea level at his country estate near Arden, N. Y., Harriman is resting in seclusion. Shielded from business cares, barred from visitors, practically isolated in his mountain home, he disappeared from the public eye in a manner no less dramatic than his display of grit upon his arrival from Europe. With the click, click of the automatic railway that bore him seated in an automobile to his lofty home last night, he was whisked from view like a stage manikin in a toy auto. Then the curtain dropped and news of E. H. Harriman almost ceased. If he ate his meals, if he took a drive in his motor or carriage, if he was cheerful or morose—none but his physicians and members of a solicitous family know.

No Change in Condition.

True, a brief announcement was made at the Union Pacific offices that he was resting quietly, and by telephone to Arden it was learned that there was no change in his condition. But aside from this he is as far away from the American public as he was at Bad Gastein, Austria, with the Atlantic ocean between.

It came to the street unofficially that Mr. Harrican was resting easily throughout the morning and early afternoon, but this did not serve to offset the general apprehension. And in addition, bear operators made capital of his interview of yesterday indicating that improvements rather than dividends would be his aim.

SAYS POPE IS HARD WORKER

Archbishop Farley Tells About Visit to the Vatican.

New York, August 25.—The Most Rev. John M. Farley, Catholic archbishop of New York, returned on the steamer Caronia today from a visit to the pope. He was met by several hundred representatives of the clergy and laity of his archdiocese, who went down the bay on a big excursion steamer.

"We were most cordially received by the pope," said the archbishop, "and he was greatly interested in all we had to say about America and the progress of the country and of the church. He is as well informed on the topics of the day in America, as well as other countries, as any newspaper man in New York. His power for work is wonderful. A man of 74 years of age, the labor that he performs in a week would drive the average New Yorker to take a month's rest at Saratoga."

AMERICAN YACHT IS VICTOR

Joyette Beats Germans in First Contest of Series.

Marblehead, Mass, August 30.—The Joyette won the first of the series of German-American races, Sonderklasse yachts, with the Ellen second, Wolf third, Margarethe fourth, Hevella fifth and Seehund II. sixth. The Joyette led from the start.

SIENA IS SHAKEN

Siena, Italy, August 25.—A heavy earthquake shock was felt throughout the province of Siena at 1:29 a. m. today. Practically all the houses in San Lorenzo were destroyed or badly damaged. Many persons were injured.

The quake was felt most severely within a radius of 20 miles from Siena. Considerable damage was done at Buonoconvento. Several persons were injured at Monteroni. A number of houses were damaged there, and masonry fell into the streets.

The shock was recorded at Piombino, on the cost, about 50 miles southwest of Siena, at 1:25 a. m., and there was a repetition five minutes later. The people fled from their homes in terror, but no damage has been reported.

Siena itself escaped with a severe shaking. The people were badly frightened, however, and rushed out of their houses into the streets, where they wandered about in a state of semi-panic until they were assured that the quakes were over.

Siena province has an area of 1,470 square miles and a population of 233,000. The city of Siena is at an altitude of 1,000 feet and counts 30,000 inhabitants. San Lorenzo, Buonoconvento, Monteroni and Piombino are villages with populations ranging from 1,000 to 4,000.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

WANTED—Census office clerks, railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks; examinations everywhere November 17; $600 to $1,600 yearly; short hours; annual vacation; salary twice monthly; over 10,000 appointments to be made during 1909; country and city residents equally eligible; common education sufficient; political influence unnecessary; candidates coached free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 35, Rochester, N. Y.

ROLLING IN WEALTH

Farmers Have Gold Miners Beaten to Frazzle.

A careful analysis of the quantities and prices of the principal crops of the country in advance of the December returns of the department of agriculture, places the entire gross income of the farms of the country at $8,481,000,000. Of this grand total fourteen cereal crops, together with tobacco, wool and other yields, contribute $4,695,000,000, and several other groups of farm products add $3,786,000,000 more.

The corn crop alone, at the low estimate of 50 cents a bushel at the farm for an indicated yield of 3,030,000,000 bushels contributes an income of $1,515,000,000. Next in order comes the cotton crop, valued with cotton seed at $790,000,000, followed by the hay crops, wheat and oats. These results, compared with earlier years are very substantial proof of the great progress which the country has made in its agricultural wealth. Compared, however, with 1908, there is no great increase in the aggregate for all crops combined. In fact, there is a slight decrease from the total estimated in this office of $8,497,000,000 a year ago. Where quantities are larger, prices are lower, and vice versa, so that the grand total comes out about even with that of 1908.

As compared with 30 years ago, the principal crops have increased in value from $2,213,000,000 in 1879 to $7,848,000,000 in 1908. The former estimate was that of the census bureau and the latter by the department of agriculture. The increase in these three decades was at the rate of 254 per cent.

ARREST TIPTON BANKER

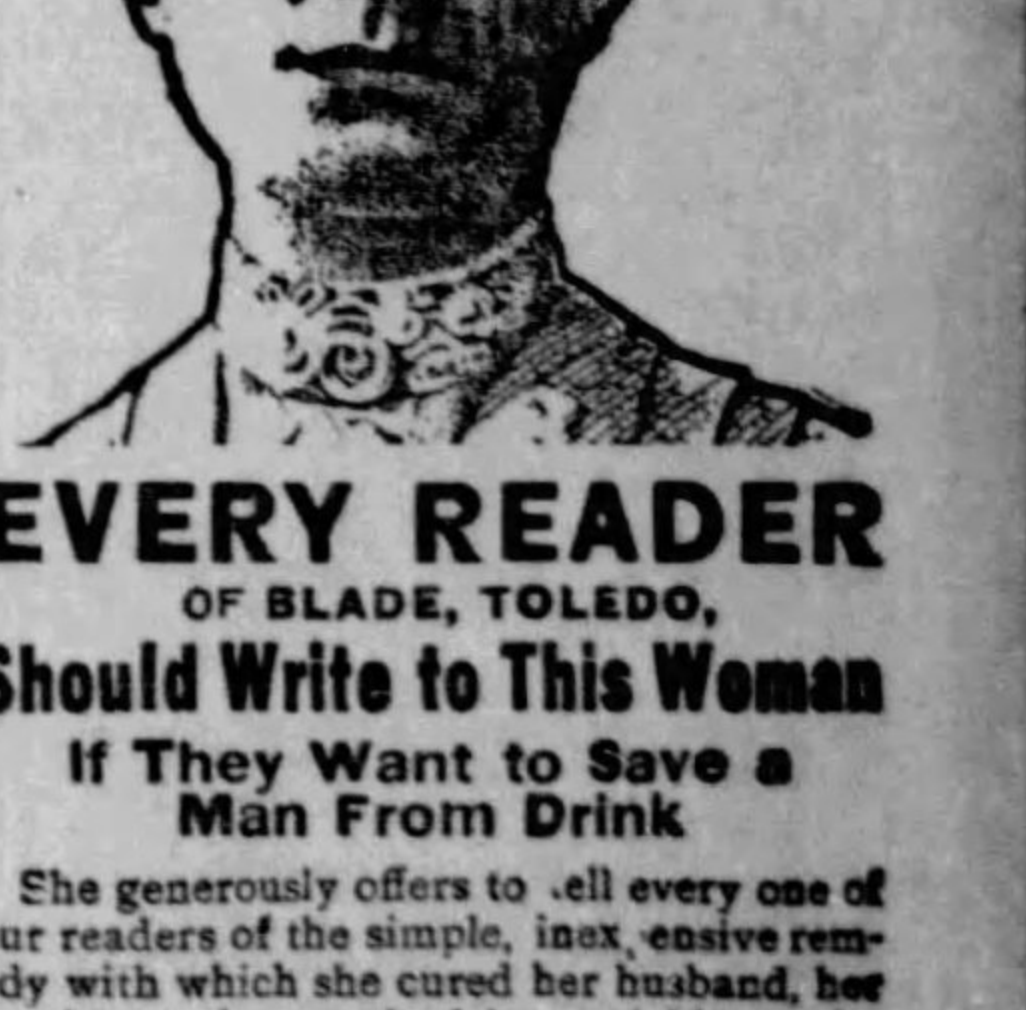
President Said to Have Misapplied $24,252

Chicago, August 28.—Elvert W. Shirk, president of the First National bank of Tipton, Indiana, was arrested at the Calumet club late yesterday, charged with misapplying $24,252 of the bank's money. It is alleged in a complaint lodged with United States Commissioner Foote, that Shirk obtained the money through drafts made payable to himself.

The alleged shortage is said to have occurred on July 23. The bank suspended for a few days, but resumed business, and the federal authorities began an investigation. The complaint made was signed by Wesley M. Bennett, a special bank examiner.

Cashier Also Arrested.

Tipton, Ind., August 28.—W. H. Marker, former cashier for the First National bank, was arrested here today in connection with the alleged defalcation of $103,000 of the bank's funds some weeks ago. He gave bond and was released.



EVERY READER
OF BLADE, TOLEDO,
Should Write to This Woman
If They Want to Save a Man From Drink

She generously offers to tell every one of our readers of the simple, inexpensive remedy with which she cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors who were hard drinkers. She makes no charge for this valuable information, only requiring that you be truly interested in saving a dear one from drunkenness. This may save you hundreds of dollars as well as a human life, so we earnestly advise you to write her at once. Here is her address: Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 702 Home Ave., Hillburn, New York.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Let me be strong to battle with the ills that shall beset me, to toil with faith and honest heart, to keep myself untainted and make my life helpful to my fellowmen.

MONDAY

And I, too, sing the song of all creation,
A brave sky and a glad wind blowing by,
A clear trail and an hour for meditation,
A long day and the joy to make it fly,
A hard task and the muscle to achieve it.

TUESDAY

The future is lighted for us with the radiant colors of hope. Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme.

WEDNESDAY

However tumultuous be the outward conditions, strive to maintain the inward calm.

THURSDAY

It is a great thing to be able to bring light where there is darkness, hope where there is despair, comfort where there is sorrow.

FRIDAY

Go forth to this day's duties resolved upon so living as to render the morning glad, the noon redolent with merciful activity, and the evening full of praise.

SATURDAY

We live in deeds not years, in thoughts not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count life by heart-throbs; he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

THE STORY OF ETTA

Elizabeth Ayres.

THE following story of a woman's life came to me in a letter with the assurance that "every word of it is true." It is a story about a woman named Etta, who was born "way back in York state" 40 or 45 years ago. Etta was short of stature and very ordinary looking with the exception of her eyes. These were black or brown, according to her mood, and they were intelligent in expression, twinkling, humorous, stern—in short they were "perfectly delightful" eyes.

When Etta was a very young girl her mother died, leaving her daughter to keep house and look after her father. She carried these responsibilities until her father's grief was sufficiently assuaged for him to marry again. When she was 18 years of age little Mary, the child of her father's second wife, was born. The mother lived only long enough to obtain a promise from Etta to always care for Mary. She kept her promise faithfully and was "mothering" both her father and Mary when, in the natural course of things, a lover came a-courting. Etta loved him and they became engaged, but she would not leave her charges until Mary was old enough to be housekeeper for her father, so the lover must wait. Mary was a girl who loved fun and frolic, and she was always afraid of her gruff, surly father. She did not enjoy the prospect of being left alone with him, and when the time of Etta's release seemed to be drawing near, without telling of her intention, Mary took matters in her own hands, and married, leaving Etta still with the task of looking after their father.

By this time he had grown so dependent upon his eldest daughter, she thought she might dare to live her own life, and her thoughts turned to her matrimonial prospects. The family had moved away from "York state," where Etta's lover lived, and, in the years they had been separated, they had exchanged but few letters. Etta was too much occupied to write very often, but, being so true herself, she had never doubted the fidelity of the man to whom she was engaged. Unfortunately, her faith was misplaced, and when Etta reached the point where she thought she had a right to marry, she found she had lost her lover. Grown weary of waiting, he had married without her knowledge.

A new interest came into her life when her sister Mary's first child was born, a little girl whom they named Etta. It was Aunt Etta now, and the child helped to fill her hands and heart. In about a year a boy was born to Mary, and she, never very strong, lived only a few days after. The baby was taken by his grandmother, but the little girl was left with Etta. She had her for 13 years to love and cherish; then the father married again, and his new wife insisted upon having both the children. Once more Etta was left alone with her father, but now, even he thought he had no need of her, having become so deeply interested in a new religious cult he wished to break up his home.

As a culmination of her self-sacrifice, poor Etta was left stranded and without means of support. When last heard of, she had married an "old, blind preacher with some property," but a stranger to all of her friends. And this is Etta's history so far as she has lived it. The writer of the letter which told it, said, in comment: "I wonder if that's the grand climax, or, to use a slang phrase, 'the limit,' to a perfectly unselfish life. I wonder how far unselfishness pays."

How far self-sacrifice should be carried is always an open question, but there is one thing certain, the unselfish ones seldom realize they are martyrs, or expect to be rewarded for their virtues.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

Recently, in one of the magazines, I found a page of letters from "married folks," who wrote of the happy lives they had lived together for many years, and gave from their experiences suggestions designed to assist others to go and do likewise. One of the pleasantest and most sensible letters was the following, which gives the man's side of the question:

After nearly 20 years of happy married life, and feeling that I am 50 years young (not old), I venture to send you a few lines. Our life, however, has been so very ordinary—happiness only has saved it from being commonplace—that it lacks in incidents which make it in any way striking, or of general interest.

I was about 28 and my wife 26 when we were married; both old enough to appreciate our responsibilities. We have never had more than just enough to live on very quietly, but my wife's splendid common sense, combined with active habits and general good health, has always made the most of our limited resources.

My wife, owing to unfortunate family circumstances, got but little schooling, and never acquired what are called accomplishments, but her unselfishness and unceasing and tactful thought for others have made her a great favorite with all our acquaintances. On my part I have continued these little attentions which I was glad to show in the days of our courtship and early marriage. I tell her from the bottom of my heart how much better I love her than I did when we were married. And I am sure she appreciates such honest little flatteries. No, marriage need not be a failure; consideration for little feminine weaknesses on one side, and on the other side disregard of, or tactful dealing with, occasional masculine lapses from grace will make wedded life, in the words of Shakespeare, "a pattern of celestial peace."—P. D.

A letter of this sort is refreshing, and I wish we might have some like it from the members of our own circle.—Editor.

A COUNTER CASE

I have never knocked at this gate for admittance, but from my observations of the Cozy Corner, its ways, and its "tricks and manners," I know I am welcome. There is nothing so broadening to the mind as a steady look at both sides of a question, though the purport of it be seemingly insignificant. This is my hobby therefore I unblushingly say that my chief reason for writing is to present a counter case to that recently described by "A Preacher's Granddaughter." She is right in saying there is no reason why a farmer's wife should grow prematurely old. Is she not placed in the most blessed part of the earth, the fresh, pure, roomy country, where no towering buildings exclude the sunlight or filth and smoke lay their blight on vegetation? Everything about her speaks of "life," free and lasting.

There is a great deal, my friend, in what you say of loneliness. It is true we need companionship, but the present-day countrywoman does not permit herself to be lonely. She takes more interest in the world at large. She reads, she grows with the times, and now, the rural districts as a whole are coming to be represented by thoughtful, earnest, educated people. Why should the farmer's wife grow prematurely old?

To return to my "counter case." The woman of whom I write has lived her life in a small house on one of the loneliest byways I know of. To be sure, it is a beautiful road, but steep hills and bluffs make it almost impassible. I cannot say how old she is, but this I can say: When my father was a little boy, just moved to this part of the country, she was a young woman. He is not over 50 and she is—bright and happy. Her hair is hardly gray. Her face but little wrinkled. She does not wear glasses, steps firmly, and her laugh, voice and eyes overflow with the joy and freshness of youth, modulated by experience.

She said to me the other day, "I would rather live in town, but he," pointing to her husband who is a regular boy, despite his 60 or 70 odd years, "would never be happy, and I don't believe, after all, that I could give up my country home."

Hoping this letter will not be too long to publish, I am—A Minister's Great-Granddaughter.

HOME GLIMPSES

I am a lover of work, and am, perhaps, not much of a talker, though I shall chat a while to the Cozy Corner. I intended to run over to the M. G. R.'s, too, this afternoon, but the roads are so dusty and the weather so very warm, I shall stay at home and read The Blade, of which I am a great admirer. I have taken it for years, and it is the first paper I pick up to read. I always find it very interesting and helpful. I love to read the children's letters from different states, and also those from the older writers.

I am a farmer's wife and live in Pennsylvania, and have for a good many years, though my childhood days were spent in Virginia. I lived there until I was 19 years of age, when I was married and came to this state. I am a woman of middle age and have always found plenty of hard work to do, but I still love it and never think any kind of work is too hard. I have a fine garden of vegetables of all kinds, and in my garden I have some flowers as well, as I am a flower lover. My dooryard is filled with beautiful summer flowers of many kinds. I sometimes think if I am ever permitted to get to heaven, can I ever be happy unless there are flowers. I guess I need not worry, as they say sweet flowers in heaven forever bloom.

I raise a good many chickens and sometimes turkeys and ducks, but my husband thinks they are too much care for me to look after. We send our milk to a cheese factory, which is easier for me than to make butter at home. We have a large farm and have a good many nice crops. Our home is a pleasant one, though all our children are married and gone, and we miss them sadly. My husband is 72 years of age and we shall soon have to leave the farm. I do not like city life very well. Our city cousins often come to see us in summer, dressed in their finery. They do not think much of a farmer's life, but if there were no farmers city folks would not fare so well. I will close my letter by signing the name my husband calls me, which is—Ellie Rose.

SHORT LETTERS

I have been a reader of The Blade for more than 21 years, and I love to read the letters I find on the Household page, especially those on the training of children. I have raised three, one girl and two boys. I live in Washington in the mountains, and I like the evergreen timber. Some time I will write again and tell how I manage the work for two places.

Sisters, try cleaning new potatoes with a small cloth, then there is none of that strong scent to choke you. A good remedy for rheumatism is to take a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a glass of water, once a day. I know this is good, as it cured my husband. —Millie of the Mountains.

The Cozy Corner is so interesting to "us farmers' wives" who take pleasure in caring for our families. I consider it a pleasure to do my housework. On the Sabbath day my husband helps me with the work and we are soon through, then we enjoy ourselves in the evenings by entertaining company, or calling on some friend. This makes us happy and helps to make others happy, and happiness-making should be one of our interests in life.—Farmer's Wife of West Va.

I live away out in the Goldfield mining camp of Nevada. We have a very rich mining country and I wish you could all come and visit the mining congress to be held here next month and see what Nevada can produce in ores. It will be very interesting. Wishing you all success.—Sunshine from Nevada.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The most we can do in the cheering up business during this hot weather, is to grin and bear it.

Mrs. Effie C. Gall—Thank you for your "glad hand and warm heart letter." It was very kind of you to write and I appreciate your thought. I am a "Mrs."—Elizabeth.

Since our report of the past week letters for the Cosy Corner have been received from Just a Woman, Mrs. H. T. Burton, Farmer's Wife of Penn., Suburb Cousin, and Anna Woodward.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

My home is in the Blue Grass state, the land where milk and honey flows. I am a little girl, aged 13, and have brown hair and blue eyes. I go to school and study spelling, reading, grammar, physiology, arithmetic and geography. I love to study and am preparing to make a teacher. I am very fond of music and flowers, and hope to get a new organ before long. I have for some time been reading The Blade and find the children's letters very interesting. I also love to read the M. G. R. letters and shall be glad when I am old enough to join their ranks. My father is a farmer and we live in the eastern part of the state, among the old mountain pines, which are very dear to me. I would love to meet all the members, but as that is impossible, I will just send my love and best regards to all. This is my motto:

Do good, do good,
There's ever a way,
A way where's there's ever a will.
Don't wait till tomorrow
But do it today,
And today when the morrow comes still.

Dear Children—I am a little boy, 9 years old. I have brown eyes and am one yard, one foot and six inches tall. I live on a farm in West Virginia. I go to school each winter. My father owns a store and he also owns the postoffice of Hiser. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain, Carl Hiser.

We are little Pennsylvania girls, 7 and 5 years old.. We have a little brother 3 years old. His name is Norman. We have two cats, Bob and Buntie are their names, because they have no tails, and our dog's name is Sport. We live on our grandpa's farm of 25 acres. Papa farms for grandpa. He has horses and cattle. We each have two dolls. We like to help mamma wash dishes. We like the children's letters very much. As this is our first letter we will not write any more.—Thelma and Lena.

May I join the children's band? I live in dear old North Carolina, the best and one of the oldest states in the Union. I live in the western part in Cherokee county. I haven't any pets to tell about, except my dolls. I have three. Their names are Ruth, Irene and Marie.

Josephine, I would certainly like to spend the winter with you, but I guess I cannot. Hoping Mr. Waste Basket will not be in town, I will sign my real name.—Gussie Whitcomb.

I am a girl 11 years of age, and I live in Michigan. I go to school and I am in the sixth grade and my teacher gave me a prize in spelling for not missing a word in a month. I will tell you what it was: It was a nice pie plate, and I have it yet. My pets are two little kittens, one pig and a cow. I have two sisters and no brothers. I live on a farm with my mother and father. We live nine miles from town. Well, I am not going to write any more, or it will be thrown in the waste box. I will sign my name as my mother calls me.—Tittle Wink Tum Bum.

P. S.—I might call again.

Dear Friends—I live on a farm of 186 acres in the county of Steuben, town of Bath, in New York state. I like to live in the country and do not think I would care much about city life for me. I am 14 years old, only 4 feet 10 inches tall. Have red hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I wish some of you girls were up here with me today and we would look at some of the pretty views which can be seen from here. If my letter is not printed, I am afraid I will get discouraged, for this is the sixth one I have written, but none of them suited me. Well, good-bye. I will sign my proper name. Evelyn Frances Barrett.

FAVORITISM

In these enlightened days when parents give more intelligent thought to the rearing of their children than was the case in former generations, the tendency of favoritism in the family is less common, but even now one sees it, occasionally, and, observing results, marvels how it can ever exist.

It is often remarked that fathers show a decided partiality toward their daughters and that mothers manifest a preference for their sons. This, however, is not so disastrous a form of favoritism as that which centers itself in one child, making him or her the idol of the family. Sometimes it is the boy, or a baby girl, who is the pet, though usually it is the oldest of the offspring and a most unpleasant young creature he or she, usually, because being pampered, selfishness self-centered ideas, conceit and wilfulness combined develop, and as a rule convert a lovable youngster into a spoiled individual.

Not only is favoritism demoralizing to the character of a child on whom it is centered, but it produces a pernicious effect on the other little ones, and this is particularly the case when there are but two, one of whom seems to get all the plums in the pudding. Sometimes parents talk of the favorite child as possessing many virtues and constantly insist that he or she does nothing wrong, while the younger is made to feel that she rarely does anything that is right. This is a shocking comparison for elders to make and inevitably causes the wrongdoer to warmly dislike her paragon sister or brother.

This attitude in a home not only breeds dislike but discouragement, for when parents persist in such partiality the child who is always blamed while hearing the favorite praised, gets into the way of thinking that as she was not born perfect, as apparently her sister was, it is no use trying to rise to such a high standard. This is a pitiful state of mind for any child to develop, as it often turns one of a natural happy temperament into a brooding, morose, supersensitive creature, marked, perhaps for life, by a discouragement never possible to overcome.

When parents find the characteristics of one child more attractive and lovable than those of another, their duty is to particularly devote themselves to the less appealing one, giving her every thought and care that will develop her and bring her up to the level of the other. In this way the children will become equally interesting and have an equal opportunity.

When Everybody Laughed

Sophie Irene Loeb.

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't forgit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you."

Thus sayeth Captain "Jack" Crawford, my old friend of the west, who has lived fully and knows both sides of the game.

He has not only fought the real battles of war, but those with his fellow creatures. He is still in the fight.

In summing up process he knows, and so do you and I, that laughter is akin to grief.

It is then almost a matter of choice. We may either smile or weep at the same thing.

For instance, the other day the fat lady across the street was joyously rocking to and fro in her porch swing when, without warning, all of a sudden down it came with a thud.

For a moment she sat quite still, but looked all around to see who was about to witness the catastrophe. Several of the neighbors were out and as she saw they had not missed the happening she began to laugh.

The woman next door chimed in and then the people on the other side also joined the chorus, and pretty soon the entire neighborhood was having a season of mirth.

Everybody laughed. It was quite contagious. Seemed in the very air. Even the swing itself seemed to be giggling, lopsided as it was.

And the laughter did not end at that moment either, for, seated safely in a rocker, every time she would chance to think of it she would send out a peal of seeming joy which caused a corresponding echo from the spectators.

It was a very small thing, but the incident formed amusement for the most part of the evening, and why not?

Now, had the fat lady taken the matter seriously and gone into the house, mad at the swing and the world in general, nobody would have cared.

The people who were present would have "steered clear" of mentioning it and it would forever have been a forbidden topic on the street.

As it was, they all joined in the fun and in a short time it will be forgotten.

"SHE BEGAN TO LAUGH."

The little child who accidentally falls will either laugh or cry, as he sees the reflection on your face.

If you show a bit of sadness he will begin to cry and eventually continue his weep alone, for you will get tired in your sympathy.

But if you treat it as a joke he will gurgle along even at his own expense.

Then there is the woman who forever carries her grief with her wherever she goes. For a time her friends will stand for it and say kindly, sympathetic things.

But pretty soon it wears and jars on them and they dread her coming. They may feel sorry, but heavens! one can't forever be deluged with her weeps.

Gradually, but surely, she is avoided, and she wonders why. She thinks she is much abused and everybody is cruel.

Laugh in the face of it all. This is a very beautiful world, and, of course, you know about that silver lining.

"So dry those tears and calm those fears, there will be sunshine tomorrow." In the meantime, get an advance supply of it and it will radiate and reflect to your own good.—Copyright, 1909, by The New York Evening Telegram.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

M. G. R.

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

As I have been a reader of the M. G. R. for a number of years, I am venturing a few lines to express my appreciation of its column. It is a pleasure to read the letters that come from far and near, setting forth the joys, the pleasures and the sorrows of the several writers. It is most certainly an interesting study to solve the particular phase of human character each of these letters portrays. It has been a source of inspiration to me, as it certainly has to thousands of others, to know that other people are facing the same obstacles, overcoming the same difficulties, and trusting in the same God.

We Americans as a rule do not give enough of our time to the development of our finer sensibilities—the "things that differentiate man from the beast of the field." I am a school teacher and I have obtained several good ideas from letters written by teachers, especially The Little Schoolteacher, and Tar Heel. I hope to see letters from others equally as interesting. Some day I shall write again and describe the country I live in.—The Big Schoolteacher.

For 30 years The Blade has been a constant and very welcome visitor in our home, and I feel that I'm not a stranger to the "Merry-Go-Rounders," though I have never visited this society in writing before. I have lived in the hills of California for 20 years, which is all my lifetime, with the exception of short trips and school days spent in Los Angeles. I love the dear Sierras and would not change my home for a life in the city. I have a dear little "broncho" and we wander over the hills together after our cattle. It's lots of fun! She is a cow pony and can head off a cow without a touch of the reins from me.

My mother and I live all alone on the home place now, and I spend most of my time making fences, plowing and digging ditches. That doesn't sound very romantic, but it is the life I love.

There is a nice crowd of young folks here, and we make the hills ring with our songs and merriment. Companies of us ride from one village to the other on horseback on moonlight evenings, and add to our number as we go.

I should like to see the eastern states, as all my relatives, except the immediate family, are there. I expect to, some day.

The M. G. R. has interested me a great deal and I hope that my letter will not prove a blank spot on its interesting page.—California Cow Girl.

May I once more enter your merry circle? I dearly love to read the M. G. R. column, and always turn to it first. How many of the M. G. R.'s love to read? I am sure I do, and I guess most every one does. I have read many books and can not tell which I like best. I certainly love music, although I do not play anything but the organ. I love the violin and guitar. Do many of you play the violin? We have had some pretty hot weather lately, but always a cool breeze blowing and a shower every day makes it delightful. I guess in the large cities they are having some hot weather. How I wish some of you could come out and go with me on a picnic into the cool green woods. We would gather ferns and flowers, sing songs and have a "good time." Around here are many noted waterfalls, such as the Bridal Veil, Triple Falls, Maiden Hair, and many others equally beautiful. How many of the M. G. R. have seen the mountain laurel growing? It is certainly beautiful, especially the pink.

"Easterner," your letter was fine, I enjoyed it very much. Come again. "Sunshine of Nebraska," how do you think you would like to live in the dear "Old North State?" I have lived in North Carolina all my life and have never been in any other state, but I love it still. Well I must stop as my letter is getting lengthy. "Long live the M. G. R.'s."—Marguerite from the Old North State.

I am a new subscriber to The Blade, and became interested immediately in the M. G. R., the motto at first attracting my attention, for it is my sentiment, although I must confess that I fall short of practicing it very often.

I was very much interested in Sitting Bull's description of his home in Dakota, as I recently spent nearly two years in Wyoming, and I know something of "portable wells," jack rabbits, coyotes, rattlesnakes, prairie dogs and wolves. I wonder if the gumbo you speak of is like the mud in Illinois? Is there plenty of land still in Dakota to be taken up? Hawkeye Laddie's description of Iowa is very interesting, also Lolo Bell's of Georgia.

Rosebud, you are the kind of girl I enjoy. An all around useful one, not a lily white idler; one who knows how and is not ashamed to do. Your mother is wise in teaching you to work, and you will appreciate her good judgment more and more as you advance in life. Nothing looks so uselessly helpless as a woman who is ignorant of housekeeping. It makes her more independent to know how work should be done, even if she is so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to be able to keep servants. She is not subject to their whims and caprices. Why, even the wife of Georgia's governor superintends and helps during "hog killing time."—Duma Whanski.

As it has been over a year since I joined this happy circle, I thought it about time to pay my debts. I am just a green country lad, nineteen years old, and have only a poor education.

New England Girl made an inquiry for Charley N. and Broncho Bill. They are "still in the ring," only Charley is a school teacher and lives in town, but he has not forgotten how to play ball. I am in the Ozarks in southwestern Missouri, on a little farm where it is rough and rocky.

I will give you some idea how a bashful boy of Missouri looks. I am five feet nine inches "high," weigh 138 pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes and a rather dark complexion.

I agree with some of the members on the tobacco and whisky subject. I do not think any boy should blow tobacco smoke in a girl's face. I do not use tobacco in any way, but if I did I should never get close enough to the girls to blow smoke in their faces. If the girls all over the United States would form a lodge and make this their motto: "We will not go with or associate with men and boys that drink," there would not be half as much whisky used as there is now.

I have not seen an M. G. R. badge anywhere. I wonder if there are any members here in Polk county, Mo., besides brother Charley and I. We live near Bolivar, the county seat. It would be so nice if all of us could have a badge. I wonder if Miss Prudence is in the notion of getting some more, or of trying to, at least.

You readers of books will find the Bible the most interesting of all. The book of Ruth is the most interesting of love stories. Oh here I am writing about love, and do not know what it is. With best wishes to all, I will sign my former name.—Cockle Burrs.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Will someone please, just for the sake of giving me a change, write a letter to the Household Page in which the WASTE BASKET is not mentioned?—Miss Prudence.

Judging from the way the letters are coming in the questions regarding the kind of a husband you like, and the kind of a wife, have struck a responsive chord. Be it mentioned, more letters have come from young ladies than from young men. For why is this?

Our letter writers during the past week are Otach, Areline, The Oil Field News Boy, Merura, Kathryn, Nida Bell, Shirley Belle, Michigan Estell, Granger, and Pennsylvania Girl.

OH, SCISSORS.

The first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About 11 o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."—Everybody's Magazine.

ADAM ALFALFA

Adam Alfalfa was a New Mexican rooster. He was born in a box in the corner of a large alfalfa field, where his old mother had stolen a nest. Alfalfa, you know, looks something like New England clover, and the horses and cows in New Mexico think it is very nice to eat.

When Adam pecked his way out of the shell one fine April morning he was a tiny black chicken. He grew rapidly, and before many months began to think about crowing, and one day he crowed so well that his mother said:

"If you can crow like that you must take your little sisters out to find bugs and worms. A rooster who is big enough to crow is big enough to work."

So one warm fall day, when the alfalfa had grown tall, and the peaches were turning pink, Adam and his six little sisters started away from the alfalfa field to see a bit of the world. They wandered slowly out into the street, stopping now and then to scratch for worms or to peck at an apple core or a stray banana skin. Soon they found themselves near a large yard which was almost hidden from sight by a thick green hedge.

Adam led the way into the large yard, which was sunny and bright and full of juicy worms and fat grasshoppers. The six little sisters clucked away contentedly, finding plenty of worms. Adam wandered around into another part of the yard, and by and by he heard the voices of children singing. He followed the sweet sound until he came to a broad porch, along the side of which sat a long row of tiny baskets. Adam thought the baskets looked interesting, as he went closer, and found that something smelled very good. He pecked at one basket until he loosened the cover, but as he found nothing particularly good inside, he went on to the next, and in this one he found a large rosy pear, which he pecked until it was spoiled. In the next basket he found two little frosted cakes, and these he liked so much that by the time the big bell rang for recess there was nothing left of the little frosted cakes but crumbs.

As soon as the big bell had ceased to ring, dozens of little girls came hurrying out on the porch followed by two sweet-faced Sisters, who wore black bonnets and gowns.

Adam strutted around the corner just in time to hear one little girl say:

"Somebody's been in my basket, Sister."

"Somebody's been in my basket, too," cried another, "and they've spoiled my nice pear."

But Adam felt sorry indeed when a little crippled girl looked into the basket which had contained the dear little frosted cakes, and said:

"Dear me, my two little cakes have been eaten, and I brought them for dear Sister Anna, who is sick."

Adam looked up at the peach trees and at the white clouds floating around in the sky, and of course I don't know just what he thought, but I do know, because I watched him, that he forgot to strut, and walked very slowly out to the entrance to the yard, where he found his six little sisters, and soberly scratched worms for them, until it was sunset and time to go home to roost.—Helen T. Preble in The Woman's Home Companion.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Poets' Corner is a "rescue" department, designed to assist those who are in search of some song or poem, either old or new, of which they can furnish a line or verse as a clue. These clues are published under the head Poems Requested, and in most instances some one meets the request by furnishing the poem asked for. When asking for poems and when sending them in, if possible, kindly give the author's name. The department is open to everyone. Address Editor The Poets' Corner, The Blade.

LORD LOVEL AND NANCY BELL

(Author unknown).

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover good speed — speed — speed,
Wishing her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said,
"O, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see—see—see,
Strange countries for to see.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel," she said.
"O when will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three at most.
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy-cy-cy.
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When laughing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see—see—see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras bells,
And the people all mourning round—round—round,
And the people all mourning round.

"O what is the matter?" Lord Lovel, he said;
"O what is the matter?" said he.
"A lord's lady is dead," the woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy-cy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down—down—down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy, she died as it might be today;
Lord Lovel, he died tomorrow;
Lady Nancy, she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow-ror-ror,
Lord Lovel. he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the quire (choir),
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar-riar-riar,
And out of her lover's a briar.

It grew and it grew to the church-steeple top,
And then it could grow no higher;
So there it entwined in a true lovers' knot,
For all true lovers to admire-rier-rier,
For all true lovers to admire.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE

Author Unknown.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears;
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh, Hard Times, come again no more!

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, Hard Times come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
Oh, Hard Times, come again no more!

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay;
There are frail forms fainting at the door,
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
Oh, Hard Times, come again no more!

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who works her life away;
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er,
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh, Hard Times, come again no more!

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
Oh, Hard Times, come again no more!

OLD ORCHARD COT BY THE STREAM

By J. Morton Calkins.

Last night I thought I went to my childhood's happy home,
To the old orchard cot by the stream,
On whose mossy banks so often in freedom I did roam,
But I woke to find 'twas but a happy dream.
I thought that the sun was just sinking in the west,
And the robin was a singing in the tree,
While around the cabin door stood the friends I loved the best,
A walking 'bout and looking out for me.

CHORUS.

Then, oh let me go to the dearest spot I know—
To the old orchard cot by the stream,
And 'round the open door meet the friends I loved of yore,
That I saw in my happy, happy dream.

I thought the pink and violet beside the path did grow,
And in blossom was the peach-tree by the well—
And the little lambs were dancing round the pasture lot below
To the music of the cow-bell, home-like bell,
The climbing honeysuckle clothed the cottage with its leaves
And the roses in the open window hung—
And the little swallows circled round, or chirped beneath the eaves,
Just as they did in days when I was young.

I've seen most lovely places—but, oh! my early home
The fairest by far to me appears,
I've met with kindest friends since it was my lot to roam,
But none I loved like those of childhood's years,
My brothers and my sisters were all the world to me,
And my father, he was just as dear as they,
My mother was in Heaven, but it always seemed to me
That Heaven couldn't be far away.

PREACHING VS. PRACTICE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine
And talk to the man in the shade;
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat
And point out the places to wade.

But once we pass into the shadows
And murmur and fret and frown,
And our length from the bank we shout for a plank,
Or throw up our hands and go down.

It is easy to sit in your carriage
And counsel the man on foot,
But get down and walk, and you'll change your talk
As you feel the peg in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler
How best he can carry his pack,
But no one can rate a burden's weight
Until it has been on his back.

The up-curled mouth of pleasure
Can prate of sorrow's worth,
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip
Was never made on earth.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce,
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

A JOYOUS DREAM

Author Unknown.

I dreamed a joyous dream, mother,
I dreamed an angel came
And hovered 'round by bedside, mother,
And softly spoke my name.
His eyes were very bright, mother,
His visage very fair;
And on his head he wore, mother,
A wealth of golden hair.
And on his head he wore, mother,
A wealth of golden hair.

He spoke and said, "Be patient, child
I'll come tomorrow eve,
And take you to a fairer home,
Prepared for you in heaven.
Think not, and bear your suff'rings here."
He said, all in a breath,
"To take you there I'll pass you through,
The gloomy vale of death.
To take you there I'll pass you through,
The gloomy vale of death."

I woke, and the angel was gone mother,
And in his place stood you,
But what he said, I know, mother,
Will certainly prove true
Remember, then, tomorrow night,
He will most surely come,
And fly with me far, far away,
To his angelic home,
And fly with me far, far away,
To his angelic home.

PEEK-A-BOO

Author Unknown.

When you come from your work in the evening,
And the little ones climb on your knee,
You laugh at the stories they tell you,
As full of their fun as can be.
And perhaps there's a face in the corner,
With a pair of bright eyes open wide,
And you see a wee rogue all dimples,
Just trying her best to hide.

CHORUS.

Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!
Trying to hide from me!
Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!
Two little eyes I see, now take care!
Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!
Hiding everywhere, on the floor, by the door!
Now I'm coming home.

Then you catch the wee rogue and you kiss her,
As you hold her so close to your heart,
And you think how much you would miss her,
If ever from her you should part.
Then away she goes, laughing and shouting,
And a kiss she is throwing to you,
And behind the door she is hiding,
To hear you say peek-a-boo!

POEMS REQUESTED

One of the poems asked for is David Crockett's Farewell. Two lines are:

Farewell to the mountains whose mazes to me,
Were more beautiful far than Eden could be.

We are asked for the poem entitled The Kankakee and the Kokomo, which relates the experience of a bride and groom endeavoring to find a safe railroad for their wedding journey.

The old song, to which the following is a clue, is wanted. As I wandered around the homestead up and down, out and in, to the garret I ascended.

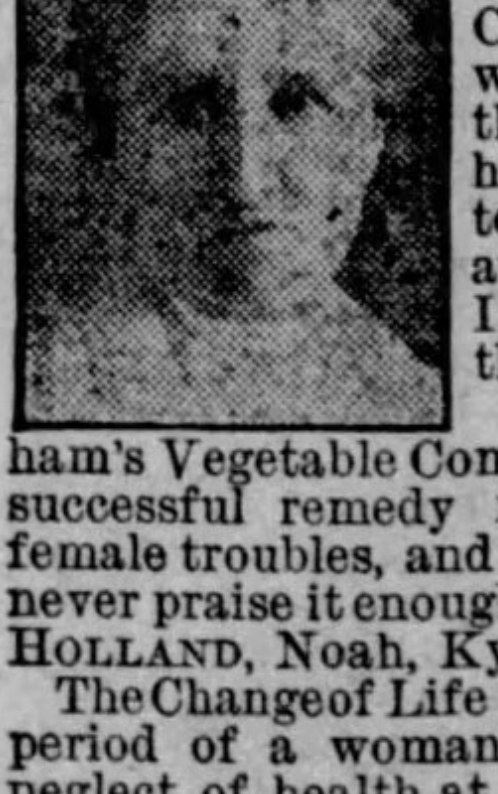
Among the poems wanted are Mountain Angel, in which an engineer tells the story of his daughter Mazie, and the verses entitled How He Saved St. Michaels.

These songs are asked for: Kentucky Belle, by Constance Fenimore Woolson, and some verses beginning: Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently flows.

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Noah, Ky. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages.



"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my housework, and attend to the store and post-office, and I feel much younger than I really am.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough." — MRS. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills — inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA

Whole Body a Mass of Raw, Bleeding, Torturing Humor—Hoped Death Would End Fearful Suffering.

IN DESPAIR: CURED BY CUTICURA

"Terrible eczema broke out on my head and kept spreading until it covered my whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores and looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony seemed more than I could bear. My clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. I did not think I could live and wanted death to end my frightful sufferings. But oh! what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me real sleep. In a short time I was completely cured by the Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. William Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

CANAL ZONE HIT BY EARTHQUAKE

Panama, August 30.—A strong earthquake was experienced here shortly after 8 o'clock this morning. The people were greatly alarmed, but no serious damage has been reported, and no one was injured.

The administration buildings of both the government and the canal commission here and at Ancon were so severely shaken that the clerks left their desks for the street. They soon returned, however, when it was seen that no damage had been done and that the first shock was not followed by a second.

The quake was felt also at Aguadulee in Cocle province, and at Pacora, in the province of Panama, points more than 100 miles apart.

There is nothing as yet to indicate that the Panama canal was damaged by the quake. Special inquiries are being made in this direction and a report from the canal commission is expected.

REMOVED BY HUGHES

President of Bronx Loses His Office.

Albany, N. Y., August 30.—Finding him guilty of charges of misconduct in office and neglect of duty, Governor Hughes has ordered the removal from office of Louis F. Haffen, president of the borough of the Bronx in New York city.

President Haffen has held the office since January 1, 1898, and was last re-elected in November, 1905. His term would have expired December 31.

The governor based his findings on the report of Wallace MacFarlane, of New York, who was appointed commissioner to take evidence in the matter.

The charges, 22 in number, were presented to the governor last November by John Purroy Mitchell and Ernest Yale Gallagher, commissioners of accounts of the city of New York, at the instance of Mayor McClellan.

While certain of the charges are dismissed by Governor Hughes upon recommendation of Commissioner MacFarlane, the governor finds that President Haffen greatly abused his discretionary power in failing to enforce more stringently the time clauses of contracts for public improvements; that public funds in his department were wasted by loading the payrolls; that there was political jobbery in the building of the Bronx borough court house; that Haffen was interested in the improvement of a public highway with a view to benefiting himself and his associates who had holdings in a land company, and that as borough president and chairman of the local board of Morrisania.

NEARLY BLIND, HE SAVES BOY

Directed by Voice, Swims With Lad to Shore.

Atlantic City, N. J., August 26.—John Robinson, a fisherman who is almost blind, last night at dusk leaped into the waters of the Thoroughfare and saved from drowning Morris Hughes, 10 years old.

Judson Powell, who saw the boy's peril, unable to swim, shouted for help. Robinson, in the cabin of his fishing boat, heard the alarm and, without removing his clothing, plunged into the swift current. Directed by the cries of Powell, he finally reached the point where the boy's hat was afloat. He grabbed it and learned his mistake. Then he felt the boy's body under the water as he swam about the spot. Diving, he brought it to the surface, and with strong arm and steady stroke followed the voice of Powell and took the unconscious form of the boy ashore.

FIRED BECAUSE HE'S MAYOR

Des Moines, Iowa, August 27.—Judge Byron Preston, of Oskaloosa, today handed in an opinion ousting A. M. Henderson as mayor of Marengo, and upholding the new Cossin law passed by the last legislature, which provides that officials in Iowa may be removed from office for certain causes, one of which is intoxication. Henderson attacked the statute as unconstitutional, and asserted he had never been drunk on duty. Judge Preston sustains the law and rules that a mayor is always on duty.

FLOOD DROWNS 1,400

Already 650 Bodies Have Been Recovered From Ruins of Mexican City.

Mexico City, August 30.—A conservative estimate of the damage wrought at Monterery by the flood places the dead at 1,400 and the property loss of $12,000,000. The river has now gone down and the danger is over.

Up to the present time 650 bodies have been recovered. One entire quarter of the city of Monterey was destroyed, and 15,000 persons today are homeless.

The water mains are useless and the city is consequently without drinking water; neither is there light nor street car service for the power plant has been seriously damaged. It will be impossible to resume the train service for a week, and as a result the city is threatened with a food famine. The slaughter houses have been destroyed. Ten thousand persons are being fed on bread and coffee. Thousands of persons have taken refuge in the cathedral and the churches. Many adobe structures, soaked by the rain are falling, and there has been some additional loss of life from this cause.

Railroads Are Crippled.

The railroad situation is deplorable. The branch of the International between Monterey and Tampico suffered a score of washouts. The iron bridge at San Juan has gone and 75 miles of the track of the Matamoras branch have been washed out. There are a dozen washouts between Matamoras Cuevas, and the big iron bridge over the Rinconaga, between Salillo and Monterey, is gone. The total of the loss to the railroads is not definitely known, but it probably will exceed $500,000.

The greatest loss of life is said to have been caused by the giving way of the reservoir dam. Monterey is situated in a cup-like valley and is surrounded on three sides by steep mountains. The waters rushed into this valley down the bed of the Santa Catarina river. This stream is, ordinarily, 150 yards wide, but with the advent of the flood its banks were fully three-quarters of a mile apart. It is estimated that 18 inches of rain fell.

The federal authorities are busy here with the organization of relief measures. Benefit theatrical performances, bull fights and fairs are being planned. Subscription lists are being opened all over Mexico City, and the other cities of the republic are responding to Monterey's urgent call for assistance.

Asks America to Help.

Washington, August 30.—Consul General Hanna, at Monterey, Mex., on behalf of the officers of the American colony there, has made an appeal to the American people to assist the destitute sufferers at Monterey.

It might be gratefully remembered and appreciated, Mr. Hanna says, that the city of Monterey of 100,000 inhabitants does 85 per cent of its foreign trade with the United States. Nearly every person in the city has suffered loss and very many of the poorer classes have lost everything.

CHILDREN STRIKE, TOO

Only Three Enroll in McKee's Rocks School

Pittsburg, Pa., August 30.—When the public school at Preston, located in the Pressed Steel Car company strike district, resumed today after the summer vacation, only three small children out of an enrollment of 200 were present.

On a telegraph pole opposite the front door of the building, was posted a sign, written in a child's hand, as follows:

"We are all on a strike."

Many of the strikers who have children were recently evicted from the company's houses, and are now residing in another district. Those who remain are making no effort to send their children to school.

On account of the school building being leased ground it must be kept open, it is said, and one teacher will be retained there in any event.

Tomorrow is the last day allowed to the tenants of company houses, according to the eviction notices. A large number of families are moving today.

Conditions were quiet in the strike district. State troopers continue to patrol the streets, but for the present a semblance of good feeling prevails between the guards and strikers.

CAN'T RUN WORLD FOR JESUS

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon Says It Isn't Possible Just Now.

Colorado Springs, August 28.—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., who, for one week, ran a newspaper "As Jesus Would," has come to the conclusion that the world cannot be run now "as Jesus would run it."

"No, not in this generation, but the world is steadily advancing to the point where that will be not only feasible, but an actual fact," he says.

Dr. Sheldon is making his annual visit in Manitou. He is at the Sunnyside Hotel and will be there the remainder of the season.

CURTISS IN LEAD

New Yorker Again Wins Big Aviation Event at Rheims.

THE WEEK'S RESULTS.

ENDURANCE—Farman, a Frenchman, flew 111.78 miles, staying aloft 3 hours, 4 minutes, 56 2-5 seconds. This broke all endurance records.

CAPACITY—Farman carried two passengers, making three in the machine, once around the course (6.21 miles), in 9 minutes, 52 4-5 seconds.

SPEED—Curtiss, an American, proved his machine to be the swiftest in short flight. He covered 12.42 miles in 15 minutes 49 2-5 seconds, and 18.63 miles in 25 minutes 49 2-5 seconds.

HEIGHT—Latham, a Frenchman, soared to the greatest altitude, rising to a height of about 400 feet.

DIRIGIBLES—In the balloon class the French dirigible Colonel Renard made the best record, circling the course five times (31.05 miles) in 1 hour, 14 minutes, 49 seconds.

Rheims, August 30.—To close the glories of aviation week Glenn H. Curtiss, during Sunday's contests smashed another world's record. The victory of Curtiss, the sole American representative in the contests, coming on the heels of his great victory in the international cup Saturday, gives the United States the lion's share of the honors of the meeting.

The prix de la vittesse of 20,000 francs ($4,000), divided into four prizes, was distributed to the four machines making three rounds of the course, 30 kilometers, at the greatest speed, the first prize being won by Curtiss quite handily, notwithstanding his penalization.

Curtiss missed winning the lap speed contest from Bieriot only by a small margin. He captured second place in that event, which was over the full circuit of ten kilometers, or 6.21 miles, raising his total money winnings for the meeting to 38,000 francs, beside the international cup, which goes to the Aera Club of America, inscribed with his name.

Latham Puts Up Fight.

With Bieriot out of the contest, Latham remained Curtiss' only serious rival. The race was intensely exciting. Latham, with "No. 13," started only four minutes ahead of the American, who gave chase. Curtiss overhauled him in every kilometer, finishing less than 400 meters behind the Frenchman.

Latham, however, refused to accept defeat and brought out "No. 29." With this he flew considerably faster. The time, but not the amount of penalization, was posted, and there was excitement among the Americans, as the penalization, which was only one-twentieth, would bring the time to 26:33 1-5, seven seconds less than that made by Curtiss. No official information could be obtained beyond the fact that the judges were awaiting reports from the field commissioner at 5:30, after which no start would be possible.

Curtiss, however, who said he had been obliged thrice to muffle his accelerator on the previous flight on account of pitching, declared his confidence to do better in another attempt and decided to try again. Within two minutes his machine was out and speeding across the line. He flew higher than he had ever gone before, keeping the throttle wide open and making each round at swifter speed. The first round he covered in 7:49 2-5, the watches showed 15:37 4-5 at the end of the second round and they were snapped at 23:29 at the finish. With his penalization Curtiss' time stood at 25:49 2-5, and this gave him the race by almost a minute margin.

Latham Flies Highest.

The Prix d l'Altitude — 10,000 francs to be awarded to the aeroplanist attaining the highest altitude—was won by Latham, who reached a height of 155 meters (about 490 feet). Farman was second with 110 meters, Paulhan third, 90 meters, and Rougier fourth, 55 meters.

The passenger carrying contest was won by Farman. With two passengers he made the circuit of the course in 10m 39s, and with one passenger 9m 52 4-5s. Lefebre with one passenger completed the lap in 11m 20 4-5s. The lap speed contest went to Bieriot, who covered the ten kilometers in 7m 47 4-5s. Curtiss was second with 7m 48 2-5s. Bunau-Vailla, with 100 kilometers, won the Prix des Mechanicians. Rougier was second with 50 kilometers.

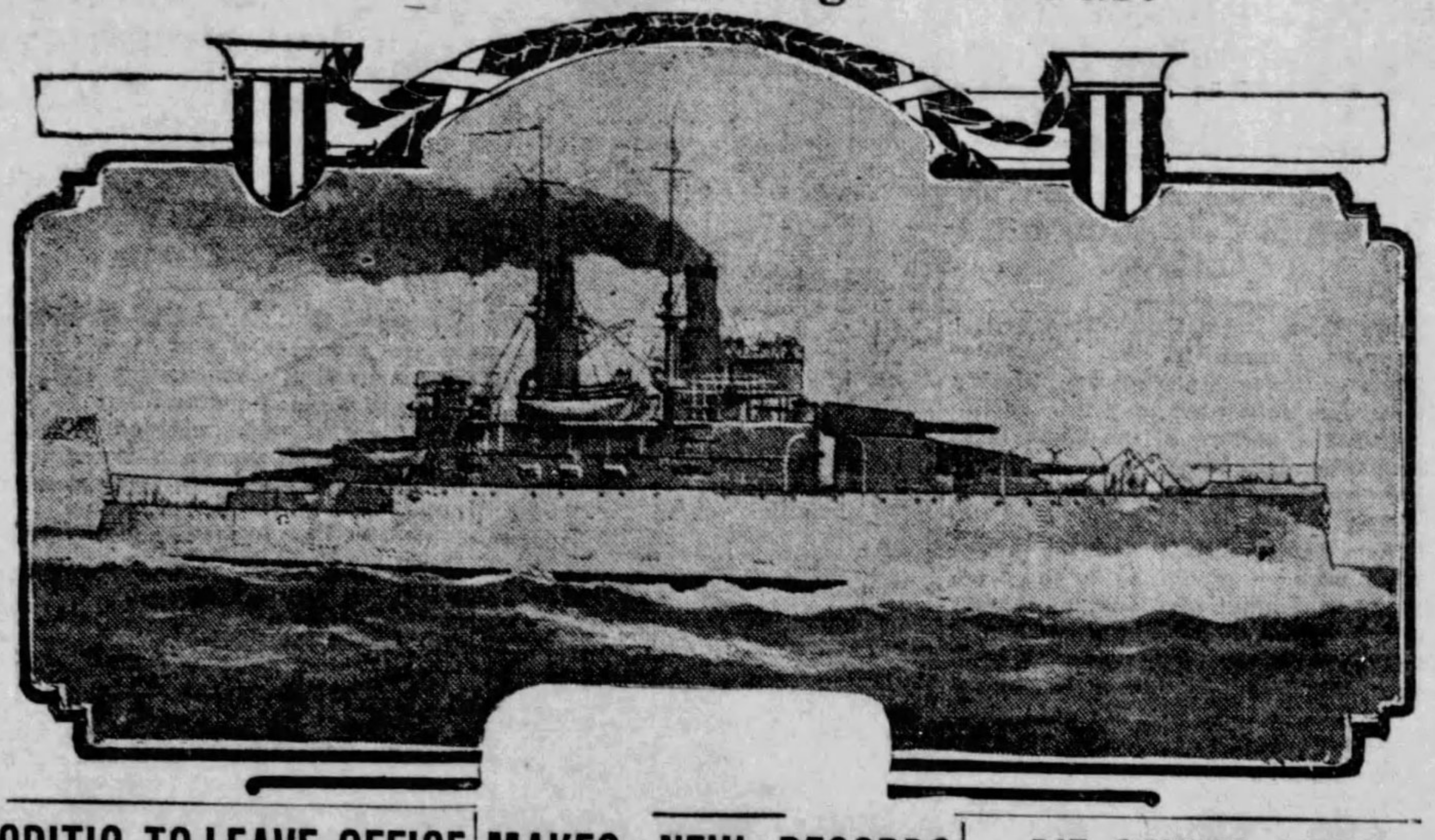
The dirigible balloon Colonel Renard captured the Prix de Aeronauts, a prize of 10,000 francs, for the best time in five circuits of the course, 50 kilometers. The time was one hour, 14 minutes and 49 seconds. The Zodiac covered the 50 kilometers in one hour, 25 minutes, one second.

FRISCO TO SAVE ITS WATER

Will Have 110 Cisterns in High Pressure System.

New York, August 26.—New York's high water pressure system of fire protection was examined by Patrick H. Shaughnessy, chief of the San Francisco fire department, who is here to get ideas for a similar system in the Golden Gate city. Chief Shaughnessy said he desires to have the San Francisco system as much like what he saw here as possible. One of the features of the new fire protection for which San Francisco has issued $5,000,000 in bonds, will be 116 concrete cisterns to supply water in case of a break in the city mains, such as occurred at the time of the earthquake.

Yankee "Dreadnought" Is Fast



CRITIC TO LEAVE OFFICE

Man Who Spoke Scornfully of Former President Will "Resign."

Beverly, Mass., August 30.—The resignation of Ormsby McHarg, assistant secretary of the department of commerce and labor, will be accepted. Secretary Nagel, head of the department, had an extended conference with President Taft, Sunday, and discussed with the chief executive the question of a successor to Mr. McHarg.

There was no one in Beverly willing to say that Mr. McHarg's resignation was in any wise the result of the interview with him published in Washington last week, in which the assistant secretary is credited with having said some other sharp things about former President Roosevelt and his policy of forest conservation.

Sneered at Roosevelt.

Mr. McHarg is reputed to have said that the policy of conservation outlined by President Roosevelt was too dreamlike ever to be of practical value, and that only "the Lord himself" would have carried it out. Mr. McHarg further was represented as having said that perhaps Mr. Roosevelt thought himself equal to the worker of miracles.

Assistant Secretary McHarg is said to have grown quite bitter over the free manner in which some of the government officials in Washington generally known as the "Roosevelt element," have been criticizing members of the Taft administration. Consequently he is reported to have expressed his own views in rather a forcible manner, and the controversy started by Chief Forester Pinchot with the secretary of the interior, Mr. Ballinger, is declared here to be growing to such proportions that the President will have to take a hand in it and put the government house at Washington in order.

Upholds His Cabinet.

In all matters affecting departments under the control of cabinet officers it has been the President's policy to uphold the cabinet member unfailingly. Secretary Nagel recently had a controversy with the former director of the census, S. N. D. North. There were many predictions at the time that Director North would be upheld. President Taft, however, approved the course of his cabinet minister and Mr. North's resignation was accepted.

Friends of Secretary Ballinger are drawing a parallel from this episode to fit the present controversy and say that while Mr. Pinchot, a holdover from the Roosevelt administration, is a most valued public servant and is highly esteemed by President Taft, if he has set himself unalterably against a superior officer, there is little doubt of the President's course in the matter.

The President, while refusing absolutely to discuss the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy in any way, has intimated to friends that he hopes that no drastic action will be necessary.

GUILTY MAN GOES FREE

Government Finds He Was Convicted Under Unconstitutional Law.

Washington, D. C., August 26.—The two-year sentence of Louis Hinderstein, convicted at Baltimore in October, 1908, on a charge of harboring and maintaining an alien girl for immoral purposes, was commuted yesterday to expire immediately.

The action was based upon the recommendation of Attorney General Wickersham, who was moved by a decision of the supreme court declaring unconstitutional section three of the immigration act of February 20, 1908, under which Hinderstein was convicted.

The section of the act in question was declared unconstitutional because of the fact that it interfered with the police laws of states and municipalities. It was found that the federal government had the right to make a law excluding aliens imported for immoral purposes, but that after once admitted such persons were under the control of local laws.

Hinderstein pleaded guilty to the charge against him. Attorney General Wickersham declared in his recommendation he was loath to take action relieving from full punishment a man who had pleaded guilty to such an infamous crime, but he could not overlook the fact that under the decision of the supreme court the conviction was illegal.

Hinderstein will be deprived of redress by reason of the fact that when he was convicted the law was in force.

ON 160-MILE HIKE

200 Soldiers Start Out From Dallas, Texas.

Dallas, Tex., August 31.—Early today 2,200 regulars commanded by Brigadier General A. L. Myers, U. S. A., broke camp at the fair grounds and started on a 160-mile "hike" to Holland, Tex., where the troops will board trains for Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, the military headquarters of the southwestern division. The cavalry and the military march via Fort Worth while the infantry goes through Waxahachie.

For the last week the annual military tournament has been in progress here, and more than $10,000 in prize money was distributed among the soldiers.

BEATEN TO DEATH

New York, August 26.—William M. Chandler, editor of the Panama Press, was killed in Panama yesterday by Gen. Herbert O. Jeffries, who figured prominently in the Panamian revolution according to a special cable dispatch to the World today. Chandler was killed, the dispatch says, by being struck on the head with the butt end of a revolver and by being violently kicked by General Jeffries. The cause of the attack is said to have been an article reflecting on the sister-in-law of Jeffries

MAKES NEW RECORDS

South Carolina Is Speedy Battleship.

Philadelphia, August 30.—The battleship South Carolina returned to Champ's shipyard yesterday after having completed a most successful trial trip off the Delaware capes in which it was demonstrated that the vessel is the fastest ship of its class in the navy.

In the four hour full speed run, the South Carolina made 18.88 knots, the contract requirement being only 18.5 knots. In the five high speed runs over the measured mile the battleship attained a mean speed of 19.25 knots. During this standardization run the South Carolina's fastest mile was 20.52 knots.

The South Carolina is a sister ship of the Michigan. These two battleships are the first American "Dreadnoughts." They are not greater in tonnage, 16,000 tons, than several ships now in our service, but they are "all big-gun ships." They carry eight 12-inch guns in their main battery. Other American vessels now in commission carry no more than four 12-inch guns. The Delaware and North Dakota, now nearing completion, will be still more powerful. Their tonnage will be 20,000 and they will carry ten 12-inch guns.

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BEATS THEM ALL

Paulham Stays Aloft for Two Hours and 53 Minutes.

Rheims, August 26.—Another sensational exploit was added to the marvels of aviation week when Paulham, the plucky French aviator, made a new world's record in a wonderful flight of 2 hours 53 minutes and 24 seconds. During 2 minutes of the time Paulham had a heavy rain and wind storm to contend against.

The previous official record for time in the air was made by Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, December 31, 2 hours, 20 minutes, 23 1-5 seconds. The unofficial record is 2 hours, 27 minutes, 15 seconds, made by Somner at Marmelons. Paulham's new record for distance was about 134 kilometers, or 83 miles. He made 13 circuits of the course and the wind squall passed as he was coming down the home stretch for the last time. Simultaneously the dirigible Colonel Renard appeared to the westward plowing its way majestically through the smoke of the city of Rheims.

Could Have Flown Indefinitely.

When Paulham finally came down it was because the 56 liters of essence which he carried in his tank was exhausted. He said, immediately after he landed, that both the machine and the self-cooling Gnome motor had stood up perfectly and that he could have continued indefinitely if the tank had been replenished.

No one who witnessed the impressive flight entertains the slightest doubt that aerial navigation with heavier-than-air machines has a glorious future.

Starting a a 12-knot breeze shortly before 4 o'clock with the avowed intention of completing the 50 kilometers before 5 o'clock to bar his less venturesome rivals, who desired to await calmer air, Paulham not only accomplished his original purpose, but continued to circle the vast plain until his tank was literally empty. Thirteen times he made the circuit. Even when a shower, accompanied by a high wind, suddenly broke, the intrepid pilot did not falter. He battled in the teeth of the rain and wind for 10 minutes up one length of the course, and the thrilled spectators watched the struggle against the elements in spellbound admiration. When he succeeded in rounding the turn the excitement and enthusiasm broke into a frenzied roar.

Given Rousing Reception.

As Paulham in turn broke the time and distance records the jubilation of the spectators was beyond description. The Americans joined the French and other foreigners in paying tribute to the courage of the daring aviator. Paulham descended near the back turn, and it was announced that the committee had granted him permission to replenish his tank on the field to permit his return with his own power.

Everybody decided to await his appearance, and it is doubtful if 100 persons left the tribunes, despite the lateness of the hour.

It was dark when a great cheer arose as Paulham appeared out of the blackness of night and descended gracefully in front of the tribunes.

MUTINY IN ATHENS

Athens, August 28.—A part of the local garrison, under the leadership of their officers, mutinied this morning, left their barracks, marched out of the city and are now encamped in the suburbs. The men are dissatisfied with the present ministry and conditions in the army. As a result of this step the cabinet of Premier Rhallis has resigned and King George has asked M. Mavromichaelis to form a new ministry. Four captains, leaders in the movement for the reorganization of the army, were arrested last night. A deputation of officers waited upon Premier Rhallis yesterday to submit a program of the reforms demanded by them, but the premier refused to receive them, on the ground that among them were officers who had been punished for rebellious conduct.

This crisis in army affairs has added to the unrest of the general public.

DIE SAVING LIVES

All Passengers Are Saved When Steamer Sinks in Alaskan Waters.

Seattle, Wash., August 28.—Five lives were lost in the sinking of the Alaska Steamship Company's steamer Ohio off Steep Point, Alaska. There were 128 passengers on board, but all these escaped, the victims being employes. The loss of the steamer and the cargo is total.

Among the passengers were Frank C. Greene, his wife and son, Roger, of Cleveland. Greene is a mining engineer, and was one of the party which sailed with Clarence Cunningham, the Alaska coal land operator, who lays claim to Alaska coal mines valued at an enormous sum and whose title is being investigated by President Taft. The Cunningham party will return to Seattle at once.

M. J. Heney, the Alaska railroad contractor, who was on board the lost steamer and was transferred to the Humboldt, has sent a wireless message saying that Stephens and Eccles went down saving the lives of passengers, instead of looking to their own interests.

The drowned are Purser F. J. Stephens, of Seattle, wireless operator; George E. Eccles, of Winnipeg, two seamen and the quartermaster, names not given.

A wireless dispatch says the Ohio sank in three minutes. This probably means that she was on the reef a considerable time and that the passengers were all off before the ship slid into deep water, which she did so speedily as to carry down five of the crew.

Some of the passengers were taken ashore in lifeboats and taken by the fishing boat Kingfisher to Swanson bay. Others were taken on the Humboldt and the Rupert City. The Humboldt's rescued passengers will be landed at Ketchikan, while the Rupert City is taking her passengers to Vancouver.

The Dolphin, another Alaskan Steamship Co. boat, which left Seattle Wednesday night, and is due at Ketchikan tonight, was ordered by wireless to stand by in Swanson bay and give assistance.

It is 320 miles from Seattle to Steep Point. The rocks where the Ohio sank shelve off rapidly into unusually deep water.

The Ohio was insured for $220,000. Captain John Johnson, her navigator, was regarded as one of the most skillful on the Pacific coast.

BRAVE WIRELESS OPERATOR STUCK TO INSTRUMENT

New York, August 28.—The United Wireless company, one of whose operators, E. G. Eccles, of Winnipeg, perished in the sinking of the steamship Ohio off the Alaskan coast yesterday, received an account of the disaster from Operator Booth at Ketchikan, Alaska, late yesterday. Booth says in a dispatch to the headquarters of the company here: "About 1 a. m. I was sitting with my receivers clapped to my ears, having just finished working with Operator Eccles on board the Ohio, when I was startled by hearing him call, 'C. Q. D., C. Q. D.' I immediately answered and he sent the following message: 'Ohio struck a rock—steamer sinkingsend aid immediately or everybody will be lost.'

"The steamships Humboldt and Rupert, of the McKenzie Brothers' Steamship company, happened to be near at the time and they both called the Ohio, asking for her latitude. Eccles gave it immediately and the Rupert flashed back that they would change their course and stand by the Ohio, as soon as possible.

"In the meantime Eccles sent another message, saying: 'Ohio sinking fast—cannot hold out. Passengers being taken off in small boats. Captain and crew will stick to the last.'

"The Humboldt and Rupert both replied that they were headed for the Ohio and would pick the passengers up. Then came the final message from the stricken vessel. It was never finished 'Passengers all off and adrift in small boats,' it said; 'captain and crew going off in the last boat, waiting for me now—good bye.'

"I was unable to get him again," concludes Booth, "and I knew he had gone down with his ship."

GIVES UP GIRL FOR RICHES

Preferring Legacy, Bachelor Complies With Will.

Philadelphia, August 26.—In order to comply with the terms of his brother's will, which required him to remain a bachelor, William Taggart, of this city, has announced that would give up an intended marriage and will thereby receive a legacy of $15,000 and valuable ranch lands in California.

Taggart made the announcement after he had received word of the bequest from an attorney in Calejo, Cal. The estate originally belonged to an uncle who died many years ago, leaving the property to David S. Taggart, a brother of William, on condition that he remain unmarried.

The brother died last week at Calejo and he passed the estate to William provided the matrimonial restriction was observed.

CIGARET POPULAR IN INDIA

Natives Can Smoke Thousand for Twenty Cents.

Washington, August 28.—The "birie," another name for the cigaret among India's natives, has won popularity among that country's teeming population because of its cheapness, according to Consul Dennison, of Bombay. The cigarets are sold at a price—20 cents 1,000—which brings them within the reach of all and creates a demand.

Commenting upon the present condition of the tobacco trade in India, Consul Dennison states that about 1,700 square miles are now under cultivation, principally in Bengal.

The British-American Tobacco company practically controls the import trade in leaf tobacco.

AIRSHIPS IN RACES

Great Aeroplanes Soar Aloft Without an Accident.

Rheims, August 28.—Glenn H. Curtiss, the only American aviator at Betheny, today won the international cup of aviation. He covered the two laps of the course, twenty kilometres, or 12.42 miles, in 15 minutes 50 3-5 seconds. This is at the rate of 47.65 miles an hour.

Bleriot, his most formidable competitor, made the distance in 15 minutes 56 1-5 seconds. Latham did not start.

Curtiss took advantage of favorable weather conditions this morning, and after a trial lap, which he covered in 7 minutes 55 1-5 seconds, he made his official record. He did the first lap in 7 minutes 57 2-5 seconds, and the second in 7 minutes 53 1-5 seconds. Each lap measures 6.21 of a mile, and Curtiss broke all previous records.

Winner Gets $5,000.

The international cup of aviation is known otherwise as the Gordon Bennett trophy. It is an object of art valued at $2,500, which goes to the winning club, and $5,000 to the aviator. The course is two laps of the Betheny aerodrome, or 20 kilometres.

Curtiss comes from Hammondsport, New York. This is the first time he has flown against formidable competitors. His machine is a biplane.

Curtiss came to his decision to make a trial round suddenly. At 10:11 a. m., surrounded by a group of enthusiastic Americans, including Cortlandt F. Bishop, president of the American Aero club; Commander F. L. Chapin, the American naval attache at Paris, and T. Bentley Mott, the military attache, the machine was run out on the field. Curtiss made no preparation for his flight other than to change his coat for a leather jacket. With no trace of excitement he climbed into the seat and gave the order to start the propellers. Running along the ground a short distance for a flying start the machine lifted lightly and circled between the timekeepers and the tribunes. Then mounting gradually until he had reached a height of 45 feet, Curtiss crossed the line at a terrific pace.

Looks Like Real Racer.

The Curtiss aeroplane, small and compact and with trim lines, looks more like a racer than any of the others here, and as it sped away straight as an arrow, exclamations of admiration arose from every lip. Clipping the corners closely, Curtiss continued at a uniform height until he had passed the last pylon. He then descended sharply, to get the benefit of gravity, and crossed the finish line less than a dozen feet above the ground.

A few seconds afterward the white ball was hoisted, indicating that a record had been broken, and the Americans broke out into wild cheering. The aeroplane was towed back behind the line and Curtiss was showered with congratulations. He replied modestly that this speed was only what he anticipated, and he expressed perfect satisfaction with the way in which his aeroplane had behaved. The time for this trial heat was 7 minutes 55 1-5 seconds.

Curtiss, complained, however, that he had encountered peculiar air currents, especially over the "aeroplane graveyard," where he said the air seemed to "boil."

The American announced that he would start immediately for the international. His gasoline tank was quickly refilled and he got away in fine style. He rose to a greater height than on his trial in order to escape the turbulent air currents near the ground. His flight was masterly. The machine lifted before every turn and swept around the turns on the down grade.

Curtiss' first round was slower by 2 1-5 seconds than his trial, but on the last round he let out his motor to its full speed and came home like a streak. He shot down from a height of 100 feet, at which altitude he rounded the last pylon, to the finish line, which he crossed in impressive style. His time for this round was 7 minutes 53 1-5 seconds. This broke Curtiss' own world record made half an hour previously. His total for the 20 kilometres, 12:42 miles, was 15 minutes, 50 3-5 seconds.

Bleriot waited until a late hour this afternoon before flying. He made his first round in 7 minutes 53 3-5 seconds, which is still two-fifths of a second behind the best time made by Curtiss.

Lefebvre, flying a Wright biplane, also tried for this event, but his time was comparatively slow, being given at 20 minutes 33 2-5 seconds.

As Leon Delagrange was turning the first pylon in the course of an exhibition aeroplane flight today, the propeller of his machine broke from its shaft and the aeroplane fell heavily to the ground. Fortunately the height at the time did not exceed 25 feet. Delagrange was badly bruised and shaken up, but none of his bones were broken.

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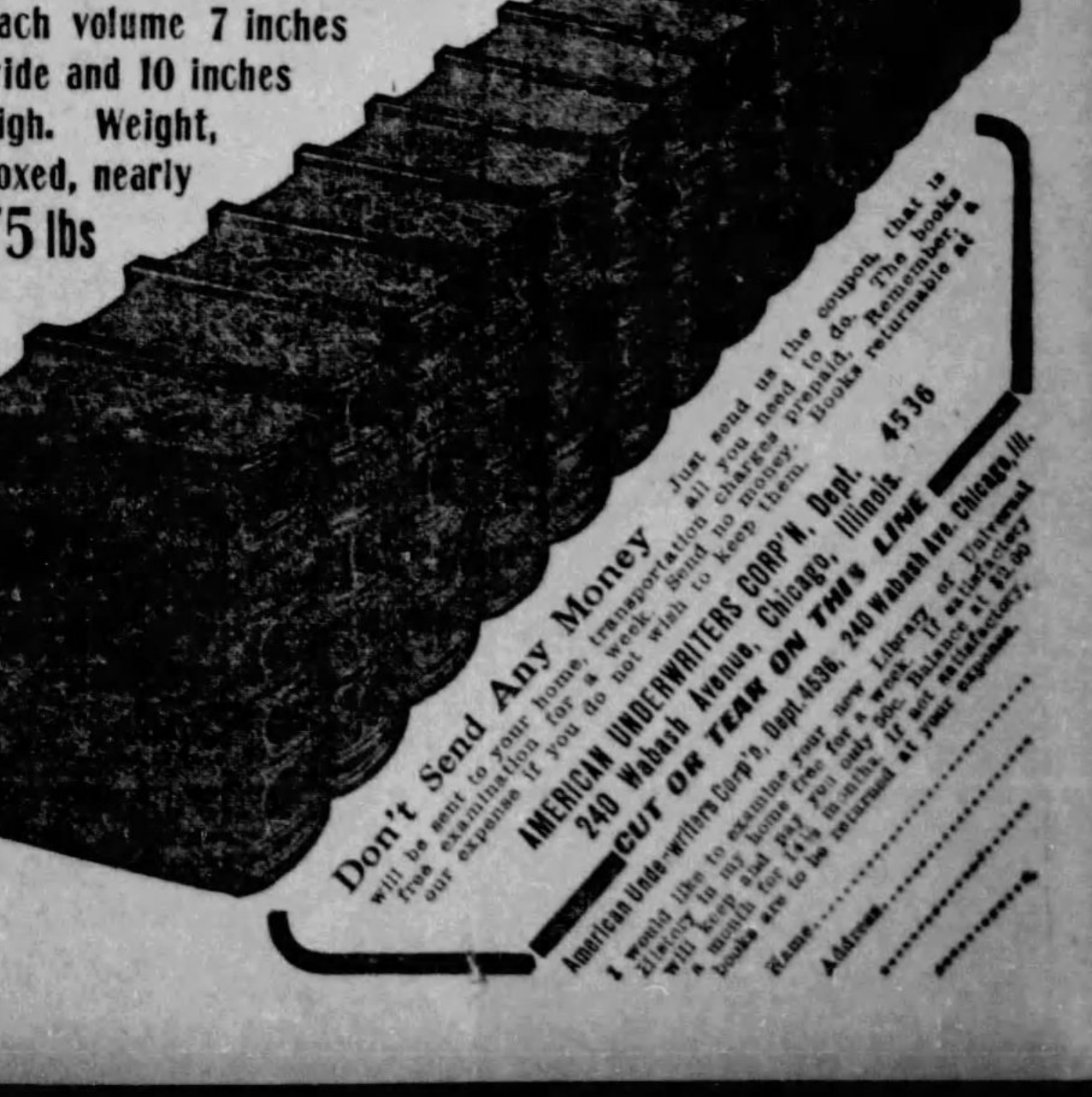

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CHOLERA ON SHIP

Sailed From Dutch City Where Four Died of the Plague.

Washington, August 27.—That the Dutch ship Andyk is en route to the United States with cholera aboard is inferred from a cablegram from the American consul at Rotterdam received by the marine hospital service yesterday through the state department. The cablegram reads: "Cholera Andyk, Wednesday, Baltimore."

This message is interpreted as meaning that the Andyk sailed from Rotterdam for Baltimore, with one or more cases of cholera aboard.

The vessel is a slow steamer and is not expected to arrive off Cape Charles until about Sept. 8. In the meantime the hospital service will take steps to prevent a landing until a thorough investigation shall have been made.

Four Already Have Died.

Rotterdam, August 27.—At today's sitting of the municipal council, the burgomaster announced that there had been four deaths from cholera and that out of nine suspected cases now in the isolation sheds, three had been found to be infected with cholera bacillus. An examination of the others has not yet been concluded. Forty-two apparently healthy persons who have been in contact with those declared infected are now under observation. There were no further fresh cases reported today.

The general opinion is that the disease was brought to this port by the steamer Ellewoutsdyk from St. Petersburg. The burgomaster has issued a proclamation advising the people to boil their water and milk, but adds that he sees no reason for anxiety, as the city's water supply is quite free from bacteria.

Causes Serious Alarm.

The Hague, August 27.—The outbreak of cholera at Rotterdam has caused the most serious alarm here, as well as at other places in Holland, and stringent precautions have been adopted everywhere to prevent the spread of the disease. The proposed visit of the queen dowager and the princesses of Bentheim to Rotterdam has been cancelled.

England Takes Precautions.

London, August 27.—The English sanitary authorities have declared Rotterdam an infected port, and regulations will be enforced at all British ports for the examination of all vessels arriving from Holland, in order to prevent the cholera from being introduced into England.

NEW IRRIGATION TERRITORY

Millions of Acres Are Ready for Settlers.

Washington, August 25.—Under the enlarged homestead act allowing 320 instead of 160 acres, Acting Secretary of the Interior Pierce has designated for settlement 542,480 additional acres in Montana, making a total so designated in that state of 26,030,080. Under the provisions of the same act 113,330 acres of land in San Juan county, Utah, have been similarly designated.

The Cheyenne River and the Standing Rock Indian reservations in South Dakota and North Dakota will be opened for settlement October 1-25, inclusive, according to a telegram received at Chicago by F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, from Acting Commissioner Proudfit of the United States land office at Washington.

These reservations are bounded on the east by the Missouri river and contain about 2,800,000 acres, including areas allotted to the Indians. About 7,000 quarter sections will be allotted to settlers. The points of registration are Aberdeen, Leamot and Mobridge, South Dakota.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

FORCED TO LABOR

Machinist at the Schoenville Steel Plant Charges Peonage.

Pittsburg, August 27.—That acts of cruelty were committed inside of the stockade at the Pressed Steel Car company's works at Schoenville, just on the outskirts of this city, was sworn before the investigators, sent from Washington to inquire into the charges that the corporation was guilty of peonage.

It was developed also that the Austro-Hungarian government is behind this inquiry, and that it was not until after one of the diplomatic representatives of that nation had visited the steel plant that the people in charge treated employes with more consideration.

Legal representatives of Austro-Hungary were on hand when Special Agent H. W. Hoagland, of the department of justice, called the hearing to order in one of the offices of United States District Attorney John H. Jordan.

All Guards Are Armed.

The first witness called was James Godfried, machinist of New York. Godfried said he had been hired in New York by an employment agent and that he was promised $3 a day. He said that 40 or 50 men came with him. He insisted he had to leave because of bad treatment.

"Are there any men in the place who are being detained against their will?" asked Mr. Hoagland.

"Yes, there are," replied the witness. "They are being detained by guards who are armed with guns and revolvers."

The next witness called proved the most important of the day, as far as the charges were concerned. He was Alexander Friedman, a machinist, who was brought to the steel plant about two weeks ago, with 160 other men. Friedman said that last week, after he had put in a day's work, several of the armed guards came to him and asked him if he would work overtime. He agreed.

"I was employed as a machinist," he testified, "but they took me to the kitchen and made me carry boxes of meat and barrels of potatoes. I objected and said that I did not intend to do work of that kind. At this the two guards assaulted me. I could not help myself. I told them that I wanted to quit work altogether, but they compelled me to work in the kitchen."

Threatened Imprisonment.

Friedman insisted that he had been detained against his will and that he had been threatened with incarceration in a box car.

The strike zone of the Pressed Steel Car company at McKees Rocks presented a scene of pitiful desolation. In a drizzling rain families of strikers, on whom eviction notices had been served, were compelled to vacate the company houses. The evicted families had no other place of refuge in view, but all of them were taken care of by the strikers' committee and friends to an extent allowed by their limited means and inadequate facilities.

An abandoned one-horse wagon was found by some of the men. After it had been loaded with household goods two strikers would pull it and two more would push from the rear. In many cases the parents and children carried heavy loads through the streets to a hillside, just outside the strike district.

GEN. BOOTH JARS THE WOMEN

Says a Sensible Hat Can't Be Found New York.

New York, August 30.—General Ballington Booth just about jarred an audience of women off the chairs in Tent Evangel yesterday afternoon when he denounced the caprices of fashion to which woman has fallen and declared that it is a difficult matter to find a sensible hat in New York. He said he believed the women would agree with him in the latter statement, but none of them seemed to.

"I hear the Volunteers of America criticised for their simple dress," declared the general, "but it's a good thing somebody goes in for the sensible. My headquarters is near a theatre and the fashions I see in that neighborhood cause me to lift up my soul to God in prayer. They started on 'merry widows,' but they've gone on the 'peach baskets,' 'wash bowls inverted,' and then to 'flower pots,' but now they've gone to 'wash baskets,' and I wonder where they'll stop."

Three or 400 women sat bolt upright during these remarks. If some one had kicked the tent poles out and let the canvas down around their heads they could not have been more surprised. All the men wanted to laugh, but not more than six of them dared to. General Booth was one of the six.

TURKEY CAN'T SEND WARSHIP

But Will Be Represented at Hudson-Fulton Fete.

Constantinople, August 27.—The Turkish government has decided that it is impracticable to send a warship to represent the empire at the approaching Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York. Turkey will, however, be represented by an official of the Washington embassy.

SEVEN CHILDREN PERISH IN FIRE

Bodies Found in Ruins of New York Institution for Orphans.

New York, August 31.—That seven children, inmates of St. Malachi's Home for Children at Rockaway Park, L. I., were suffocated in a fire which destroyed a portion of the home last night was discovered today by firemen digging in the ruins of the burned building.

There were 750 children in the institution, which is conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Brooklyn. Most of them marched out of the buildings in good order last night when the fire alarm was sounded, and it was supposed that all had escaped until the bodies were found in the smouldering embers today.

Nearly all of those burned to death were less than 5 years old. The portion of the dormitory in which they sleep was directly over the laundry, where the fire originated. How they were overlooked in the work of rescue last night, or whether there were other bodies remaining in the ruins could not be determined this morning, as most of the records of the institution were destroyed or are inaccessible.

Fire Started in Laundry.

The fire was discovered in the laundry in the north wing at 8 o'clock last evening. Three hundred and fifty small children were in their cots on the third and fourth floors of that wing and some of the older children were attending evening prayers in the chapel.

As the alarm sounded the older children marched from the chapel to the board walk along the beach, and the nurses and attendants rushed to the work of carrying the little children from their cots in the floors above.

Firemen assisted in searching the halls and dormitories and found a few children lingering in the halls, too frightened to leave the building, but the rescue work had been conducted with such dispatch and good order that it was believed, until today, that all the children were out of the building.

While the flames were licking up the north side of the big building the children were marshalled under the care of their nurses on the board walk. Some of the sisters made a determined effort to reach the store house to secure blankets to cover the babies, of whom there were many scores, but the store room was filled with smoke and inaccessible.

Hose Pipes Burst.

After several lengths of hose had burst and the north wing had been completely destroyed, the firemen checked the flames and saved the Hebrew home nearby, with a large nmber of inmates. A large number of children from St. Malachi's home were given shelter in the Hebrew institution and others were taken into the various hotels and cottages on the beach.

The damage to the buildings amounted to $25,000. The search of the ruins for more bodies was continued today in the fear that other children had been burned.

GET BIG CATCH OF SEALS

American Hunters Have Killed 14,366 This Season.

Washington, August 26.—A dispatch was received at the department of commerce and labor today from the North American Commercial company, at San Francisco, which has the Pribiloff islands sealing lease, announcing its catch for the past season amounted to 14,366 skins, within 634 of the full quota allowed under their contract with the government. This information had just been received from their agent on the islands.

The company does not attach any significance to the failure of W. I. Lembkey, the government's agent, to forward a report of the catch. If there had been any trouble in the islands with pelagic sealers it is likely that it would have been reported by the agents of the government's lessees.

UKASE FROM KUKLUX KLAN

White Robed Visitors Say Blind Tigers Must Go.

Dalton, Ga., August 26.—There is considerable excitement in Dalton and vicinity as the result of a warning left by a band of mounted masked men, who style themselves members of the Kuklux Klan. After calling in three prominent citizens of the town, Tibo Tob, Grand Cyclops, and his band of 30 robed and masked riders departed.

The names of three negroes as well as "several white men" are mentioned in the warning as marked for death unless they forthwith discontinue certain practices charged to them, such as selling blind tiger liiquor, loafing, etc.

"Blind tigers, gamblers, lewd women, streets loafers and vagrants must go," declares the ukase.

PRINCE KINIYOSHI KUNI SAILS

Grandson of Japan's Emperor on Way to New York.

London, August 31.—Prince Kiniyoshi Kuni, grandson of the emperor of Japan, accompanied by the princess and Colonel Kurita, his aide de camp, left Liverpool today on the steamer Campania for New York, where he will represent the Japanese government at the Hudson-Fulton celebration. At the conclusion of this ceremony the prince will visit Taft and then make a tour of the United States.

THE NEW ASTHMA TREATMENT A REMARKABLE SUCCESS

The Frontier Method's Soothing, Pleasing, Home Treatment—Try It Free.

Asthma and hay fever are ailments which have always baffled doctors of all schools. Heretofore, many scientific men have held that there is no treatment for these troubles that could be absolutely depended upon to give permanent results. The Frontier Method, which has always proved itself a positive cure in thousands of cases will, therefore, be gladly welcomed by sufferers and physicians alike everywhere. This treatment aims not only at quickly relieving the very distressing symptoms of the ailments mentioned, but in removing the cause of the trouble, thus effecting a complete and lasting cure. Being based upon natural laws, it of course accomplishes what cannot be expected of unnatural and unscientific methods designed merely to suppress the symptoms for a time, without affording more than temporary relief in any case. A veritable multitude of former sufferers attest so strongly to the wonderful curative powers of the Frontier Method that no doubt should exist in any mind as to the efficacy of this marvelous treatment. The many testimonials from grateful persons who have been cured, and the convincing literature of the company, should satisfy even the most skeptical that there is at least a genuine cure for asthmatic and similar affections. Sufferers of long standing, who have tried various kinds of inhalers, douches and patent smokes, without securing permanent benefit, those who have considered it necessary to every year seek a change of climate, and those who realize the seriousness of asthma—that it is hereditary and may be transmitted from one generation to another—ought particularly to secure the trial treatment and full information concerning this recent important discovery. Why not stop your suffering at once? Why not write right now for the free treatment and proofs of cures? Just send name and address—no money—to Frontier Asthma Co., Room 3G, Cor. Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lost in Wilderness

EARL GREY,
Governor General of Canada.

NEW QUAKE IS FELT

Shocks Not So Pronounced as Yesterday.

Washington, August 31.—Again today the seismographs at the United States weather bureau recorded earth shocks. The vibrations which were only slight and not so pronounced as those of yesterday when the earthquake at Panama was recorded, began shortly after six o'clock this morning and continued almost half an hour. They were not sufficient to lead the government officials to investigate carefully the location of the shocks, but it is believed they are centered in the same locality as those of yesterday.

Cleveland, August 31.—An earthquake shock of 19 minutes duration was recorded by Father I. L. Odenbach's seismograph at St. Ignatius' college, from 6:08 to 6:27 o'clock early today. Father Odenbach said he was of the opinion the disturbance occurred upon the American continent, or in South America as the extreme distance.

Rome, August 31.—Rome was visited by an earthquake this afternoon. The damage done was slight and no casualties have been reported.

LUNA WILL SHUT OFF MARS

Big Planet Will Be Cut Off From View Tomorrow.

Geneva, N. Y., August 31.—An interesting eclipse of Mars by the moon, visible throughout the United States, will occur Wednesday evening, according to a bulletin issued by Professor William R. Brooks at Smith's observatory today.

The phenomenon will last about an hour, beginning in the longitude of Washington at 8:42 p. m. and ending at 9:30. At places west of Washington it will occur earlier and at places east of Washington later.

The eclipse will be visible to the naked eye, but the use of a small field glass, which will bring it clearly within observation, is advised by Professor Brooks.

CAN'T IMPRISON AN EAGLE

Comptroller of Currency Points Out Law to Bank Man.

Washington, August 31.—An American eagle will be deprived of daily food to the value of 50 cents as a result of the action of the acting comptroller of the currency.

Recently the receiver of a western bank wrote to the comptroller asking for instructions with regard to a most unusual case. He stated that the bank held in trust a splendid eagle and that included in the daily expense of the institution was an item of 50 cents for meat with which to feed the bird. He desired to know what he was to do about it.

Acting Comptroller Kane upon investigation found that the laws of the state in which the bank was located provide for a fine of $10 to $25 for any person found guilty of keeping an eagle in captivity. He therefore advised the receiver to that effect and instructed him to release the bird immediately.

PETTY LYING IS PUNISHED

Collector Loeb to Show Tourists They Gain Nothing.

New York, August 31.—Collector of the Port William Loeb, Jr., has determined to teach a lot of people who tell petty lies to Uncle Sam that honesty is the best policy. The customs law allows a passenger to bring in dutiable goods to the value of $100 free, provided the articles are set forth in declarations, but many persons have been found guilty of failing to declare these little things.

Hitherto they have gone unpunished, but yesterday a score or more of passengers were taken to the customs house and made to pay duty on property which, if they had not attempted to conceal it, would have been admitted free.

This little punishment will be continued until people learn better ways.

PREPARE TO CROSS PACIFIC

Armored Cruisers Get Ready for Their Long Cruise.

San Francisco, August 31.—Eight cruisers, comprising the Pacific fleet under command of Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree, arrived here today from Seattle and at once began final preparations for an oriental cruise that will continue until February 15.

The vessels which will make the long voyage are the California, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Colorado. They will receive 300 more sailors and take on coal and ammunition before sailing September 5 for Honolulu.

From Honolulu they will steam to New Guinea, where they will coal, and will weigh anchor for Manila. After battle practice at the latter port, the fleet will divide, four ships going to Hong Kong, and four to Yokahama.

RULER IS NEAR DEATH IN WILDS

Lord Grey, Governor General of Canada, Lost on Hunting Trip.

Victoria, B. C., August 31.—It became known today that Earl Grey, governor general of Canada, who has just returned from a hunting trip in the northwestern wilds, narrowly escaped death when he became lost and wandered for hours in the wilderness at night.

At one time he caught himself just before plunging over a cliff. His alpenstock, with which he was feeling his way ahead in the dark, slipped over the pricipice and clattered down to the bottom, but Lord Grey escaped the plunge by grasping a tree.

Clothes Torn to Rags.

When rescued by one of the many parties searching for him the governor general was completely exhausted. His clothes were torn into rags by his efforts in climbing over fallen trees, fighting his way through underbrush and sliding down rocks.

The governor general returned here yesterday from Dawson and Skagway on the government steamer Quadra. He then told of his adventure.

Last Saturday, Lord Grey, accompanied only by his dog, left the Quadra for a hunting expedition in the woods of Jervis outlet. He lost his way and night came on. When he failed to return for dinner there was intense excitement on the Quadra and the steam whistle was kept blowing constantly, fires built on the beach and searching parties sent into the woods.

Meanwhile the governor general was fighting his way through the wilderness. On one occasion he came to the edge of a precipice, feeling his way with an alpenstock which he carried, as well as a rifle. The alpenstock slipped from his hand and clattered down. Then he realized what a narrow escape from death he had.

Found by Searchers.

Lord Grey turned back and failing in the darkness to find his way, after many struggles, sank down exhausted after 5½ hours of unavailing effort. He was so hungry and exhausted that he leaned against what he took to be a log, but it proved to be a shadow and he tumbled into the undergrowth. Then he sank down on a flat rock to await daylight and soon afterward saw the reflection of a fire. It was an Indian encampment.

Lord Grey fired his rifle and the shot was heard by a searching party and the rescuers hurried to him, guided by his shouts. They took him to the shore, where a boat was waiting to convey him to the Quadra, on which he was received with great joy by his daughter, Lady Sybil Grey, Lord Lacelles and the other members of the party, who were waiting him at the steamer's side.

Lord Grey is none the worse for his adventure.

RAILWAYS DROP FIGHT

Will Await Ruling of U. S. Supreme Court.

Chicago, August 31.—The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway and seven other railway companies interested in the order of the interstate commerce commission instituting a new proportional rate between Chicago and Des Moines, Iowa, today withdrew their suit to enjoin enforcement of the order.

The withdrawal was due to the recent decision of the United States circuit court in the Missouri river rate case, in which the alleged power of the commission to make new rates was denied. The principle involved in the Des Moines case is the same as that decided in the Missouri river rate case, which will be reviewed by the supreme court of the United States.

The decree in the Missouri river rate case was entered today and immediately following this action the appeal to the supreme tribunal of the country was perfected. The appeal is based almost entirely on the dissenting opinion handed down by Judge Baker, who could not agree with his majority colleagues in their decision denying to the commission the rate making power which it had sought to enforce in the Missouri river rate case.

LION DASHES INTO A CROWD

Beast Exhibited in Front of Theatre Breaks Away.

La Vegas, N. M., August 30.—A well-grown mountain lion, caught two weeks ago, while on exhibition in front of a theatre suddenly became enraged at the crowd packed about its cage and the glare of the electric lights, and, with a roar, dashed aside the bars of its cage, broke the chain holding it and leaped into the crowd. A panic ensued.

As the beast dashed down a crowded street pedestrians made a dash for places of safety, horses became frightened and ran away. The lion took to the nearby mountains.

CHINA REFUSES TO PROBE

Makes No Move Regarding Murder of Employe of Americans.

Peking, August 31.—China has declined the proposal made by Sir John Jordan, the British minister, for a joint investigation in Peking of the killing by natives in Kan-Su province last June of Hazrah Ali, an Italian surveyor attached to the meteorogical expedition under Lieutenant R. S. Clark, a former officer of the United States army. Henry P. Fletcher, the American charge d'affaires, concurred in the British demand. China gives as her reason that it is impossible to bring witnesses from Kan-Su province.

Minister Jordan holds, as that the Clark expedition was traveling under American passports, it devolves upon the American government to press for reparation, and he intimates that if the United States does not act he will take the matter into his own hands. Hazrah Ali was a British subject, and Sir John explains that it is impossible to permit his murderers to go unpunished.

GENTRY AND WOMAN HELD

Will Be Tried for Kidnaping "Incubator Baby."

Topeka, Kan., August 31.—Mrs. Stella Barclay and J. N. Gentry, charged with kidnaping Martha Bleakley, the "incubator baby," were arranged before Judge Simon, in the city court yesterday afternoon, and their preliminary hearing set for September 8.

Their bond was fixed at $6,000 each. Gentry had made no arrangements to furnish bond, but his attorney said Mrs. Barclay would furnish bond later. Meanwhile both prisoners are held at the county jail.

There was no demonstration of hostility against Mrs. Barclay and Gentry, although the court room was packed.

HOPE FOR HARRIMAN

Operation Is Not Needed at Present, but Life Must Be Very Carefully Regulated.

Arden, N. Y., August 30.—The trend of opinion regarding Edward H. Harriman's condition was demonstrated today by a relaxation of the intense interest the community has recently displayed in that subject. Another indication quite as significant was the rapidly thinning ranks of the newspaper men who were rushed here last Friday when Wall street was first startled by the report that the railroad man was about to undergo a critical operation.

Lacking any satisfactory denial from the members of Mr. Harriman's household this rumor and others of similar nature persisted even in the face of reassuring statements by men of such weight in the financial world as Jacob H. Schiff and Judge Robert S. Lovett. But yesterday the family broke silence, and through their chaplain, the Rev. J. Homes McGuiness, sent a message to the press that effectually halted wild conjectures.

All Are Encouraged.

The clergyman's statement was as follows: "Mr. Harriman is better. You may say that Mrs. Harriman and all of us are very happy over the steady improvement in his health since he came to Arden House. So far as I know this is the first authorized statement made by any member of the Harriman household and I am most solicitous that it should be printed precisely as I present it."

There are few here today who do not believe not only that Mr. Harriman is in no immediate danger, but that his health has improved since his arrival last Tuesday. At the same time there is little doubt that the financier's condition is only satisfactory. And of all the stories spread abroad during the past three days one persists. This is that last Friday a noted specialist, perhaps several specialists, held a consultation at Arden house. What their verdict was can only be conjectured, but if they came to consider an immediate operation they decided against it. Mr. Harriman is in no immediate danger, but his life must be regulated with extreme care.

An assistant chef has been installed in the Harriman household, whose only duty is to prepare the food for the head of the family. According to this man Mr. Harriman's meals are served about as follows:

Breakfast usually at 10 a. m., consisting of eggs, fruit and a new patented preparation of salt, in place of the accustomed cup of coffee. A lunch is served to Mr. Harriman between 1 and 2 o'clock and is usually his heartiest meal. He is not allowed to eat much meat and none of his food is highly seasoned. The new food drink is presecribed as a tissue builder and is partaken of at all meals, and sometimes between meal hours. Mr. Harriman eats dinner with the family about 7 p. m., but does not indulge in many of the dishes prepared for the others. He usually retires about 10 o'clock, although he sometimes sits up a little later, as he rests most of the time during the day.

SISTERS TAKE A LONG SWIM

One Goes More Than Mile in Hour and 12 Minutes.

New York, August 30.—Struggling against a stiff northwest wind and choppy sea, Ethel Due, 17, and her sister Vera, 15, swam across the narrows from Fort Hamilton yesterday morning. Another sister, Beatrice, 12, made the start, but after four hours, she was picked up 100 yards from the Staten island shore. She was highly indignant and asserted she would have finished it if left alone.

Ethel, the last to enter and the first to leave, covered the distance in one hour and 12 minutes. The narrows is a little more than a mile wide at that point and it is asserted that the best previous time was one hour and 20 minutes.

Vera arrived at the Staten island shore one hour and one minute after her elder sister. She was caught in the outgoing tide and carried south, finishing a half mile from the place where Ethel had landed. Each girl was laughing at the finish and looked fresh enough to repeat the swim.

MARKET IS DANGEROUS

Too Many Artificial Influences, Says Clews.

New York, August 30.—A marked change has taken place in speculative sentiment, says Henry Clews' weekly financial review. This was brought about by the disappointing condition of Mr. Harriman's health after a trip abroad, the special purpose of which was its restoration. The reaction began in Union Pacific and quickly extended to the remainder of the market. Stocks which suffered most were those that previously led the advance. It was evident that the market was ripe for a reaction, and this fact had as much to do with the declines as Mr. Harriman's health, concerning which there was really nothing new to the well informed. Nevertheless, the importance of Mr. Harriman as a factor in the stock market cannot be disputed. For a long time he has been the dominating element in the speculative arena, but his operations in this field are now undoubtedly closed, and it is in this quarter that his withdrawal from active affairs will be most noticeable in the public eye.

As to the policies regarding his great railroad systems, these are already well established, and will probably be continued with but slight modifications by thoroughly competent successors. Some of these plans may be incomplete, or they may require readjustment to changed circumstances; and the fact that his judgment and attention cannot be available at such a time must affect the value of his securities, particularly where they have been inflated to ridiculous figures by exaggerated expectations as to what Mr. Harriman's speculative operations might or might not accomplish. Railroad affairs are just now passing through a remarkable change of development in the section of the country served by the Harriman lines, and in view of the growing rivalry of other systems, the diminution of Mr. Harriman's activities will, of course, unfavorably affect his specialties. Nevertheless, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific must continue to carry freight and passengers, and the probabilities are that their facilities in this respect will be fully taxed as far in the future as can be definitely seen. The roads are in excellent condition and quite capable of earning good dividends and commanding fair market prices strictly on their merits and free of the fantasies and mysteries associated with the Harriman regime. It is, of course, inevitable that in due time Mr. Harriman's directive abilities must entirely cease, and when that contingency arrives it will, no doubt, be found that it has been fully discounted.

As previously intimated in these advices, the market has been subjected to violent fluctuations. The fact that prices were much too high has at last been recognized, and the failure of the big holders successfully to unload any considerable portion of their surplus securities cannot be concealed. The public was well advised and did not come into the market to any important extent, so that recent losses will chiefly fall upon the professional traders. As to how far the decline will go, it is not possible at this writing to suggest. The market is still in a very feverish state and exposed to further sharp breaks. At the same time the big men have the situation well under control, and it is within their power to arrest the downward movement wherever it best suits their purposes. A market so largely under the control of artificial influences is necessarily a dangerous one for the average operator, although less so than before the decline set in.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 31.—Toledo cash and September wheat scored a half cent gain in the initial half hour, the price mounting to $1.08. December opened ½c advanced at $1.08 and May ⅛c up at $1.09. A continued strong tone and slightly higher prices were features of the early hours. The wheat market was stimulated by higher cables, and the effects of moderate receipts in the northwest. Liverpool opened strong on prospects of a decrease in Russian shipments and an improved spot demand. Weather conditions on the whole were satisfactory for harvesting the transportation of wheat. Shorts in the last day or two have been inclined to accept profits rather than extend their lines, apparently being influenced by congestion in September and the reduction in stocks.

Cash and Sept. closed ½c up at $1.08, December 1c up at $1.08½, May 1c higher at $1.09¼. Good buying late in the day was responsible for the advance. Liverpool closed ⅞d to 1⅛d higher.

With the weather map more favorable, receipts larger than expected and the edge off cash demand, corn had a rather weak appearance, though with the exception of September which opened ¾c off at 68⅝c prices were higher at the outset. A firmer feeling developed after the call.

Fear of frost in the northern part of the belt and reports that damage from drought in the west is greater than generally believed firmed up corn. Cash closed at 70c, September at 69¼c, December at 57½c and May 59c.

Sympathy with wheat and corn caused a slight advance in oats, September opening ⅛c up at 38⅛c. The other options gained the same amount at the outset.

Oats closed as follows: Cash 70c, September 38⅝c, December, 39⅛c, May 41⅞c.

Clover seed prices were the same as the previous close on the call, excepting for an advance of 5c in October at 10 a. m. Cash opened at $7.05, October at $7.35, December and March at $7.32½.

Covering by shorts carried prices up at the start, but scattered realizing sales caused a reaction and at the close prices were only a trifle over the previous close.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 31	Close Aug. 30
Wheat—					
Cash	1.07⅞	1.08⅛	....	1.08	1.07½
Sept	1.07⅞	1.08⅛	....	1.08	1.07½
Dec	1.08	....	....	1.08½	1.07½
May	1.09	....	....	1.09¼	1.08¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	70	70
Sept	68⅝	....	....	69¼	69½
Dec	57⅛	....	....	57½	56⅞
May	58⅝	....	....	59	58⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	38½	38⅛
Sept	38⅛	....	....	38⅝	38⅛
Dec	39	....	....	39⅛	38⅞
May	41½	....	....	41⅞	41⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.05	....	....	7.05	7.05
Oct	7.35	7.42½	....	7.40	7.35
Dec	7.32½	7.40	....	7.37½	7.32½
March	7.32½	....	....	7.37½	7.32½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	68½	69
No. 3	....	....	....	65½	66
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.90	7.90
Oct.	....	....	....	7.80	....

CHICAGO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 31	Close Aug. 30
Wheat—					
Sept	97⅝	98¼	....	98⅜	97⅝
Dec	93⅝	94⅝	93⅝	94⅛	93⅝
May	97⅝	98⅝	97½	98	97¼
Corn—					
Sept	64⅝	65	....	64⅞	64⅝
Dec	55⅝	56⅝	....	56⅛	55⅝
May	57	57⅝	56⅝	57⅛	56⅞
Oats—					
Sept	36⅝	37	36½	36⅝	36⅝
Dec	36⅝	37	36⅝	36⅞	36⅝
May	39⅛	39⅝	....	39½	39⅛

NEW YORK.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 31	Close Aug. 30
Wheat—					
Sept	1.06	1.06¼	....	1.06¼	1.05⅝
Dec	1.02⅝	1.02⅝	....	1.02⅝	1.01⅞
Corn—					
Sept	74⅛	....	....	74⅛	74⅛
Dec	65⅝	....	....	66⅛	65⅝

ST. LOUIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 31	Close Aug. 30
Wheat—					
Sept	97½	98⅛	....	98⅝	96⅞
Dec	95⅝	....	....	96⅛	95

MINNEAPOLIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 31	Close Aug. 30
Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	94⅝	93⅝
Dec	....	....	....	93⅝	92⅛

DULUTH.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 31	Close Aug. 30
Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	95½	94⅝
Dec	....	....	....	93⅝	92⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 31	Close Aug. 30
Pork—					
Sept	22.52	22.57	....	22.50	22.52
Jan	17.60	17.67	....	17.60	17.60
Lard—					
Sept	12.22	12.25	12.15	12.17	12.20
Oct	12.20	....	12.12	12.15	12.17
Jan	10.45	....	....	10.42	10.42
Ribs—					
Sept	11.77	....	....	11.75	11.75
Oct	11.62	....	11.57	11.60	11.65
Jan	9.32	....	9.27	9.30	9.30

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 31—Hog receipts were fairly liberal and demand continued good. The market was strong to 5c higher on good heavy hogs, but lower on pigs and lightweights. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves were steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.25@8.30; mediums, $8.20@8.25; heavy Yorkers, $8.10@8.15; light Yorkers, $7.90@7.95; mixed, $8.10; bulk of sales, $8.10@8.20; good pigs, $7.65@7.75; common lights, $6.00@7.00; stags and roughs, $4.50@7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.25; good to choice, $5.00@6.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.25@5.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bolognas, $2.50@3.50; common, $2.50@3.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.40; fair to good feeders, $3.50@4.00; stockers, good to choice, $3.50@3.75; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.50@5.00; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $7.00@7.75.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $8.50@9.00; fair to good, $7.50@8.25; common to light, $5.50@7.00; heavy and pail-fed, $4.00@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, August 31.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 4,500; market steady. Beeves, $4.25@8.00; Texas steers, $4.00@5.40; western steers, $4.40@6.40; stockers and feeders, $2.15@5.25; cows and heifers, $4.25@6.40; calves, $6.00@9.00. Hogs, receipts estimated at 9,000; market 5c to 10c higher. Light, $7.55@8.20; mixed, $7.45@8.20; heavy, $7.15@8.22½; rough, $7.15@7.45; good to choice heavy, $7.45@8.22½; pigs, $7.10@8.00; bulk of sales, $7.65@8.10. Sheep, receipts estimated at 15,000; market steady. Native, $2.75@4.75; western, $3.00@4.75; yearlings, $4.50@5.50; lambs, native, $4.40@7.75; western, $4.75@7.90.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., August 31.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 5 cars, slow. Hogs, 20 cars, steady. Heavy, $8.50; yorkers, $8.15@8.30; pigs, $7.80. Sheep, 10 cars, steady. Best lambs, $7.25@7.50; yearling, $5.00@5.50; wethers, $4.75; ewes, $4.00@4.50. Calves lower, $4.50@9.25.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, August 31.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hog receipts, 20 cars, market strong. Mediums, $8.30; yorkers, $8.30; pigs, $7.75@8.00. Lambs, $7.25. Calves, $9.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, August 31.—(By Daily Live Stock Journal.)—Hog receipts, 700; market steady. Heavies, $8.40@8.45; mediums and yorkers, $8.35@8.40; lights, $8.15@8.25; pigs, $8.00@8.10. Sheep receips, 600; lambs lower; sheep steady. Lambs, $4.70@7.25; sheep, $3.00@4.90. Calf receipts 100, market higher. Top natives, $9.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, August 31.—(Wall Street.)—The stock market opened without any of the signs of excitement, which attended yesterday's opening market. The only conspicuous changes were advances of 1 in Union Pacific preferred and of substantial fractions in Great Northern preferred, Rock Island preferred, Amalgamated Copper and American Smelting. Prices were higher all around, but the average of gains was small.

The slight gains at the opening were lost when selling orders made their appearance. A subsequent brisk demand for Reading started general buying, which developed considerable strength in some minor stocks. The Harriman group sold a trifle above their opening figures. American Telephone and Telegraph and Western Union advanced 2 points, Reading, Kansas City Southern and Great Northern Ore Certificates 1¼, and Northwestern, Delaware & Hudson, Toledo, St. Louis & Western, General Electric, American Ice, American Locomotive and Sloss-Sheffield 1. Iowa Central preferred yielded 2⅝.

There were sharp advances in the specialties, but selling of the list was resumed on the advance. Prices sagged again, American Smelting falling a point lower than yesterday's last price and others a fraction. American Linseed preferred rose 2¼, Central Leather 2, Tennessee Copper 1⅝, Kansas & Texas preferred and American Linseed 1⅝, and Atlantic Coast Line, International Pump, American Cotton Oil and Allis-Chalmers preferred 1. Bonds were irregular.

Important changes were confined to the inactive stocks, for which there was a growing demand. Northwestern improved 3¼, Louisville & Nashville 2, Iowa Central and American Malting preferred 1½, and Southern Railway preferred, Colorado & Southern first preferred and American Woolen 1. Reading moved up again to its best price.

The market took a downward tack after 1 o'clock and the lowest prices of the day were made on small offerings. Active stocks ruled fractionally below yesterday's figures.

New York Stocks.

New York, August 31, 1909.

Quotations up to 2:30 p. m., New York time, corrected daily by Secor & Bell, Gardner building:

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. Loco. com	60⅝	61	60	[illegible]
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	131⅛	131½	131⅛	[illegible]
Atchison	118⅛	119	118⅛	[illegible]
Am. Car & F. Co.	68⅝	68⅝	68⅛	[illegible]
Anaconda	48½	48⅝	48⅛	[illegible]
Amal. Copper	84⅞	85	83⅝	[illegible]
Am. Smelters	101⅝	101⅝	99⅞	[illegible]
Am. Woolen Co.	39	40⅛	39	[illegible]
Allis Chal. pfd	53⅝	54⅝	53	[illegible]
Am. Tobacco pfd	101	101	101	[illegible]
Am. Ice Sec	34	34⅛	33¾	[illegible]
Am. Beet Sugar	46½	46⅝	46⅛	[illegible]
Balt. & Ohio	117½	117⅞	117⅛	[illegible]
B'lyn R. Trans	79⅝	79⅞	79⅝	[illegible]
Clover Leaf	52	52	51⅝	[illegible]
Clover Leaf pfd	70⅞	70⅞	70⅛	[illegible]
Colorado Fuel	44⅞	45⅛	44⅞	[illegible]
Ches. & Ohio	82½	82⅞	82	[illegible]
Central Leather	40	42⅛	40	[illegible]
Consolidated Gas	147⅝	148	147	[illegible]
Can pfd	83⅝	83⅝	83⅛	[illegible]
Del. & Hudwson	192½	192⅞	192½	[illegible]
Erie com	36	36	35⅞	[illegible]
Erie 1st pfd	53⅛	53½	53⅛	[illegible]
Erie 2d pfd	43⅝	43⅝	43⅛	[illegible]
Gt. Northern pfd	153⅛	153⅛	153⅛	[illegible]
Ill. Central	154⅞	155	154½	[illegible]
Int. Paper	19	19	18⅝	[illegible]
Interborough pfd	47	47⅛	47	[illegible]
K. C. Sou. com	47⅛	48	47⅛	[illegible]
K. C. Sou. pfd	73⅝	73⅝	73⅛	[illegible]
Louis. & Nash	151½	153	151	[illegible]
Missouri Pacific	73⅝	73⅞	73	[illegible]
M., K. & T. com	41⅛	41⅛	41	[illegible]
M., K. & T. pfd	74⅝	75⅝	74⅛	[illegible]
North. Pacific	156	156⅛	155⅝	[illegible]
National Lead	92	92½	91⅝	[illegible]
Northwestern	197⅛	197⅛	196	[illegible]
N. Y. Central	139⅝	139⅛	138⅝	[illegible]
Ont. & Western	48⅛	48⅛	48	[illegible]
Pr. Steel Car com	50⅛	50½	50	[illegible]
Penn. Ry.	140⅛	140⅛	140⅛	[illegible]
People's Gas Co.	116⅛	116⅛	116⅛	[illegible]
Reading com	160⅛	161⅛	159⅝	[illegible]
Rock Island	39⅛	39⅝	39⅛	[illegible]
Rock Island pfd	76⅝	77⅛	76⅛	[illegible]
Rep. I. & S. Co.	38	38	37⅝	[illegible]
Rep. pfd.	105	105	105	[illegible]
Ry. Steel Springs	50	50	50	[illegible]
South. Ry.	31⅛	31⅛	31⅛	[illegible]
South. Ry. pfd	71⅛	71⅛	71⅛	[illegible]
St. Paul	157⅛	157⅝	157	[illegible]
South. Pacific	129⅛	130	129	[illegible]
Third Ave.	23⅛	24	23⅛	[illegible]
Texas Pacific	38⅛	38⅝	38	[illegible]
Tenn. Copper	38⅝	38⅝	37	[illegible]
Union Pacific	203	203⅛	202	[illegible]
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	115	115⅛	114⅞	[illegible]
U. S. Steel	78	78⅛	77⅝	[illegible]
U. S. Steel pfd	125⅝	125⅞	125⅝	[illegible]
U. S. Steel 5s	107⅛	107⅛	107	[illegible]
Virginia Chem.	48	48	48	[illegible]
Western Md.	5⅛	5⅛	5	[illegible]
Wabash com.	21⅛	21⅛	21⅛	[illegible]
Wabash pfd.	53⅛	53⅛	53⅛	[illegible]
Western Union	75	76⅛	75	[illegible]
Wis. Central com	55	55	55	[illegible]
Wis. Central pfd	93½	93¾	93½	[illegible]

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 30½@31½c; solid pack, 30½c; packing stock, 19c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 25½@26c; dairy butter, 26@27c.

Butterine—Standard grades, uncolored, 60-lb. tub basis, 12½c 2-lb. roll basis, 14½c; 1-lb. roll basis, 18½c; fancy grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb. tub basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 16½c; 1-lb. roll basis, 17½c; low grades, 12½c.

Eggs—Fresh country, 23c; candled, 24c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 14½@15c; New York State, 16c.

Onions—Spanish, crate, $1.60@1.65; home-grown, yellow globe, 60c.

Celery—Michigan, bunch, 20@30c; Lodi, O., 30c.

Potatoes—65c.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., $2.65@2.75; bu., $1.00.

Pieplant—Bunch, 8@10c.

Beans—Hand-picked navy beans, bu., $2.65@2.75; red kidney bu., $2.00.

New Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., 65@75c.

Cauliflower—Home-grown, doz., 75c@$1.00.

Summer Squash—Doz., 75c; Boston marrow, doz., $1.00.

Head Lettuce—Doz., 25@35c.

Cucumbers—Home-grown, doz., 12½c; bu., 50c.

Wax Beans—Home-grown, bu., 75c@$1.00.

Green Peppers—Bu., 35c; red, $1.00.

Lima Beans—Quart, 15c.

Sweet Corn—Doz., 8@10c.

Beets—New, 15c; 65c bu.

Radishes—10@12 doz.; parsley, 15c doz. bunches; carrots, doz., 15@25c; green onions, 10c; new turnips, washed, 65c.

Water Cress—Doz. bunches, 40c; peppers, basket, 50c.

Tomatoes—Home-grown, per bu., 40c.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Huckleberries—Northern Michigan, bu., $3.50@4.00.

Peaches—Island, bu., $2.25@3.00; 1-5 bu. basket, 40@60c.

Apples—Prime, bu., 75c@$1.25.

Pears—Bartlett, bu., $1.75.

Plums—$1.75@2.00.

Lemons—$3.25@3.75.

Limes—Box of 100, $1.25@1.50.

Oranges—Valencia, $3.00@3.25.

Watermelons—20@30c.

Cantaloupes—California ponies, $2.50; standards, $3.00; Osage, bu., 75c; bbl., $2.00; Tennessee, crate, $1.25; Ordway, home-grown, bu., $1.25.

Maple Syrup—Gallon, $1.00.

Honey—Strained, 2 doz. cases, $1.75; fancy new comb, lb., 15c.

Maple Sugar—1-lb. bricks, 9c.

Popcorn—Old, lb., 3c.

Hickory Nuts—Bu., $1.50@2.00; almonds, 15c; cocoanuts, doz., 60c; filberts, 12c; English walnuts, 15@18c; Brazil nuts, 13c; black walnuts, 60c.

Dressed fowl, 15@16c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 12c; turkeys, 18@20c.

Poultry—Alive, hens, 12c; ducks, 11@12c; turkeys, 16@18c; spring chickens, 15@17c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10c; heavy and rough, 8@9c; calves, prime, 10@10½c; fair, 9@10c; yearling sheep, 10@13c.

Spring Lambs—Pelt off, 12@14c.

Sheep—6@9c.

Cow Beef—5@8c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@10c.

Cleveland Produce.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cleveland, August 31.—Butter—Creamery extra, 31@31½c; firsts, 29@29½c; seconds, 28@28½c; prints, 32@32½c; process extra, 27½@28c; firsts, 26½@27c; fancy dairy, 25@26c; choice dairy, 23@24c; packing stock, 20@20½c. Cheese—York state cream fancy, 15½@16c; Ohio creams, 14½@15c; Swiss No. 1, 17@18c; No. 2, 14@15c; bricks, 16@17c; limburger, 15@17c. Eggs—Current receipts, 23c. Poultry—Chickens, 15@15½c; springers, 17@17½c; ducks, 14@16c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, August 31.—Butter—Steady; creameries, 24½@29c; dairies, 22@26c. Eggs—Steady at mark; receipts 9,027 cases; cases included 18c; firsts, 20c; prime firsts, 21½c. Cheese—Strong; daisies, 15⅝@16c; twins, 15@15¼c; young Americans, 16c; long horns, 16c. Poultry—Steady; turkeys, 17c; chickens, 14½c; springs, 17c. Veal—Steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 9@9½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 9½@10c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 10½@12c.

New York Produce.

New York, August 31.—Flour—Receipts, 42,295; sales, 2,000. Quiet and about steady. Wheat—Receipts, 36,500. On a possibility of frost in the northwest bulls worked up a little scare in wheat this morning that advanced prices ⅝c per bushel during the first hour. Higher cables and commission house support also aided the upturn. September, $1.06¼@1.06⅛; December, $1.02 5-16@1.02 9-16; May, $1.04⅛@1.04¼. Rye—Dull; No. 2 western, 76c new nominal f.o.b. New York. Corn receipts, 9,000. Beef—Quiet. Pork—Firm. Lard—Firm; middle west, $12.50@12.60. Sugar—Raw, steady; fair refining, 3.61c; centrifugal 96 test, 4.11c; molasses sugar, 3.36c. Refined—Steady; crushed, 5.75c; powdered, 5.15c; granulated, 5.05c. Petroleum—Steady; refined all ports, 8.20@8.25c. Coffee—Steady; No. 7 Rio, 7¼c; No. 4 Santos, 8½@9c. Molasses—Quiet; New Orleans, 28@42c.

Butter, firm; receipts 19,725; process, firsts to specials, 23@26c; western factory, 20½@22½c; western imitation creamery, 23@24c. Cheese, unsetteld and unchanged; receipts 7,684. Eggs, irregular and unchanged; receipts 20,290.

Cotton.

New York, August 31.—The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 4@6 points and sold 7@9 points net higher during the early session and bull support and covering caused by the strength of Liverpool in the face of heavy tenders, the bullish National Ginners report, and a report on Texas and Oklahoma by a local authority showing a big deterioration in condition for them both. Realizing was sufficiently heavy to check the advance, but only slight reactions occurred with the market holding steady during the middle of the morning.

Realizing continued late in the first hour, but the publication of another bullish private condition report, making it 65.7 against 72.8 last month helped to sustain the market and prices at midday were a shade up from the lowest and about 1 to 4 points net higher. Spot—Quiet; middling uplands, 12.90c; middling gulf, 13.15c. Estimated receipts at the ports today 20,000 bales against 7,201 last week and 17,975 last year. For the week 60,000 bales against 34,709 last week and 79,332 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans, 1,159 bales against 70 last year and at Houston 3,954 bales against 11,422 last year.

Wool Market.

Boston, August 31.—Trading in the local wool for the past week was chiefly confined to the smaller consumers, but was of about the average volume for this time of year. There is a stronger feeling in all parts of the market. At least 60 per cent of the 1909 clip of territory wool has been sold. Three-eighths and half-blood Ohio fleeces are selling at 35 to 36 cents and three-eighths Michigan fleeces at 34½c. Fine staple territory wood is worth 77 to 80 cents scoured basis.

Liverpool Grain.

Liverpool, August 31.—Closing.—Wheat, spot quiet; No. 2 red western winter, 7s 9d; futures firm; September, 7s 9½d; December, 7s 5⅛d; March, 5s 6d. Corn, spot steady; new American mixed (via Galveston), 6s 5½d; old American mixed, 6s 6d; futures steady; September, 5s 4½d, October, 5s 5⅛d.